THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illust kly Magazine
Founde Benj. Franklin

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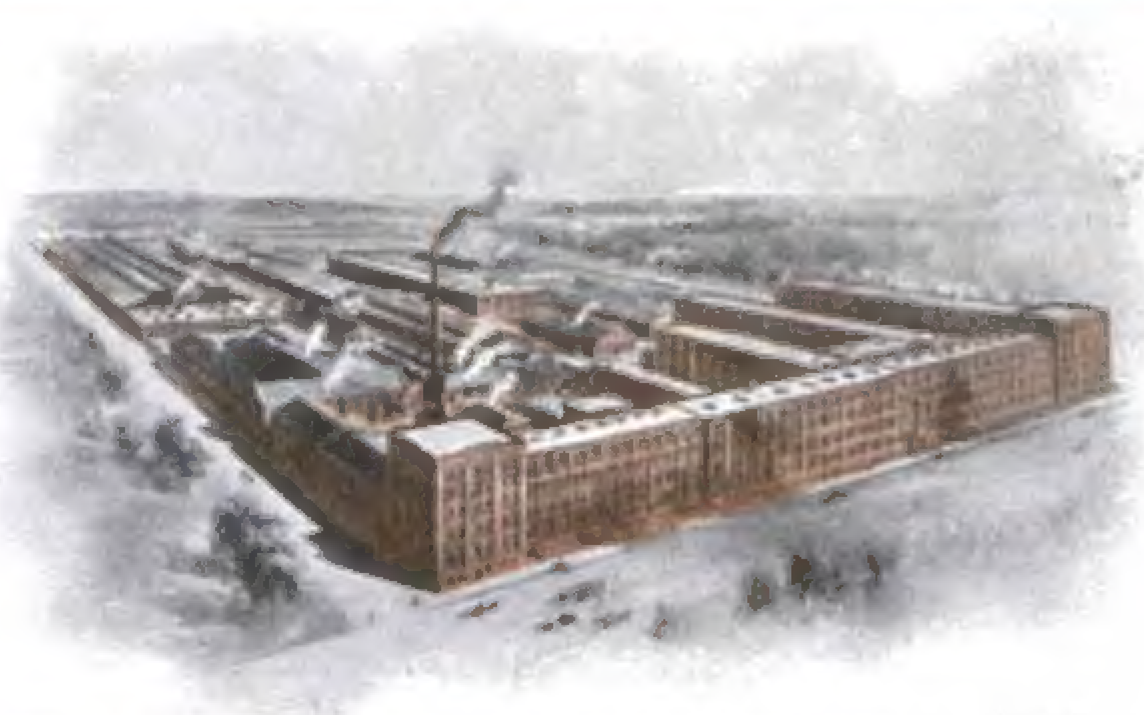
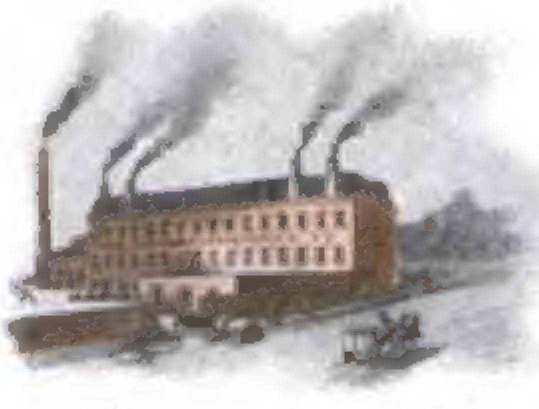
Robt. Robins

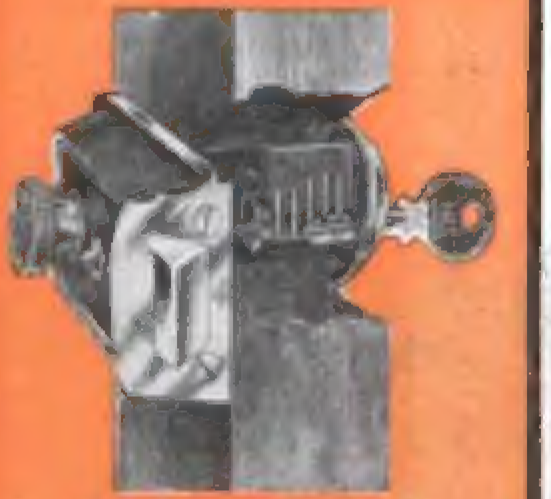
MORE THAN A MILLION AND A HALF CIRCULATION WEEKLY

Linus Yale, Jr., Lock Expert


Works of the Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., at Stamford, Conn., in 1910


The Works in 1870

YALE & TOWNE MFG. CO.
YALE
The Yale
853 Standard Padlock


The Yale 42 Rim Night Latch

IT was about 1860 that Linus Yale, Jr.—lock-expert,—invented the pin-tumbler cylinder lock mechanism.

This was the *original* Yale Cylinder Lock,—the first lock with the little flat key.

SECURITY
YALE
YALE & TOWNE MFG. CO.
STAMFORD CONN., U.S.A.

Strong, simple, practically unpickable, the whole world appreciated its unique combination of *Security*, *Convenience* and high mechanical *Quality*.

It was a *revolution* in lock making.

Partnership with Henry R. Towne came about through search for the mechanical engineer able to assure to Yale Cylinder Locks the highest possible *quality* of manufacture.

Linus Yale, Jr., is dead—but because of *Yale Quality* his name is more than famous,—it is familiar.

Mr. Towne has been president of the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company for the forty-two years of its existence.

Because of his insistence on *Yale Quality*, the first tiny shop has grown to the great works at Stamford pictured on this page.

Here more than three thousand operatives are busy making Building Necessities, Comforts and Conveniences of *Yale Quality*.

We call them all "Yale Products."

Yale Cylinder and other Locks.
Yale Padlocks.
Yale Builders' Hardware.
Blount and Yale Door Checks.
Yale Bank Locks.
Yale Triplex Chain Hoists.

The basis of the first Yale success is the basis of constant Yale growth,—*Yale Quality.*

The making of everything, in construction as well as in design, a little better than it has to be, a great deal better than is usual.

The prices of Yale Products are always reasonable, lower, quality considered, than those of less worthy articles.—A result of highly specialized mechanical knowledge and unrivalled manufacturing facilities.

Thirty thousand Hardware dealers will sell Yale Products. Ask *your* dealer for interesting booklets about any of them.

Ask us for "His First Latch Key," *an interesting illustrated story—free.*

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
Makers of Yale Products 9 Murray Street, New York
Chicago Philadelphia Boston San Francisco London Paris Hamburg

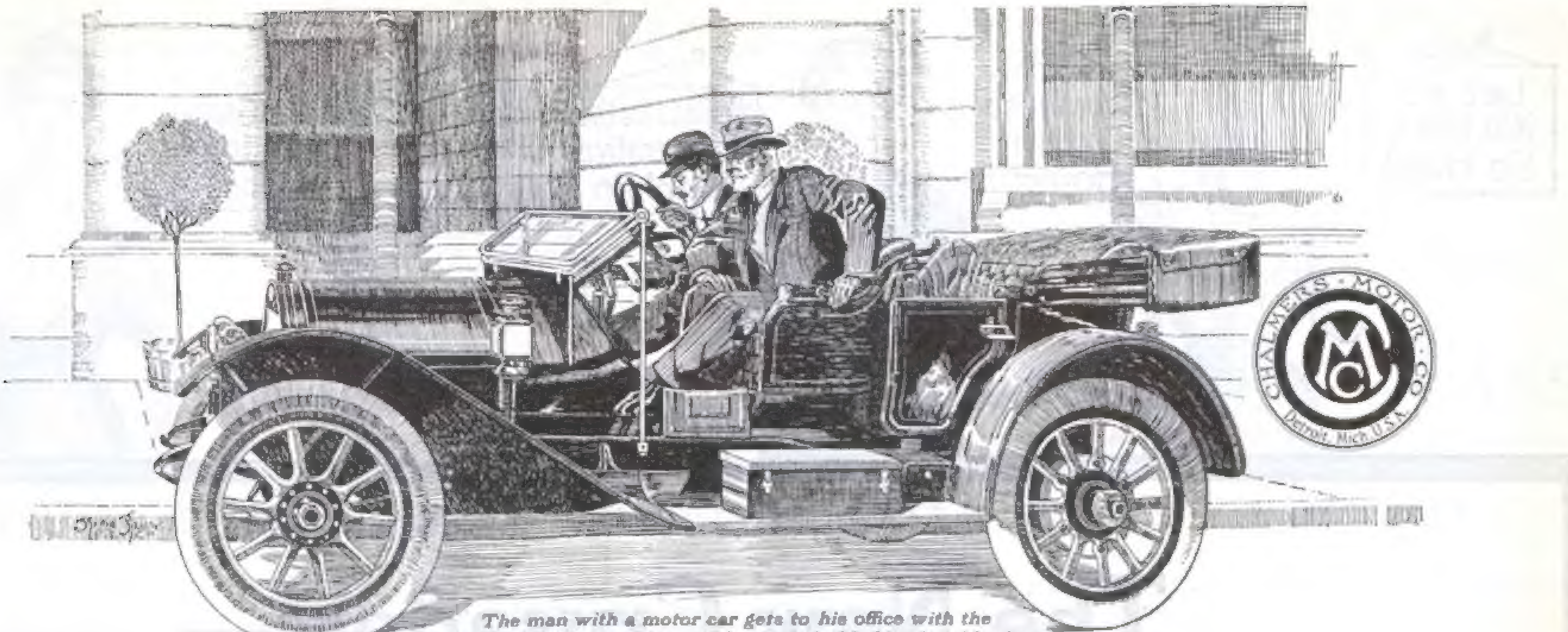
YALE & TOWNE
BLOUNT
The Blount Door Check

The Yale Triplex Chain Block.
One quarter to forty tons capacity

A Yale Front Door Plate.
One of several hundred designs

YALE

YALE



The man with a motor car gets to his office with the sparkle of the sunshine and fresh air in his blood and brain

You're Paying for a Motor Car

YOU may think you don't want a motor car. But there isn't any question about your needing one.

There is a difference between wanting a thing and needing it.

If you need a car you are paying for it. Paying in the time you lose that a car would save you. In the opportunities that get away. In the fresh air and recreation a car would give, but which now you do not get.

Whatever we really need we pay for, whether we actually own it or not. You might get along without an overcoat this winter, but you would pay for one just the same. You would pay with discomfort and bad colds.

If you use telephones, telegraph, wireless, express trains, electric lights, trolley cars, adding machines, dictaphones, newspapers, typewriters and labor saving machinery, then you need an automobile.

For the automobile has been developed to keep pace with the age that utilizes these other things—the age of speed—the age of efficiency. The motor car didn't create its demand after it arrived. The demand was waiting. It had been waiting for forty centuries.

The greatest obstacle to progress is distance. Civilization consists of doing away with the space that lies between man and man, city and city, country and country, between products of all kinds and the people who use them.

When the steamship, the railroad and trolley came to take care of the problem of community or public transportation, the world took a long step ahead.

When the automobile came to take care of the problem of individual transportation, the world took another long step ahead. If you haven't realized it, then the world has stepped past you.

The man with a motor gets down to his business in the morning quickly, cleanly and with gladness.

He arrives at his office with the sparkle of the sunshine and fresh air in his blood and brain.

He is able to take up his business problems with clearer vision and greater energy than the man who has been worried and doped by the rush and jam and the bad air of a crowded train or street car.

The man in a motor car can cover 50 to 100 miles in a day just on business errands in the city, keeping appointments that it would take many days to make under the old system.

At noon time he can use his car to entertain a business associate with a five or ten mile ride to a pleasant luncheon place. He can send it out in the afternoon to entertain guests while he goes ahead with his business. Or, if he wants to take himself or a visitor to a train, he allows just a few minutes' leeway and the motor carries him to the depot swiftly and surely.

After the day's work, he drives home again; arrives with weariness and worry air-sprayed from his brain; with a keen appetite and good humor for dinner.

In the evening he may use his car for a turn around the parks and boulevard or a spin into the country with family and friends.

The man with a motor car lives a fuller life than if he didn't have one. He has more experiences—more sensations. He does more things. He has a wider circle of interest and influence. He lives twice as long in the same length of time as the man who hasn't a car. Long life is not a question of years so much as it is of experiences and accomplishments. Yet motor cars will be factors in increasing the average span of man's years because they promote health through outdoor life.

There are many good cars made nowadays, and any good car is a good investment. Yet we honestly believe that Chalmers cars offer the best value for the money of any on the market. We ask you to see the Chalmers before you buy. Compare them with others. Comparison has sold more Chalmers cars than all our advertising. The new models are now on exhibition at all dealers' show rooms. Go and see them, or let the dealer know when he can see you. We have a brand new catalog "E" we are not ashamed of—write for it.

How the Family Benefits

Head of the Family:—Going to and from business in fresh air. Making business calls. Entertaining customers and business associates. Tours in the country. More knowledge of the country. Mental and physical exercise of driving. Good appetite—better digestion—better humor—better health. Prestige.

Wife and Daughter:—Social calls. Entertaining. Plenty of fresh air to drive away "nerves." More time with husband and father.

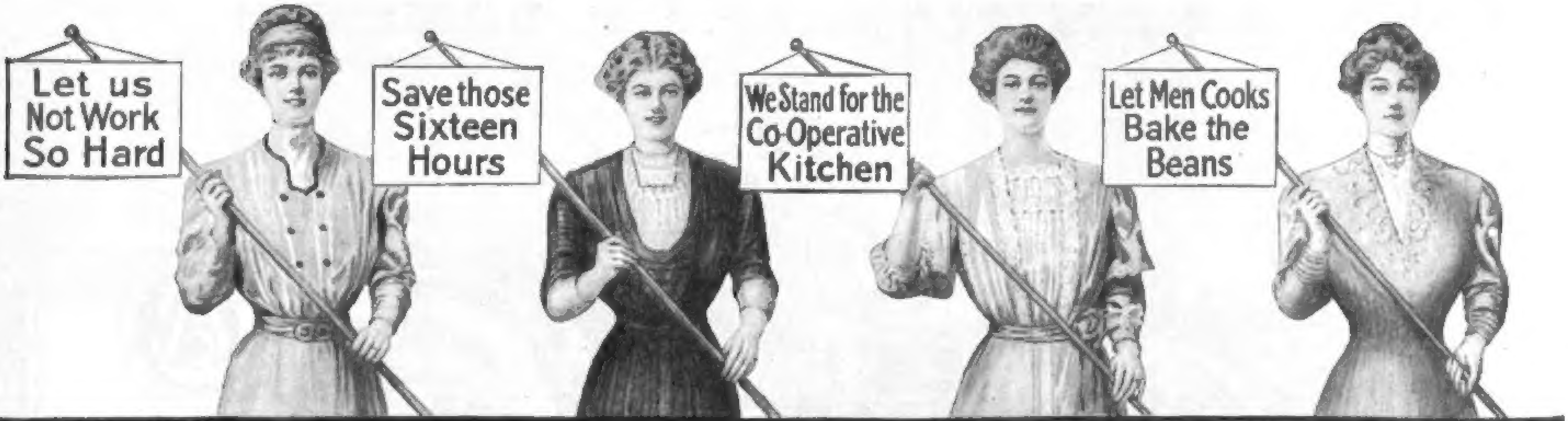
Sons:—Educative value of understanding and caring for a wonderful piece of machinery. Training of mental and physical faculties in driving. Clean, fresh air, recreation and decent entertainment in company of other members of family.

This Doesn't Need Large Type

If you can possibly afford a motor car, don't put it off any longer but go and buy one. We hope it will be a Chalmers; but whether it is or not, don't deprive yourself and your family any longer of the pleasure that by right is yours and theirs. There is nothing that you could invest the money in that will pay you such a big dividend in the saving of your time in business and the saving of your health for years, as the purchase of a motor car. A good thing is a better thing the sooner you get it. Now please don't put it off any longer. Make your family happy tonight by going home and telling them that you have made up your mind to get that motor car that you have been talking so much about, namely,

—a Chalmers.

CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY *(Licensed under Selden Patents)* **DETROIT, MICHIGAN**


Let us Not Work So Hard
Save those Sixteen Hours
We Stand for the Co-Operative Kitchen
Let Men Cooks Bake the Beans

The New Crusaders— Shorter Hours for Women

A million housewives, in the past few years, have ceased to bake their beans.

Each of them saves—fully fifty times a year—all of those hours of sorting, boiling and baking required to prepare this dish.

The sum of that saving, multiplied by a million, mounts into eons of time. Probably this movement has already added a thousand centuries to the leisure of womankind.

And each of these housewives has delicious meals ready to serve in a minute. She is ready for any emergency.

But that isn't all. Factory-baked beans, as they are baked by Van Camp, are immeasurably better than home-baked beans. They are far more digestible; they do not ferment and form gas.

They are baked in steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees. They are baked in small parcels, so the full heat goes through.

Not half the beans in the home baking dish get half as much heat as we apply to Van Camp's. And heat alone can break up the particles so the digestive juices can act.

Then Van Camp's are baked without crisping—baked without bursting the skins. That cannot be done in dry heat.

Van Camp's come from the ovens nut-like, mealy and whole, despite the terrific heat. They are never mushy and broken, never soggy, never crisped.

The tomato sauce is baked with the beans—baked into each bean—so we get a delicious blend.

Van Camp's come to you with all the freshness and savor of beans direct from the oven.

You can serve them cold in a minute, or hot in ten minutes. You can always carry a dozen meals on hand.

And the meals consist of Nature's choicest food, prepared in the ideal way. Beans are 23 per cent nitrogenous, 84 per cent nutriment. They are richer than beef in food value, though they don't cost a third as much. They can be served in a myriad ways.

Every month, this army of labor-savers gathers thousands of new recruits. And the consumption of beans, since this movement began, has multiplied many times over.

"The National Dish" **Van Camp's** BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS** **"The National Dish"**

You can easily prove that no other ready-baked beans are nearly so good as Van Camp's. One reason lies in our process—the final result of 49 years of experience.

Another lies in materials. We pay for our dry beans four times what some beans would cost. We pick out by hand, from the choicest Michigan beans, the whitest, ripest and plumpest. And they are all of one size, so they all bake alike.

We make our tomato sauce from whole, vine-ripened tomatoes. Not from tomatoes ripened in shipment—not of scraps from a canning factory. Ordinary tomato sauce sells for one-fifth what we spend to make ours.

Van Camp's Beans command the largest sale in the world. That's because housewives in general have learned that no other brand can compare with them.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

(94)

Van Camp Packing Company **Established 1861** **Indianapolis, Ind.**

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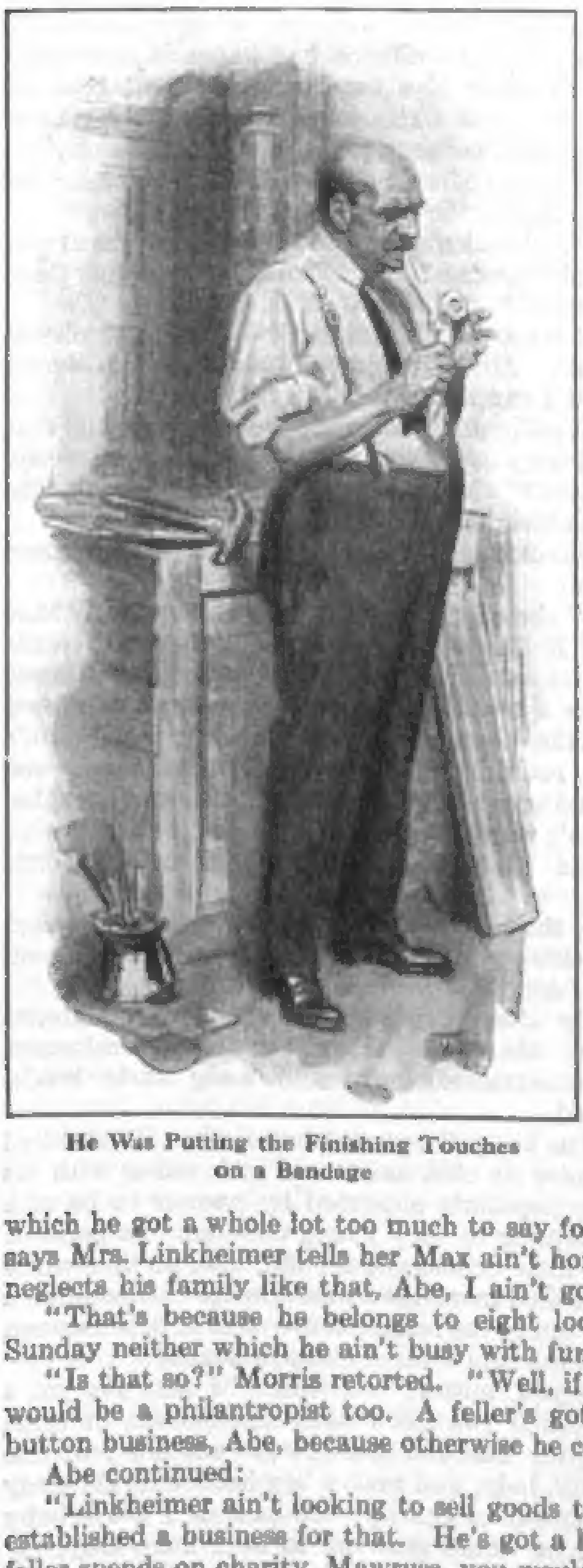
SYMPATHY

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Its Use in Business is Demonstrated by Morris Perlmutter



He Was Putting the Finishing Touches on a Bandage

"I COME down on the subway with Max Linkheimer this morning, Mawruss," Abe Potash said to his partner, Morris Perlmutter, as they sat in the show room one hot July morning. "That feller is a regular philantropist."

"I bet yer," Morris replied. "He would talk a tin ear on to you if you only give him a chance. Leon Sammet too, Abe, I assure you. I seen Leon in the Harlem Winter Garden last night, and the goods he sold while he was talking to me and Barney Gans, Abe, in two seasons we don't do such a business. Yes, Abe; Leon Sammet is just such another one of them fellers like Max Linkheimer."

"What d'ye mean—such another one of them fellers like Max Linkheimer?" Abe repeated. "Between Leon Sammet and Max Linkheimer is the difference like day from night. Max Linkheimer is one fine man, Mawruss."

Morris shrugged. "I didn't say he wasn't," he rejoined. "All I says was that Leon Sammet is another one of them philantro fellers too, Abe. Talks you deef, dumb and blind."

Abe rose to his feet and stared indignantly at his partner.

"I don't know what comes over you lately, Mawruss," he cried. "Seemingly you don't understand the English language at all. A philantropist ain't a *schmooser*, Mawruss."

"I know he ain't, Abe; but just the same Max Linkheimer is a feller which he got a whole lot too much to say for himself. Furthermore, Abe, my Minnie says Mrs. Linkheimer tells her Max ain't home a single night neither, and when a man neglects his family like that, Abe, I ain't got no use for him at all."

"That's because he belongs to eight lodges," Abe replied. "There ain't a single Sunday neither which he ain't busy with funerals too, Mawruss."

"Is that so?" Morris retorted. "Well, if I would be in the button business, Abe, I would be a philantropist too. A feller's got to belong to eight lodges if he's in the button business, Abe, because otherwise he couldn't sell no goods at all."

Abe continued:

"Linkheimer ain't looking to sell goods to lodge brothers, Mawruss. He's too old established a business for that. He's got a heart too, Mawruss. Why the money that feller spends on charity, Mawruss, you wouldn't believe at all. He told me so himself. Always he tries to do good. Only this morning, Mawruss, he was telling me about a young feller by the name Schenkmann which he is trying to find a position for as stock clerk. Nobody would take the young feller on, Mawruss, because he got into trouble with a house in Dallas, Texas, which they claim the young feller stole from them a hundred dollars, Mawruss. But Linkheimer says how if you would give a dawg a bad name, Mawruss, you might just as well give him to the dawgcatcher. So Linkheimer is willing to take a chance on this here feller Schenkmann, and he gives him a job in his own place."

"Dawgs I don't know nothing about at all, Abe," Morris commented. "But I would be willing to give the young feller a show too, Abe, if I would only got plain bone and metal buttons in stock. But when you carry a couple hundred pieces silk goods, Abe, like we do, then that's something else again."

"Well, Mawruss, *Gott sei dank* we don't got to get a new shipping clerk. Jake has been with us five years now, Mawruss, and so far what I could see he ain't got ambition enough to ask for a raise even, let alone look for a better job."

"You shouldn't congradulate yourself too quick, Abe," Morris replied. "Ambition he's got it plenty, but he ain't got the nerve. We really ought to give the feller a raise, Abe. I mean it. Every time I go near him at all he gives me a look, and the first thing you know, Abe, he would be leaving us."

"Looks we could stand it, Mawruss; but if we would start in giving him a raise there would be no end to it at all. *Lass's bleiben*. If the feller wants a raise, Mawruss, he should ask for it."

Barely two weeks after the conversation above set forth, however, Jake entered the firm's private office and tendered his resignation.

"Mr. Perlmutter," he said, "I'm going to leave."

"Going to leave?" Morris cried. "What d'ye mean—going to leave?"

"Going to leave?" Abe repeated crescendo. "An idea! You should positively do nothing of the kind."

"It wouldn't be no more than you deserve, Jake, if we would fire you right out of the store," Morris added. "You work for us here five years and then you come to us and say you are going to leave. Did you ever hear of such a thing? If you want it a couple dollars more a week, we would give it to you and *fartig*. But if you get fresh and come to us and tell us you are going to leave, y'understand, then that's something else again."

"Moost I work for you if I don't want to?" Jake asked.

"'S enough, Jake," Abe said. "We heard enough from you already."

"All right, Mr. Potash," he replied. "But just the same I am telling you, Mr. Potash, you should look for a new shipping clerk, as I bought it a candy, cigar and stationery store on Lenox Avenue, and I am going to quit Saturday sure."

"Well, Abe, what did I told you?" Morris said bitterly, after Jake had left the office. "For the sake of a couple of dollars a week, Abe, we are losing a good shipping clerk."

Abe covered his embarrassment with a mirthless laugh.

"Good shipping clerks you could get any day in the week, Mawruss," he said. "We ain't going to go out of business exactly, y'understand, just because Jake is leaving us. I bet yer if we would advertise in tomorrow morning's paper we would get a dozen good shipping clerks."

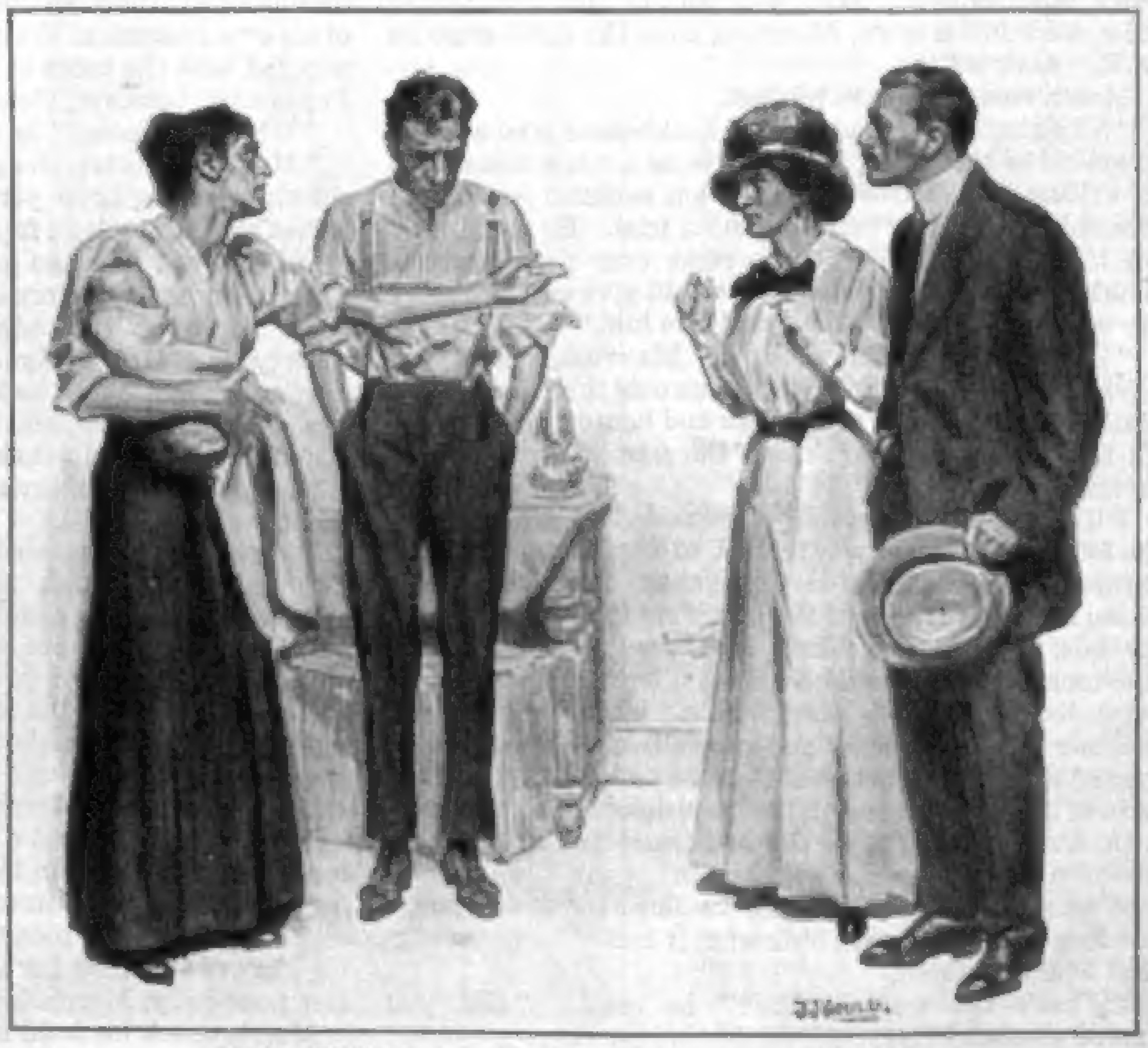
"Go ahead, advertise," Morris grunted. "This is your idee Jake leaves us, Abe, and now you should find somebody to take his place. I'm sick and tired making changes in the store."

"Always kicking, Mawruss, always kicking!" Abe retorted. "By Saturday I bet yer we would get a hundred good shipping clerks already."

But Saturday came and went, and although in the meantime old and young shipping clerks of every degree of uncleanliness passed in review before Abe and Morris, none of them proved acceptable.

"All right, Abe," Morris said on the Monday morning after Jake had gone, "you done enough about this here shipping clerk business. Give me a show. I ain't got such liberal ideas about shipping clerks as you got, Abe, but all the same, Abe, I think I could go at this business with a little system, y'understand."

"You shouldn't trouble yourself, Mawruss," Abe replied, with an airy wave of his hand. "I hired one already."



"If He Would Stole it He Would of Gave it to Me, Lady"

"You hired one already, Abe!" Morris repeated. "Well, ain't I got something to say about it too?"

"Again kicking, Mawruss?" Abe exclaimed. "You yourself told me I should find a shipping clerk, and so I done so."

"Well," Morris cried, "ain't I even entitled to know the feller's name at all?"

"Sure you are entitled to know his name," Abe answered. "He's a young feller by the name of Schenkmann."

"Schenkmann," Morris said slowly. "Schenkmann? Where did I—you mean that feller by the name Schenkmann which he works by Max Linkheimer?"

Abe nodded.

"What's the matter with you, Abe?" Morris cried. "Are you crazy or what?"

"What do you mean am I crazy?" Abe said. "We carry burglary insurance, ain't it? And besides, Mawruss, Max Linkheimer says he ain't missed so much as a button since the feller worked for him."

"A button," Morris shouted; "let me tell you something, Abe. Max Linkheimer could miss a thousand buttons, and what is it? But with us, Abe, one piece of silk goods is more as a hundred dollars."

"'S all right, Mawruss," Abe interrupted. "Max Linkheimer says we shouldn't be afraid. He says he trusts the young feller in the office with hundreds of dollars laying in the safe, and he ain't touched a cent so far. Furthermore, the young feller's got a wife and baby, Mawruss."

"Well I got a wife and baby too, Abe."

"Sure, I know, Mawruss, and so you ought to got a little sympathy for the feller."

Morris laughed raucously.

"Sure, I know, Abe," he replied. "A good way to lose money in business, Abe, is to got sympathy for somebody. You sell a feller goods, Abe, because he's a new beginner and you got sympathy for him, Abe, and the feller busts up on you. You accommodate a concern with five hundred dollars—a check against their check dated two weeks ahead, Abe—because their collections is slow and you got sympathy for them, and when the two weeks goes by, Abe, the check is N. G. You give a feller out in Kansas City two months an extension because he done a bad spring business, and you got sympathy for him, and the first thing you know, Abe, a jobber out in Omaha gets a judgment against him and closes him up. And that's the way it goes. If we would hire this young feller because we got sympathy for him, Abe, the least that happens us is that he gets away with a couple hundred dollars' worth of piece goods."

"Max Linkheimer says positively nothing of the kind," Abe insisted. "Max says the feller has turned around a new leaf, and he would trust him like a brother."

"Like a brother-in-law, you mean, Abe," Morris jeered. "That feller Linkheimer never trusted nobody for nothing, Abe. Always by the first of the month comes a statement, and if he don't get a check by the fifth, Abe, he sends another with 'past due' stamped on to it."

"So much the better, Mawruss. If Max Linkheimer don't trust nobody, Mawruss, and he lets this young feller work in his store, Mawruss, then the feller must be O. K. Ain't it?"

Morris rose wearily to his feet.

"All right, Abe," he said. "If Linkheimer is so anxious to get rid of this feller, let him give us a recommendation in writing, y'understand, and I am satisfied we should give this here young Schenkmann a trial. He could only get into us oncet, Abe, so go right over there and see Linkheimer, and if in writing he would give us a guaranty the feller is honest, go ahead and hire him."

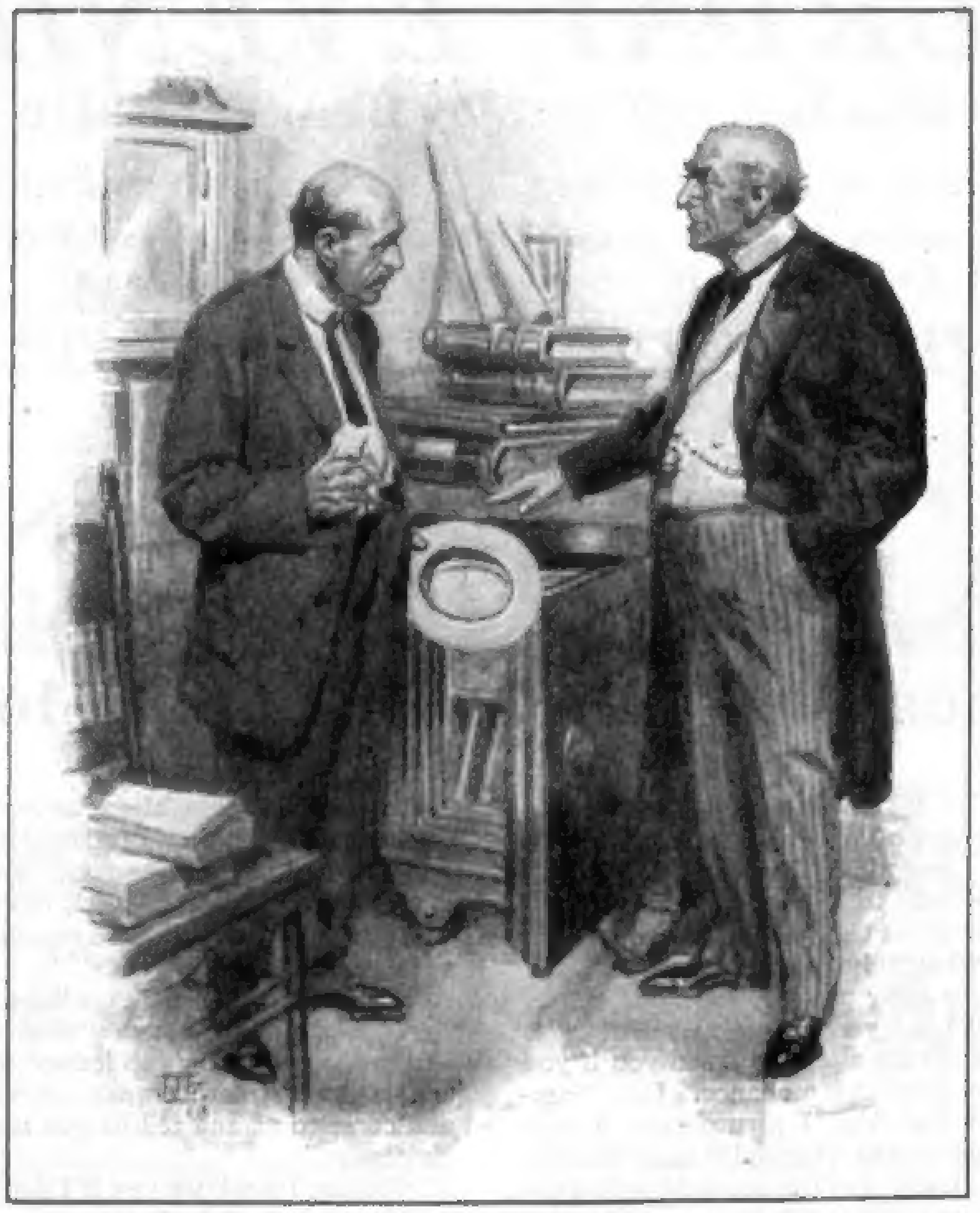
"Right away I couldn't do it, Mawruss," Abe said. "When I left Linkheimer in the subway this morning he said he was going over to Newark and he wouldn't be back till tonight. I'll stop in there the first thing tomorrow morning."

With this ultimatum, Abe proceeded to the back of the loft and personally attended to the shipment of ten garments to a customer in Cincinnati. Under his supervision a stock boy placed the garments in a wooden packing box, and after the first top board was in position Abe took a wire nail and held it twixt his thumb and finger point down on the edge of the case. Then he poised the hammer in his right hand and carefully closing one eye he gauged the distance between the upraised hammer and the head of the nail. At length the blow descended, and forthwith Abe commenced to dance around the floor in the newborn agony of a smashed thumb.

It was while he was putting the finishing touches on a bandage that made up in bulk what it lacked in symmetry that Morris entered.

"What's the matter, Abe?" he cried. "Did you hurted yourself?"

Abe transfixed his partner with a malevolent glare.



"Well, I Ain't Exactly a Collecting Agency, Y'understand"

"No, Mawruss," he said, as he started for the front of the store, "I ain't hurted myself at all. I'm just tying this here handkerchief on my thumb to remind myself what a fool I got it for a partner."

Morris waited till Abe had nearly reached the door.

"I don't got to tie something on my thumb to remind myself of that, Abe," he said.

II

EVER since the birth of his son it had seemed to Morris that the Lenox Avenue express service had grown increasingly slow. Nor did the evening papers contain half the interesting news of his early married life, and he could barely wait until the train had stopped at One Hundred and Sixteenth Street before he was elbowing his way to the platform.

On the Monday night of his partner's mishap he made his accustomed dash from the subway station to his home on One Hundred and Eighteenth Street, confident that as soon as his latchkey rattled in the door Mrs. Perlmutter and the baby would be in the hall to greet him; but on this occasion he was disappointed. To be sure the appetizing odor of *gedampftes kalbfleisch* wafted itself down the elevator shaft as he entered the gilt and plaster-porphyry entrance from the street, but when he crossed the threshold of his own apartment the robust wail of his son and heir mingled with the tones of Lina, the Slavic maid. Of Mrs. Perlmutter, however, there was no sign.

"Where's Minnie?" he demanded.

"Mrs. Perlmutter, she go out," Lina announced, "and she ain't coming home yet."

Not since the return from their honeymoon had Minnie failed to be at home to greet her husband on his arrival from business, and Morris was about to telephone a general alarm to police headquarters when the doorbell rang sharply and Mrs. Perlmutter entered. Her hat, whose size and weight ought to have lent it stability, was tilted at a dangerous angle, and beneath its broad brim her eyes glistened with unmistakable tears.

"Minnie, *leben*," Morris cried, as he clasped her in his arms, "what is it?"

Sympathy only opened anew the floodgates of Mrs. Perlmutter's emotions, and before she was sufficiently calm to disclose the cause of her distress, the *gedampftes kalbfleisch* gave evidence of its impending destruction by a strong odor of scorching. Hastily Mrs. Perlmutter dried her eyes and ran to the kitchen, so that it was not until the rescued dinner smoked on the dining-room table that Morris learned the reason for his wife's tears.

"Such a room, Morris," Mrs. Perlmutter declared; "like a pigsty, and not a crust of bread in the house. I met the poor woman in the meat market and she tried to beg a piece of liver from that loafer Hirschkein. Not another cent of my money will he ever get. I bought a big piece of steak for her and then I went home with her. Her poor baby, Morris, looked like a little skeleton."

Morris shook his head from side to side and made inarticulate expressions of commiseration through his nose, his mouth being temporarily occupied by about half a pound of luscious veal.

"Her husband has a job for eight dollars a week," she continued, "and they have to live on that."

Morris swallowed the veal with an effort.

"In Russland," he began, "six people ——"

"I know," Mrs. Perlmutter interrupted, "but this is America, and you've got to go around with me right after dinner and see the poor people."

Morris shrugged his shoulders.

"If I must, I must," he said, helping himself to more of the veal stew, "but I could tell you right now, Minnie, I ain't got twenty-five cents in my clothes, so you got to lend me a couple of dollars till Saturday."

"I'll cash a check for you," Mrs. Perlmutter said firmly, and as soon as dinner was concluded Morris drew a check for ten dollars and Mrs. Perlmutter gave him that amount out of her housekeeping money.

It was nearly nine o'clock when Morris and Minnie groped along the dark hallway of a tenement house in Park Avenue. On the iron viaduct that bestrides that deceptively named thoroughfare heavy trains thundered at intervals, and it was only after Morris had knocked repeatedly at the door of a top-floor apartment that its inmates heard the summons above the roar of the traffic without.

"Well, Mrs. Schenkmann," Minnie cried cheerfully, "how's the baby tonight?"

"Schenkmann?" Morris murmured; "Schenkmann? Is that the name of them people?"

"Why, yes," Minnie replied. "Didn't I tell you that? Mrs. Schenkmann, this is my husband. And I suppose this is Mr. Schenkmann."

A tall, gaunt person rose from the soap box that did duty as a chair and ducked his head shyly.

"Schenkmann?" Morris repeated. "You ain't the Schenkmann which he works by Max Linkheimer?"

Nathan Schenkmann nodded and Mrs. Schenkmann groaned aloud.

"*Ai zuris!*" she cried, "for his sorrow he works by Max Linkheimer. Eight dollars a week he is supposed to get there, and Linkheimer makes us live here in his house. Twelve dollars a month we pay for the rooms, lady, and Linkheimer takes three dollars each week from Nathan's money. We couldn't even get dispossessed like some people does and save a month's rent oncet in a while maybe. The rooms ain't worth it, lady, believe me."

"Does Max Linkheimer own this house?" Morris asked.

"Sure, he's the landlord," Mrs. Schenkmann went on. "I am just telling you. For eight dollars a week a man should work! Ain't it a disgrace?"

"Well, why doesn't he get another job?" Morris inquired; and then, as Mr. and Mrs. Schenkmann exchanged embarrassed looks and hung their heads, Morris blushed.

"What a fine baby!" he cried hurriedly. He chucked the infant under its chin and made such noises with his tongue as are popularly supposed by parents to be of a nature entertaining to very young children. In point of fact the poor little Schenkmann child, with its blue-white complexion, looked more like a cold-storage chicken than a human baby, but to the maternal eye of Mrs. Schenkmann it represented the sum total of infantile beauty.

"God bless you, mister," she said. "I seen you got a good heart, and if you know Max Linkheimer, he must told you why my husband couldn't get another job. He tells everybody, lady, and makes 'em believe he gives my husband a job out of charity. So sure as I got a baby which I hope he would grow up to be a man, lady, my husband never took no money in Dallas. Them people gives him a hundred dollars he should deposit it in the bank, and he went and lost it. If he would stole it he would of gave it to me, lady, because my Nathan is a good man. He ain't no loafer that he should gamble it away."

There was a ring of truth in Mrs. Schenkmann's tones, and as Morris looked at the twenty-eight year old Nathan, aged by ill nutrition and abuse, his suspicions all dissolved and gave place only to a great pity.

"Don't say no more, Mrs. Schenkmann," he cried; "I don't want to hear no more about it. Tomorrow morning your man leaves that loafer Max Linkheimer and comes to work by us for eighteen dollars a week."

III

EASILY the most salient feature of Mr. Max Linkheimer's attire was the I. O. M. A. jewel that dangled from the tangent point of his generous waist line. It had been presented to him by Harmony Lodge, 122, at the conclusion of his term of office as National Grand Corresponding Secretary, and it weighed about eight ounces avoirdupois. Not that the rest of Mr. Linkheimer's wearing apparel was not in keeping, for he affected to be somewhat old-fashioned in his attire, with just a dash of *bonhomie*. This implies that he wore a wrinkled frock coat and a low-cut waistcoat. But he had discarded the black string tie that goes with it for a white ready-made bow as being more suitable to the rôle of philanthropist. The *bonhomie* he supplied by not buttoning the two top buttons of his waistcoat.

"Why, hallo, Abe, my boy!" he cried all in one breath, as Abe Potash entered his button warerooms on Tuesday morning; "what can I do for you?"

He seized Abe's right hand in a soft warm grip, slightly moist, and continued to hold it for the better part of five minutes.

"I come to see you about Schenkmann," Abe replied. "We decided we would have him come to work by us as a shipping clerk."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Linkheimer. "As I told you the other day, I've just been asked by a lodge I belong to if I could help out a young feller just out of an orphan asylum. He's a big, strong, healthy boy, and he's willing to come to work for half what I'm paying Schenkmann. So naturally I've got to get rid of Schenkmann."

"I wonder you got time to bother yourself breaking in a new beginner," Abe commented.

Linkheimer waggled his head solemnly.

"I can't help it, Abe," he said. "I let my business suffer, but nevertheless I'm constantly giving the helping hand to these poor inexperienced fellows. I assure you it costs me thousands of dollars in a year, but that's my nature, Abe. I'm all heart. When would you want Schenkmann to come to work?"

"Right away, Mr. Linkheimer."

"Very good, I'll go and call him."

He rose to his feet and started for the door.

"Oh, by the way, Abe," he said, as he paused at the threshold, "you know Schenkmann is a married man with a wife and child, and I understand Mrs. Schenkmann is inclined to be extravagant. For that reason I let him live in a house I own on Park Avenue, and I take out the rent each week from his pay. It's really a charity to do so. The amount is—er—sixteen dollars a month. I suppose you have no objection to sending me four dollars a week out of his wages?"

"Well, I ain't exactly a collecting agency, y'understand," Abe said; "but I'll see what my partner says, and if he's agreeable, I am. Only one thing though, Mr. Linkheimer, my partner bothers the life out of me I should get from you a recommendation."

"I'll give you one with pleasure, Abe," Linkheimer replied; "but it isn't necessary."

He returned to the front of the office and went to the safe.

"Why just look here, Abe," he said. "I have here in the safe five hundred dollars and some small bills which I put in there last night after I come back from Newark. It was money I received the day before yesterday as chairman of the entertainment committee of a lodge I belong to. The safe was unlocked from five to seven last night and Schenkmann was in and out here all that time."

He opened the middle compartment and pulled out a roll of bills.

"You see, Abe," he said, counting out the money, "here it is: one hundred, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred and ——"

Here Mr. Linkheimer paused and examined the last bill carefully, for instead of a hundred-dollar bill it was only a ten-dollar bill.

"Well, what d'ye think of that dirty thief?" he cried at last. "That Schenkmann has taken a hundred-dollar bill out of there."

"What?" Abe exclaimed.

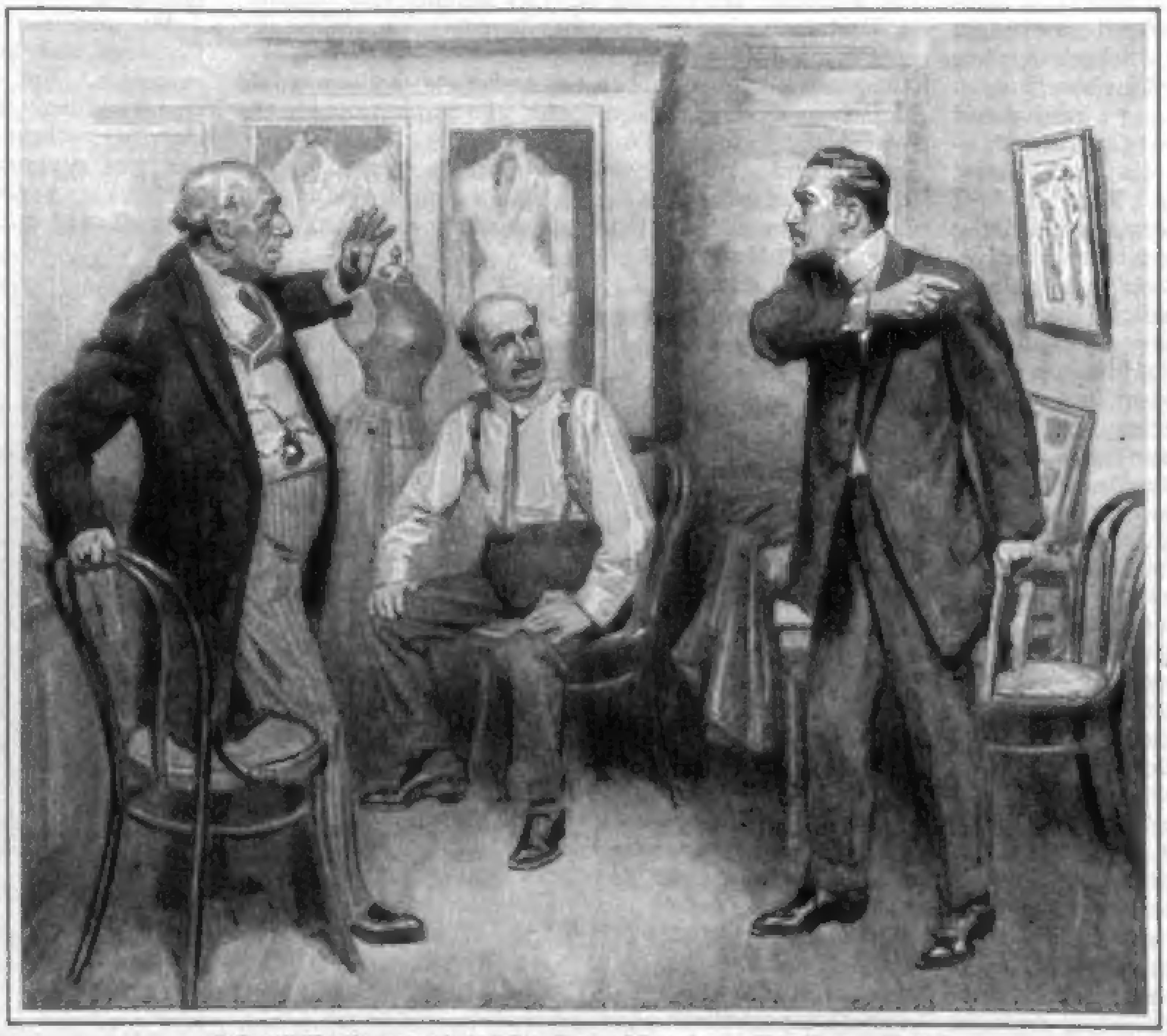
"Just as sure as you are sitting there," Linkheimer went on excitedly. "That feller Schenkmann has pinched a hundred-dollar bill on me."

Here his academic English completely forsook him and he continued in the vernacular of the lower East Side.

"Always up to now I have kept the safe locked on that feller, and the very first time I get careless he goes to work and does me for a hundred dollars yet."

"But," Abe protested, "you might of made a mistake, ain't it? If the feller took it a hundred dollars, why don't he turn around and *ganver* the other four hundred? Ain't it? The ten dollars also he might of took it. What?"

"A *ganef* you couldn't tell what he would do at all," Linkheimer rejoined, and Abe rose to his feet.



"Out!" He Commanded; "Out From *Mein* Store, You Dawg, You!"

"I'm sorry for you, Mr. Linkheimer," he said, seizing his hat, "but I guess I must be getting back to the store. So you shouldn't trouble yourself about this here feller Schenkmann. We decided we would get along without him."

But Abe's words fell on deaf ears, for as he turned to leave Mr. Linkheimer threw up the window sash and thrust his head out.

"Po-lee-eece, po-lee-eece!" he yelled.

IV

WHEN Abe arrived at his place of business after his visit to Max Linkheimer he found Morris whistling cheerfully over the morning mail.

"Well, Abe," Morris cried, "did you seen it Max Linkheimer?"

Abe hurriedly took off his hat and coat, and catching the bandaged thumb in the sleeve lining he swore long and loud.

"Yes, I seen Max Linkheimer," he growled, "and I'm sick and tired of the whole business. Go ahead and get a shipping clerk, Mawruss. I'm through."

"Why?" Morris asked. "Wouldn't Linkheimer give a recommendation, because if he wouldn't, Abe, I am satisfied we should take the feller without one. In fact I'm surprised you didn't bring him along."

"You are, hey?" Abe broke in. "Well, you shouldn't be surprised at nothing like that, Mawruss, because I didn't bring him along for the simple reason, Mawruss, I don't want no *ganef* working round my place. That's all."

"What do you mean—*ganef?*" Morris cried. "The feller ain't no more a thief as you are, Abe."

Abe's mustache bristled and his eyes bulged so indignantly that they seemed to rest on his cheeks.

"You should be careful what you say, Mawruss," he retorted. "Maybe he ain't no more a *ganef* as I am, Mawruss, but just the same, he is in jail and I ain't."

"In jail," Morris exclaimed. "What for in jail?"

"Because he stole from Linkheimer a hundred dollars yesterday, Mawruss, and while I was there yet, Linkheimer finds it out. So naturally he makes this here feller arrested."

"Yesterday, he stole a hundred dollars?" Morris interrupted.

"Yesterday afternoon," Abe repeated. "With my own eyes I seen it the other money which he didn't stole."

"Then," Morris said, "if he stole it yesterday afternoon, Abe, he didn't positively do nothing of the kind."

Forthwith he related to Abe his visit to Schenkmann's rooms and the condition of poverty that he found.

"I give you my word, Abe," he said, "the feller didn't got even a chair to sit on."

"What do you know, Mawruss, what he got and what he didn't got?" Abe rejoined impatiently. "The feller naturally ain't going to show you the hundred dollars which he stole it—especially, Mawruss, if he thinks he could work you for a couple dollars more."

"Say, lookyhere, Abe," Morris broke in; "don't say again that feller stole a hundred dollars, because I'm telling you once more, Abe, I know he didn't take nothing, certain sure."

"*Geh wek*, Mawruss," Abe cried disgustedly; "you talk like a fool!"

"Do I?" Morris shouted. "All right, Abe. Maybe I do and maybe I don't, but just the same so positive I am he didn't done it, I'm going right down to Henry D. Feldman, and I will fix that feller Linkheimer he should work a poor half-starved yokel for five dollars a week and a couple of top-floor tenement rooms which it ain't worth six dollars a month. Wait! I'll show that sucker."

He seized his hat and made for the elevator door, which he had almost reached when Abe grabbed him by the arm.

"Mawruss," he cried, "are you crazy? What for you should put yourself out about this here young feller? He ain't the last shipping clerk in existence. You could get plenty good shipping clerks without bothering yourself like this. Besides, Mawruss, if he did steal it or if he didn't steal it, what difference does it make to us? With the silk piece goods which we got it around our place, Mawruss, we couldn't afford to take no chances."

"I ain't taking no chances, Abe," Morris maintained stoutly. "I know this feller ain't took the money."

"Sure, that's all right," Abe agreed; "but you couldn't afford to be away all morning right in the busy season. Besides, Mawruss, since when did you become to be so charitable all of a suddent?"

"Me charitable?" Morris cried indignantly. "I ain't charitable, Abe. *Gott soll huten!* I leave that to suckers like Max Linkheimer. But when I know a decent, respectable feller is being put into jail for something which he didn't do at all, Abe, then that's something else again."

At this juncture the elevator arrived, and as he plunged in he shouted that he would be back before noon. Abe returned to the rear of the loft where a number of rush orders had been arranged for shipment. Under his instruction and supervision the stock boy nailed down the top boards of the packing cases, but in nearly every instance, after the case was strapped and stenciled, they discovered they had left one garment out, and the whole process had to be repeated. Thus it was nearly one o'clock before Abe's task was concluded, and although he had breakfasted late that morning, when he looked at his watch he became suddenly famished. "I could starve yet," he muttered, "for all that feller cares."

He walked up and down the showroom floor in an ecstasy of imaginary hunger, and as he was making the hundredth trip the elevator door opened and Max Linkheimer stepped out. His low-cut waistcoat disclosed that his shirtfront, ordinarily of a glossy white perfection, had fallen victim to a profuse perspiration. Even his collar had not escaped the flood, and as for his I. O. M. A. charm, it seemed positively tarnished.

"Say, lookyhere, Potash," he began, "what d'ye mean by sending your partner to bail out that *ganef?*"

"Me send my partner to bail out a *ganef?*" Abe exclaimed. "What are you talking nonsense?"

"I ain't talking nonsense," Linkheimer retorted. "Look at the kinds of conditions I am in. That feller Feldman made a fine monkey out of me in the police court."

"Was Feldman there too?" Abe asked.

"You don't know, I suppose, Feldman was there," Linkheimer continued; "and your partner went on his bail for two thousand dollars."

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"In the first place, Mr. Linkheimer," he said, "I didn't tell my partner he should do nothing of the kind. He done it against my advice, Mr. Linkheimer. But at the same time, Mr. Linkheimer, if he wants to go bail for that feller, y'understand, what is it my business?"

"What is it your business?" Linkheimer repeated. "Why, don't you know if that feller runs away the sheriff could come in here and clean out your place? That's all."

"What?" Abe cried. He sat down in the nearest chair and gaped at Linkheimer.

"Yes, sir," Linkheimer repeated, "you could be ruined by a thing like that."

Abe's lower jaw fell still further. He was too dazed for comment.

"W-what could I do about it?" he gasped at length.

"Do about it!" Linkheimer cried. "Why, if I had a partner who played me a dirty trick like that I'd kick him out of my place. There ain't a copartnership agreement in existence that doesn't expressly say one

(Continued on Page 69)

Reflections of a Near-Physician

Transcribed by Walter E. Weyl

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"No," Laughed Smith; "I Take My Poison Straight"

JUST here I drop out of the narrative.

What I wish to write is a diagnosis—not an autobiography. I am going to tell why, in America, we have one hundred and fifty thousand practicing physicians instead of seventy-five thousand or sixty thousand, which would also be too many. I wish to explain why they manage to get along and why they don't. Another day, perhaps, I shall tell my own story. Perhaps I shall call it The Whispered Confessions of a Near-Physician.

I find that I am coming right back into the story again, and I fear that I shall have to tell you something about myself. If you are to look with my eyes you should examine my spectacles. Whether the man who writes about the medical profession is himself a successful physician or a low-waged medical drudge, an adroit specialist or an advertising quack, whether he has "made good" or "lost out," makes a difference in his story.

An M. D. but Not a Doctor

I AM one of the numerous, ancient and honorable company of inconspicuous and unconsidered gentlemen. People accept a second introduction and forget my face and name. Besides being the husband of a clever woman I have no distinctions except those of being a graduate of the Lamarck (Missouri) Medical College—Class of 1896—and the assistant general manager of the S. S. Street Surgical and Medical Supply Company. For the rest I am an average specimen of the every-day, middle-aging man; a well-fed, well-conditioned, semibored, native-American suburbanite. I am five feet six in height; I weigh one hundred and seventy pounds; I have four children, a ten-thousand-dollar house, a twenty-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy and a library of fifteen hundred books, ranging from Fielding and Galsworthy to Bachofen's Infantile Paralysis and Sinclair's Orthopedic Surgery. I am a churchgoer, with reservations, and I am—because my wife wishes it—a member of the West Beach Athletic Club. I smoke four cigars a day, I have never written poetry or kept a diary, or been drunk or arrested. Every year I lay aside fifteen hundred dollars, and every evening I fall asleep an hour after dinner. For thirty-eight years I have led an upright, honorable, uninteresting life.

Such is my existence as my West Beach neighbors see it. My real life is my interest in medicine and my chagrin at not being a practicing physician. I am, I acknowledge, better off outside the profession. I earn five thousand dollars a year with the S. S. Street Company, and fifteen hundred dollars extra as half-owner of the S. S. Street Improved Laryngoscope—sixty-five hundred dollars in all, in twelve regular monthly installments. If I were one of the hundred and fifty thousand practicing physicians I might be making two thousand or one thousand dollars—or nothing. I should not be sure of any of my time. I should have to give up a large part of my family life. I should not be able to go to the theater or the opera without the dread of a peremptory telephone call from an exigent patient.

All this I tell myself, and yet I would give up my position and the title deed to my house and my life-insurance policy, and even my four daily cigars, for the joy of receiving a night call or of setting a broken arm. When I call in our family physician and he diagnoses my case exactly as I should have diagnosed it, or when suddenly I see an ambulance turn a corner, I wish that old Dr. S. S. Street had never been born.

I try to keep up by reading the medical journals; I attend the medical congresses because I love them, as well as for business reasons; I keep in social and business touch with thousands of physicians; but despite my secret dreams I know that I shall never touch a lancet or write a prescription. I may hang upon the skirts of medicine; I may discuss progress in bacteriology with the latest fledgling; but if the children catch colds I call in a doctor. I know enough medicine to know that I know nothing.

The reason why I, who love medicine, have never practiced it is because I have been crowded out. I have not taken my chances with the one hundred and fifty thousand.

It was a question of being crowded out or crowded in. A crowd is a very unpleasant place, and yet it is always to a crowd that people flock. Although we have twice as many physicians as we need, the number of our medical students—the new men who are crowding in—is increasing all the time. There should be a sign hanging over every gate leading to Medicine. It should read: "Standing Room Only."

In Germany—where so many diseases are invented—they are complaining of a Pharaoh's Plague of physicians. In the good old days there was only one German physician to every eight hundred families; today, they lament, there is one to every four hundred families. In the United States we have one practicing physician to every one hundred and twenty families.

Now, no nation is sick enough to require one hundred and fifty thousand doctors. We are really not any sicker than other nations, just as we are not dirtier, although we have more bathtubs. If all Americans went to a doctor when they were ill they might keep even one hundred and fifty thousand busy; but lots of us live so far away from our next-door neighbor that we just try a household remedy, while others of us dose ourselves on patent medicines, and still others prefer to live and die without the aid of science. All of this makes some of the doctors idle some of the time.

The congestion is pretty bad everywhere; in some places it is very bad. In New York there is one practicing physician to every ninety-two families, and in some districts there are over four hundred families to a block; in San Francisco there is one to every seventy-four families; in Washington one to every fifty-four families. Some city streets are lined with doctors.

You would think that in the newer states there would be so few physicians that a doctor who was crowded in the East would go to the West and grow up with his patients. But Nebraska and Oregon have more doctors in proportion to population than Pennsylvania and Maryland, and Colorado has one practicing physician to every sixty-six families. Everywhere you find villages with fifty or one hundred families—and a little country trade besides—with one, two or possibly three starving doctors.

When I decided to study medicine there was only one physician in Cato. That physician was old Doctor Ashley, who had brought me and also my father and uncles into the world, had cured all our earthly ills—except freckles—and had established a reputation throughout the entire Southwest. Doctor Ashley was distinctly of the old school. He had served his apprenticeship in the thirties at Philadelphia and then for three years had studied in Edinburgh. He knew little of X-rays and antisepsis and germs and serums—he was too old when they were invented; but he was abreast of the earlier medical practice. Though he might have made a success in the East he came back to Cato, married the daughter of the minister, brought up eight children on an income of eight hundred dollars a year, drove his buggy, worked his garden, sometimes sent bills and sometimes did not, and led a strenuous and happy life. At eighty-five he was still in the saddle, with clear eyes and brain. Of course he was a general, in fact a universal, practitioner. A specialist would have starved in Cato.

I should have gladly made any sacrifice to lead a life like that of Doctor Ashley. He allowed me to hang around his office and run errands for him, and he soon began to relish my unconcealed boyish admiration. As for me, even the seventy-five cents a week that he paid me was nothing compared to the intellectual stimulus that I received. He had, what I have seen in lesser degree in other physicians, a wonderful medical tact, an instinct for diagnosis. He knew all the delicate shades of color of the skin, all the subtle lines and wrinkles of the face and palm; and by a rapid glance at the eyes, the mouth, the fingernails, or a quick appreciation of the gait, he knew what the man suffered from. When I listened to one of his wonderful rapid diagnoses—they seemed more like divinations—I almost cried aloud in my exuberant admiration.

Making a Start in Chicago

AS ERRAND boy I became a body companion, a shadow, a faithful dog to Doctor Ashley. Sometimes, late at night in his attic pharmacy, he would talk to me about his early career. He had been a surgeon in the Massachusetts General Hospital in the days before ether and chloroform were used, when whisky and prayer were the only anesthetics and a man made his will before he climbed on the operating table. He told me stories of his student days in Edinburgh, when bodies for dissection were stolen from graveyards and the notorious Burke and Hare committed wholesale murder to furnish physicians with cadavers. And then he would talk of the great men in the history of medicine, of Hippocrates and Galen and Harvey and Lister and Pasteur, and of hundreds of others. He would tell me of the wonderful advances of medicine, from the days when it was a superstition to our own days when we are on the threshold of a knowledge that holds us in awe. As he talked and talked and talked, I came to believe that beside medicine nothing else in the world mattered.

My ambition had been to follow in Doctor Ashley's footsteps and become his assistant and eventually his successor. But during my first year at college my old friend suddenly died, and by the end of my college course there were three doctors in Cato trying to live on what had just supported one before. I decided on the city.

Had I been wiser I should never have made the attempt. There I was in Chicago, absolutely unknown, with only one hundred dollars in my pocket. I had a month of it, without a single patient or a single approach to a patient.

Then I accepted the offer of the S. S. Street Surgical and Medical Supply Company, and at once became salesman for the southwestern territory.

I determined, however, that this taking of a salesmanship should be only an expedient, a mere détour. I would save money, gather strength and knowledge, and prepare for a future training as a specialist. I told my ambitions to a young fellow named Greene who, after practicing medicine

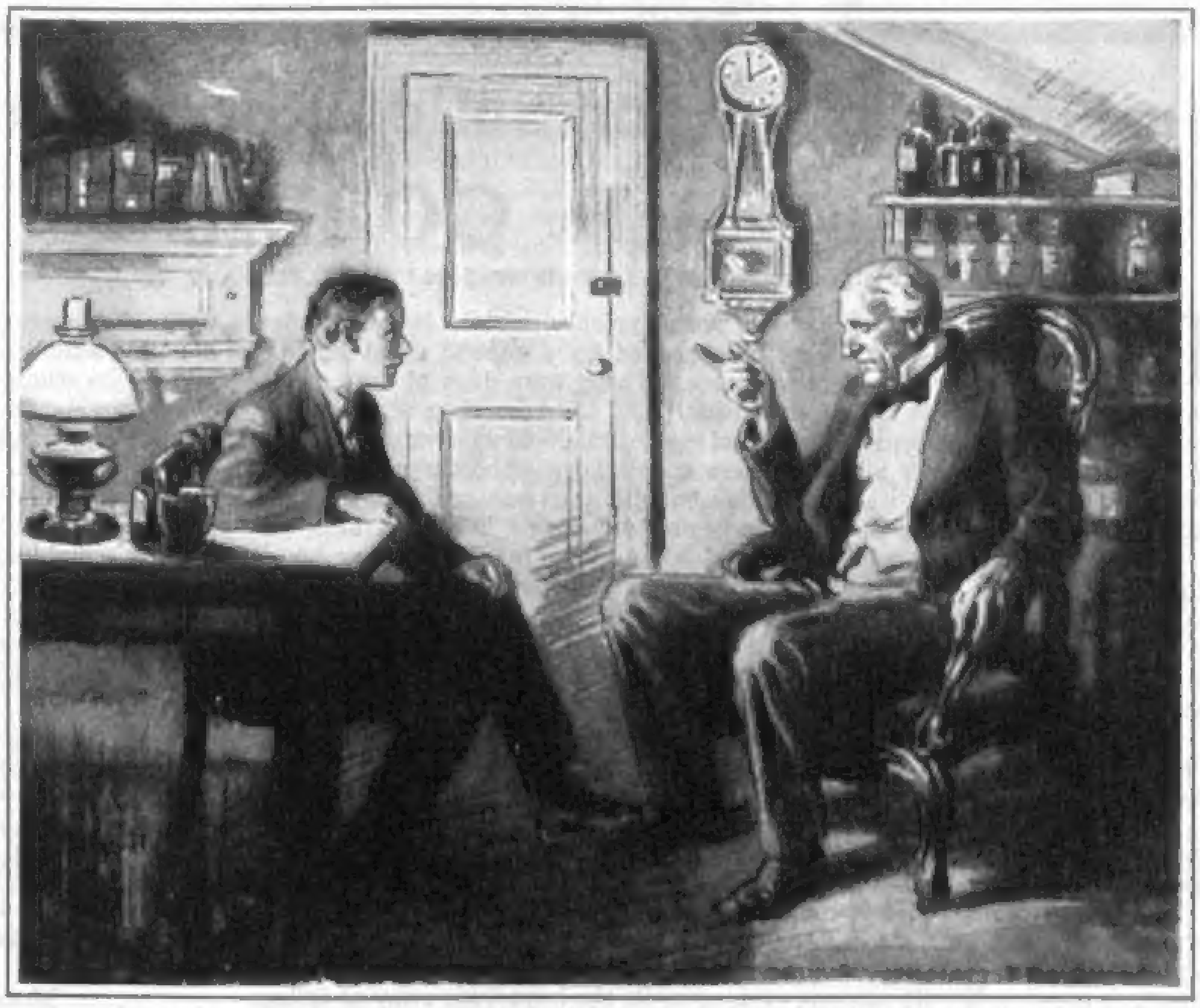
"Today I Prefer Freeze-Out to Materia Medica" unsuccessfully for three years, had become a salesman for a medical publishing firm.

"That's what I used to think," he said. "The first year I spent three evenings a week on my books; the second year I spent one evening a week; the third year one evening a month. Today I prefer freeze-out to materia medica. We fellows never come back," he added.

"You'll see," I boasted.

After two years with the S. S. Street Company I had saved one thousand dollars. I was beginning to be interested in my work. I had begun to realize that the progress of medicine depended also upon the men who made and sold the tools, who provided the surgeon's *armamentarium*. The tremendous specialism that was in such rapid progress necessitated thousands of new and wonderfully differentiated instruments. I began to feel myself as a humble member of the commissary department of the medical profession. Nevertheless, I still desired to be a specialist—and above all a surgeon.

One day I went to see Doctor Jewett—the great abdominal surgeon. There is a splendid *esprit de corps* among physicians, and a man who will charge a thousand dollars for an hour's operation will give his time freely in advising an inexperienced and impecunious tyro in medicine. I had waited only a few minutes in Doctor Jewett's somber, dignified office, I had hardly glanced at the portraits of Jenner and Koch and the beautiful Japanese prints on the wall, when the great surgeon bade me enter.



I Came to Believe That Beside Medicine Nothing Else in the World Mattered

He was very tall, very slim, with a pervasive gravity that instinctively caused me to lower my voice in speaking to him. One could see immediately that he was a surgeon. One need only look at the clear eyes and the clear skin, the long, nervous, muscular hands. All through the conversation I watched those hands.

What Advisers Said

HE TALKED slowly with the sense of reserving his strength. You felt that the man lived in the hours in which he performed his operations, and rested intensively at other times. He looked at me with a sort of quiescent watchfulness while I told him of my situation and my hopes.

He was sympathetic. He pointed out the joy of skill and the happiness of service, which are so much greater rewards than the mere fee. "Of course," he added, "there are the poor. You must be prepared to give half of your time to gratuitous work. You must take a delight in surgery. You must keep abreast of the new discoveries. You must work day and night, weekday and Sunday. You must have no other affection but surgery. And," he continued, "it is, of course, not essential, but—I should advise you to leave off smoking."

I had never smoked much and had not touched a cigar for several weeks. I wondered how he had detected the habit; I wondered if I should ever have perceptions as delicate. "You see," he went on, "we must give up our pleasant little vices. A man's life may hang on our absolute self-possession."

He dismissed me with a cordial shake of the hand, his finely muscled fingers closing on mine in a firm grasp. There was poetry, science, skill, nobility in that grasp. I looked at my own short-fingered, characterless hand. It looked flabby. He was a racehorse; I a plodding beast of draft. I knew that I could never become a great surgeon. I went back to the S. S. Street Company.

A year later I again got the medical fever. I had gone to the office of Dr. Learoyd Ellis, the fashionable New York physician, to see him with regard to certain surgical instruments recently imported from Germany. I had seen fashionable doctors before, but I had never met Doctor Ellis, and I had not, until that time, seen so beautiful an office. There were dull Persian rugs on the floor and a wonderful fifteenth-century tapestry on the long wall. There were five or six women in morning gowns in the room, apparently all of the same set, for they were talking with as much freedom as though in their own houses.

Doctor Ellis was, and still is, one of the most successful practitioners in the country. I have heard that he makes one hundred thousand dollars a year, or seventy-five thousand above business expenses, which include his house, his automobile, his servants, his stenographer, his library and his card-index system. He is very astute and what the French call "*habile*." His marriage to a fashionable, but not wealthy, woman was generally considered a great stroke of business. He goes out into society with just enough frequency to come into contact with fashionables, and just enough moderation to avoid the suspicion of having time on his hands. He is a clever diagnostician, and he has the advantage of being sensible of his own limitations and is inclined to call in consultants. He has not medical tact, as old Doctor Ashley had, but he has what is far more lucrative—a highly developed social tact.

The great physician had no time to see me that day, but I came back several times; and finally we discussed the German surgical instruments and for a few minutes talked over my prospects in the medical profession. He was discouraging. He told me of the many men who were struggling to get along on a mere pittance. "Here in New York," he said, "the average earnings of the physician are not over twelve hundred dollars a year; in the country at large they are only seven hundred dollars. The competition is getting worse every year. Of course," he added, with some self-complacency, "if you are of the right caliber you will succeed, but I advise no man to crowd into medicine. Besides, you seem to have preëminent business abilities, which it might be a misfortune not to utilize."

A week after the great doctor had bowed me out of his office it suddenly came to me that his allusion to my "business abilities," of which of course he knew nothing, merely meant that in his opinion I would probably fail as a doctor. It was a sugarcoated pill adroitly administered.

Every year since then I have realized more clearly that Doctor Ellis was wise in advising me—a man of mediocre medical training and a man whose face people forget—against going into the profession. I have seen how great is the pressure upon the doctor. Not only are there too many physicians, not only is the competition so severe that average fees remain low though rents and prices rise, but the cost of training increases, the cost of maintaining an office increases, and the profession becomes commercialized. There never was a time when the scrupulous, ethically-minded physician was subjected to so many forms of pressure.

If the commercialization of medicine were always the right sort of commercialization it might be welcomed. We might get along without the old trusted family physician, who acted in a sort of fiduciary relation, if only the practice of medicine could be put upon a high-grade business basis, with a dollar-and-cent relation between doctor and patient, and a fair competition on the basis of merit. But unfortunately the patient, the buyer of medical advice, can't distinguish a good from a poor doctor, and the state does not help him very much. In many of our states today it is almost as easy to become a physician or surgeon as to become a hodcarrier. So it often happens that the ignorant, ill-prepared, showy doctor gets the practice; or the rich young doctor who invests in an automobile, stenographer and card catalogue, and who looks prosperous and busy; or the pushing doctor who advertises openly or covertly. Everything helps to promote fake.

The doctor suffers from this commercialization because he has not been prepared for it. Neither has he been prepared for the enormous development of free dispensary and hospital work. It is splendid to put the best medical and surgical talent at the disposal of every one. I think it would even be well to make the best medical advice free to all. But the doctors should be enabled to adjust themselves to the change.

There is a sentence of Stevenson's which, I have often thought, shows the doctor at his best. "The physician," he says, "is the flower—such as it is—of our civilization; and when that stage of man is done with, and only remembered to be marveled at in history, he will be thought to have shared as little as any in the defects of the period and most notably exhibited the virtues of the race."

Now I believe that never was this tribute to physicians so well deserved as today. Never did so large a proportion of physicians deserve it. The men who deserve this tribute are not only they who have made the epoch-marking discoveries in science, not only the great physicians or the celebrated surgeons, but many men working all their lives at minute and unsensational researches, men filling in a little niche and doing their appointed work, men who are not striving for reputation or money, but are merely getting along; and many who are not even getting along, but are lying awake nights hoping for patients. I have known many physicians of high character and good attainments who have given up the struggle after years of penury and privation, and I have known others who could not let go and have fought their way through—to still greater sacrifices. I knew one man who, having spent two thousand dollars in preparing himself, earned during his first three months the sum of ten dollars, and this merely through the favor of an older physician who permitted him twice to administer chloroform. I have known men who had worked seven years in preparing for their medical practice to earn not over one hundred dollars during the first year afterward. And I have seen many men, who began as honorable physicians, end as quacks.

The Rise of Doctor Sells

WHEN you overcrowd a profession many are bound to be crowded into dishonesty and not a few into crime. When the average pay of the physician is less than one thousand dollars a year there will be thousands who cannot honestly earn six hundred dollars and other thousands who cannot earn three hundred dollars. Many will be forced by pressure and competition into the underworld, where low business and crime unite in an alliance with an honorable profession.

A year ago, on a steamer descending the Nile, I met a Dr. Bronson Sells, a wiry little man. It was out of season and Sells and I were lonely. So we fraternized from the First Cataract down.

As we approached Cairo I invited Sells to visit me in West Beach.

"All right," he answered. "Thanks."

"Well, when will you come?" I persisted.

He looked at me curiously. "See here, Doctor," he jerked out; "we've been chummy here on the Nile, but back home you wouldn't look at me."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "before we part I'll tell you how I made my way in medicine."

This, as I remember it, is the story of Dr. Bronson Sells. He had been a clerk in a store in northern Michigan at a wage of fourteen dollars. He had been saving up for years, hoping soon to open a store of his own. Then one day he received a circular from the Northern Illinois Medical University. The circular dwelt glowingly upon the magnificent earnings of physicians, and promised to men without preparatory training a complete instruction in three years, as well as free transportation to Paris to any graduate who had regularly paid his fees. The circular was signed by Abraham Wallis, A.M., M.D., Ph.D., Director.

When Sells first saw Doctor Wallis, and noticed that the A.M., M.D., Ph.D. had dirty fingernails and a half-clean collar, he should have grown suspicious. But the young man was completely bewildered by his new hopes. He wandered about the tumbledown building, went into a small, dirty, badly lighted amphitheater where a number of young fellows were listlessly taking dictation in anatomy, and finally was shown the *pièce de résistance* of the institution, the dissecting room. It was a semi-dark and wholly filthy place, reached by a long flight of creaking wooden stairs. Upon the table was a single putrid,

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The Retail Reconstruction

EDWIN · F · BAYHA · 1910

Building Business on Solid Information

By JAMES H. COLLINS

DECORATION BY EDWIN F. BAYHA

THERE is a very general belief that the day of the individual retail merchant of moderate capital has passed, and that in future the most profitable retail trade of the country will be carried on by department stores, chain stores, mail-order houses and other agencies with enormous buying and distributing capacity.

This belief has some substantial backing. During the past year or two great combinations have been formed among large drygoods interests. Chain stores are now multiplying in certain lines of trade to an extent that gives the individual merchant much anxiety. Department stores are reaching out everywhere for suburban and mail trade. Manufacturers are seeking ways of reaching the consumer more directly. On every hand there are new principles and new tendencies.

Far from putting limitations on the individual retailer of moderate means, however, these things rather indicate that his field is being greatly broadened. The present-day output of commodities is larger and more varied than it has ever been in the past, and grows each year to an amazing extent. The public's consuming capacity is growing, too, for our present-day scale of living is more ample, and the consumer's taste in points of quality is being refined. There is a new demand and a new supply. Department stores, chain stores and other large retail enterprises have succeeded because their promoters recognize and cater to this new demand. Instead of taking trade from small merchants by the bargain appeal, as is so widely assumed, they have built new trade on new goods, new ways of handling and distributing old goods, and better service to customers. And, for the individual merchant who thinks and works with the new conditions, there are undoubtedly as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

For one thing, the individual merchant is learning that success in business is usually built on better information than the other fellows have, rather than on advantages in purchasing or prices. He studies his customers and conditions nowadays much as the manufacturer studies and tests his raw materials.

How Trade is Broadened

IN THE old mercantile school, price was the one eternal detail. A merchant spent one-fourth of his time watching competitors to see that nobody undersold him, and the rest pitting jobbers and drummers against each other to get something that he could sell for less than others. Much of this jockeying was done so that staples might be slaughtered at prices that would attract customers who would buy special goods carrying fair profits. That was a roundabout way to do business, however.

Today, by better knowledge of customers and less concern about a few cents in price, the retailer often cuts out unprofitable staples altogether and builds up his trade in highly profitable goods.

In a certain Ohio town there is a retail hardware establishment owned by two young men whose father began business about thirty-five years ago. When the elder Jennings opened up with a moderate stock in the old days the town was a typical American farming center. He sold everything needed by a general clientèle, from screws to stove parts. Those were days of long credits and little competition. Old Man Jennings made money, invested in local real estate, and looked forward to handing over a fine business to his boys when they left college. But while the lads were still at grammar school the character of the town began to change. Factories came, and instead of comfortable American families owning homes there were mechanics and laborers who rented cheap tenements, and newly arrived Poles who carried firewood home on their backs and salvaged what little hardware they needed. A department store was opened, and this cut into Jennings' trade in two ways: many of his best charge customers went to the new store for convenience, and much of his cash trade followed for the sake of bargains. As the countryside roundabout developed, farmers bought supplies nearer home at new centers. Old Man Jennings did not complain. But it took endless scheming to find lines that he could turn a profit on and buy right, and before the boys finished high school he told them that he would be satisfied now if the business lasted as long as he did.

It was one evening while the boys were away at college that a salesman from an Eastern machine-drill house came into the store and asked the hardware man whether he carried such goods.

"No, there's no great demand for them," replied Old Man Jennings, offhand. High-speed steels and the modern machine tools were unknown when he learned the hardware business.

"There may be more demand than you think," said the salesman. "Suppose you go around the town with me tomorrow morning and get acquainted with it, for we ought to have somebody here with a good stock of our tools."

Next day they went from one factory to another, talking with manufacturers, superintendents, foremen. Everywhere the salesman got orders for drills. Mr. Jennings was introduced as the local agent who would in future carry a full assortment. These drills were shipped to him for delivery to the purchasers, and the size of the bill astonished him. Up to that time his trade in tools had been confined chiefly to carpenters and small builders of doubtful credit. His collections on the shipment were all satisfactory, however, and when he found out how many hundreds of those tools were used each year in the factories of his town he put in a stock of the sizes and types that were in constant demand. Before that, customers had purchased in Chicago or New York, which often meant delay in completing work. The trade in these tools grew so quickly in a few months, and was so profitable compared with general hardware, that other supplies of the same nature were added—files, lathe tools, abrasives, buffing wheels, and so forth. When the Jennings boys came home they took up the business and developed it in this direction. Today they sell tools and supplies to manufacturers over a wide section of the state, have exclusive agency rights in several profitable lines, and are worried by no department-store competition.

In another case a country music-dealer laid the foundation of a fine business by taking a census of his territory, under the direction of a production engineer who studied conditions and laid out a plan. High-school boys were sent out on bicycles during vacation, visiting each family along the roads, finding out whether a piano or organ was owned, what make, how old, whether the purchase of a new instrument was contemplated, what other instruments were played, and so forth. When this information was tabulated the dealer knew what families would be interested in the new phonograph records, player-rolls or sheet music, which homes had growing youngsters who would bring them into the market for a piano or organ, where an old piano could be taken out and a new one put in, and where to find a customer for the piano taken in trade. The sales made by the census-takers more than paid for gathering this information, and subsequent expansion of this music-dealer's business has been so remarkable that manufacturers are giving him wholesale rights in a large section of his state, and he is building up a jobbing trade with other dealers outside his own retail territory.

Money in Exact Information

ONE of the big commercial agencies that compile statistics of business disaster groups all retail failures under eleven causes. Lack of capital and incompetence are credited with nearly sixty per cent of the retail bankruptcies, while fraud, inexperience, neglect, unwise credits, extravagance, speculation, competition, and so forth, are other causes. Probably every one of these reasons could be sifted down into a single one if all the facts were known, and that one universal and eternal reason for failure labeled "Guesswork." For an overwhelming proportion of retail trade is conducted on assumption—guesses as to what the public wants, guesses as to the strength of competition, guesses as to the amount of stock being turned at an actual profit, guesses in buying, guesses in selecting the locality in which to do business, and so forth.

Much of the manufacturing of this country has until lately been done on guesswork and assumption; but the results secured by thorough knowledge of materials, processes, costs and market conditions have been so notable that nowadays the average manufacturer looks upon exact information as an important raw material in his product, and puts it to most ingenious uses.

One case is reported where a shoe factory turned out a couple of thousand pairs of shoes daily, at an average price of one dollar and sixty-five cents a pair. To meet the demands of a miscellaneous trade, more than a hundred and eighty separate lasts were made. A thorough study of marketing conditions, however, combined with advertising and aggressive selling, made it possible to raise the output to nearly fifteen thousand pairs a day in a few years, get an average price nearly forty per cent higher, and at the same time reduce the number of lasts to only thirty. In effect, the manufacturer cut out slow stock and cheap goods that were eating up his profits, and replaced them with quicker sellers.

The retailer is learning to compile and utilize information in the same way. The count of pedestrians passing on the sidewalk to determine the store location is now common, and as easily carried out by the merchant who opens a single store as by the large chain-store companies that originated the plan. When the idea is carried further, and applied to streams of travel two or three blocks away from an established store, the merchant often discovers means of diverting travel his way.

In the downtown section of a city the theater audiences come and go through two avenues leading to carlines. A haberdasher has a shop in a side street between these two channels of travel, at a much more reasonable rent than he would have to pay on the avenues. Study of the conditions convinced him that theatergoers took those avenues, not because they were especially convenient, nor as a matter of habit, but simply because they were light. When he put up an electric sign big enough to light his section of the dark side street he diverted enough travel past his windows every night to increase materially the daily sales.

A count of customers who enter the store for a week is often most enlightening in giving information upon which either to systematize purchases of stock or to extend the scope of the business. In a clothing store, for instance, such a count made by a clerk with reference to the shoes worn by customers has been utilized both to determine whether it would be advisable to add a shoe department and to give a basis for choosing sizes, styles and quality of goods. In another case where there were heavy remainders of stock in a men's furnishing business, one week's census of the people who entered the place showed what was the matter. The approximate age of each customer was set down, and as far as possible old patrons separated from strangers. The figures revealed an abnormal percentage of customers past forty and a small proportion of strangers. That store carried a stock evenly balanced as to ages, but it was not getting the trade of young men. Followed to its logical cause, this condition showed that some young blood was needed in the buying end.

A large department store has its cash system so organized that the sales in each section are watched at a central point hour by hour. Stagnation in any section is revealed immediately, and an investigation made as to the reason.

This same idea has been applied to a store employing only four clerks. The stock is divided into half a dozen sections, with different-colored sales slips for each. Records of sales in each section are kept day by day, together with notes on weather and other uncontrollable conditions. Average sales to be expected in each section have been determined from past records, and each morning the aggregate amount of sales to be expected is posted in the sections, with a reasonable percentage of increase that ought to be realized over the previous year's sales for that day. If sales are found at night to have fallen short of expectations, and the blame cannot be shouldered on to the weather man or some outside condition, the stock in that section is investigated and perhaps prices cut. This daily supervision is so much better than the former method of gauging volume of business only by seasons that the store's stock is turned much more frequently. Where an increase of that kind can be attained, the merchant is put in position to sell many lines cheaper and at the same time clear larger profits on the year.

Another sort of information of immense value to the retailer is that which shows stock on hand. For in many establishments where buying is skillful, saleswork good and advertising lavish, a wasteful proportion of sales is lost through the statement to the customer that "We're out of that just now, but expect some more tomorrow."

One of the largest clothing and furnishing stores in the city of New York, occupying its own building, carries extra stock on an upper floor and has no practical system for keeping lines of goods complete in the store itself. Moreover, a considerable proportion of its goods is imported direct, its buyers making purchases abroad. These goods are of fine quality, but the method of buying makes it necessary to go largely by estimates in ordering sizes. When a customer asks for a size that has been sold out, that settles it. No extra stock is carried in this country. His size is in Europe.

Two blocks down the street is a young merchant with a small shop. He has only a moderate stock of men's furnishings and employs but two clerks. But he keeps track of styles and sizes so thoroughly that few sales are lost by reason of gaps. Goods are either of American make or imported lines backed by large importers' and jobbers' stocks in this country. When a lot of men's collars comes in, it is arranged on the shelves by size and model, and in the last box but one of each size and model goes a red ticket, giving particulars concerning the goods, with date and size of the order. When that box is reached, in selling goods, the clerk who opens it to take out even a single collar is required to turn it in to the cashier. In her hands it becomes an order memorandum, and more collars of that size and style are ordered at once, so that stock is replenished before it is exhausted. Where goods must be ordered at a distance, the red ticket is placed in a box farther from the last, so that time may be allowed for getting a new supply. If the goods are a special purchase of novelties, instead of staples, the red ticket shows how fast or how slow they are selling. If it turns up quickly more of the same goods may be ordered to take advantage of their popularity. If it turns up late the date upon this red ticket may suggest that the rest of that purchase be closed out at a cut price.

The small retailer usually manages his store as a whole. Clerks are expected to sell anything carried in stock. The

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HIS OWN COUNTRY

By Arthur Ruhl

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

FROM the hot little corrugated-iron shack that was to serve as his home until the dam was finished young Hawkins could look over the whole length and breadth of Antelope Valley. Eighty miles of virgin sagebrush it stretched to the dim, low range on the horizon, fifteen miles on either side to the blazing hills, the river in its slit of lava rock between—and all you might say, his own.

His own to bring the water to, at least, to awaken and give a soul. Plugging along with the other cub engineers on the great Westchester Reservoir may have meant just as much to as many people, but it didn't mean as much to him.

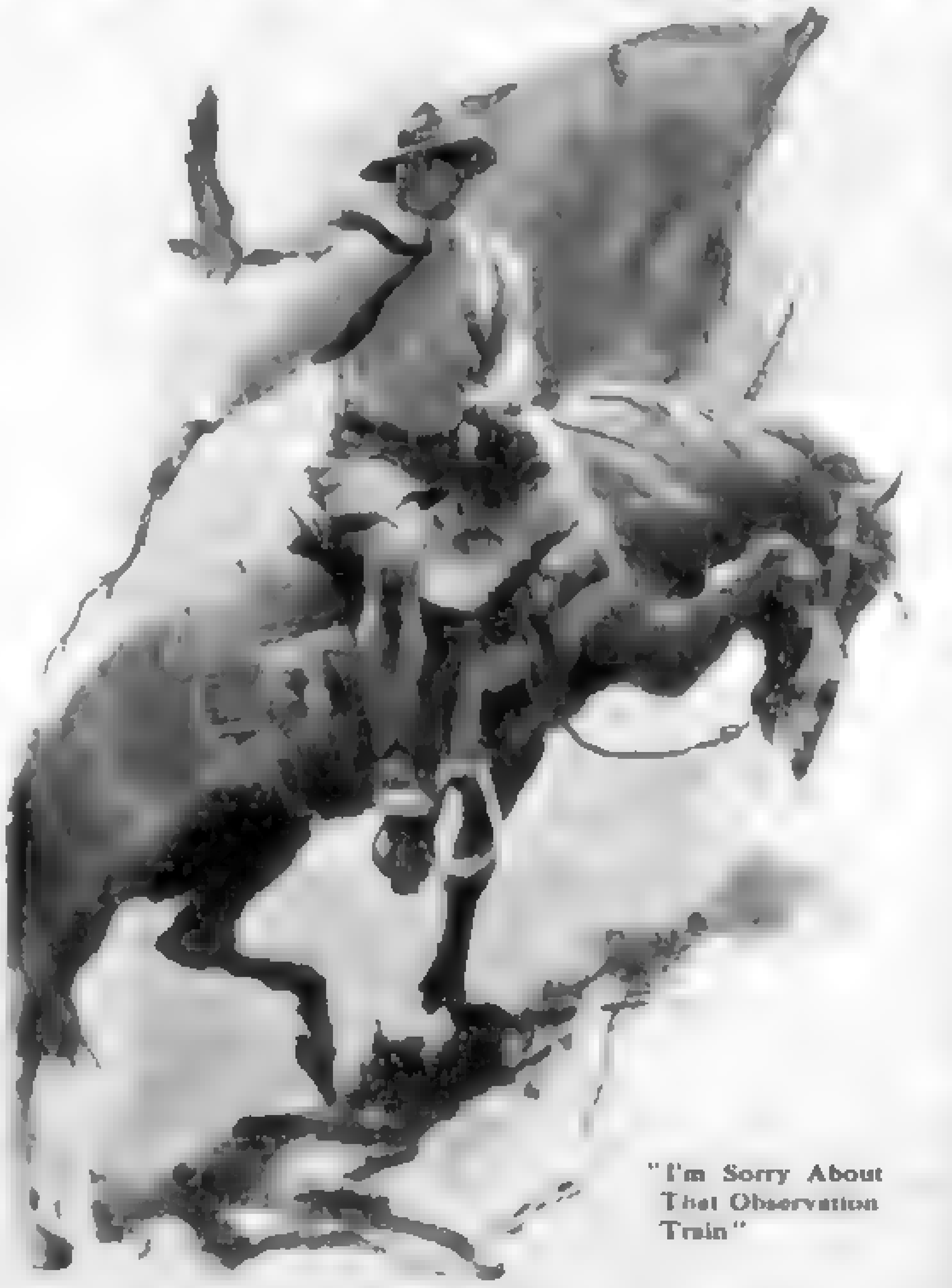
"After all," as Hawkins put it, "what's a glass of water, more or less, to Broadway!"

But out here water meant everything. It meant towns and farms where nothing was, and children saying their lessons, and lovers walking beneath the stars.

Already patches of green were coming out of the gray where the homesteaders had cleared the desert and trusted to dry farming. Like clumsy little caravels nosing into an unknown sea their covered wagons, dusty and travel-stained, crawled up every now and then over the eastern horizon. They crawled up and hailed and passed on into the amethyst haze and heat shimmer, somewhere off there to take root and wait for the water to come.

"Smooth as silk," said Thompson, the contractor, as they talked over the progress of the work the day after Hawkins arrived; "unless for this old geezer Daggett—he's got a cattle-ranch about ten miles upstream. He might give you some trouble."

The contractor, bronzed with his two straight years of desert sun—for the job was well along before the company sent Hawkins out as resident engineer—creaked back in his chair and rather disgustedly stretched his big arms.



"I'm Sorry About That Observation Train"

"You'll always find one of these old shellbacks on a proposition like this. They hiked out of the ark with the other animals an' landed here before the water dried off. Run their cattle for thirty years over half a state of free range—take five or six thousand dollars out every fall and never put a cent back—live like coyotes and think they *own* the country!

"We only cut a foot or two off his river bank, but he's there an' he won't sell an' he won't get out. Got an injunction out on us, or tried to, before we started, an' we beat him on that. Now he's brought suit for backin' up the water and damagin' his riparian rights. We'll beat him on that. There's only one thing to do with them kind of people."

"What's that?" asked Hawkins.

"Drown 'em out!" bellowed the contractor.

They left the litter of blueprints, reports and estimates and stepped out on the low porch. There in the blazing sunshine the stone-crusher ground heavily, sending up a light cloud of white dust against the sky's tender blue. From the river came the cheerful whine of the cement buckets traveling back and forth on their suspended cables, and to the right the white thread of the high-line canal swung outward along the shoulder of the hill and disappeared in the distant sunshot haze.

"What a proposition this is!" breathed the contractor fervently. "Four hundred thousand acres and sagebrush six foot high! Why, that land'll grow anything you can put in the ground. You got the soil, you got the climate, you got the water too. And five years from now"—the older man jabbed a stubby forefinger up and down as if indicating an undiscovered diamond mine—"five years from now they'll be selling corner lots under this here spot for a thousand dollars a front foot!"

Hawkins nodded and smiled grimly. He was a stocky young man with a stiff mat of brown hair, a fighting chin and wide-apart, earnest eyes. He knew all about Kipling and red gods and the white man's destiny, and it had been his tragic fate until now to work almost within sight of the New York skyscrapers and to know people who chattered and belonged to clubs. He himself said little, and his honest countenance often clouded with the anticipated memory, as it were, of the hard life he had never lived in the wildernesses he had never seen.

"I'll ride up and take a look at the old man," he said.

It was an untouched, untarnished world into which he cantered—brown, dry, open as the sea. Not a chimney, nor a tree, nor a touch of banal green—a man's world, he thought, for such as ask no favors and get none. The air was light and incredibly clear. He seemed to see hundreds of miles, breathe down to his boots. He loved the bronco jogging ahead so wisely with that rakish spark in his backturned, sagacious eye; he loved the dusty jack-rabbits gallumping clumsily out of his path; and suddenly, at the end of a couple of hours, the plateau dropped in front of him as though cut with a knife, and there lay the Little Windy and Daggett's ranch a thousand feet below.

Ranchhouse, corral, alfalfa and water, all in a pocket in the lava rock facing the sun and the river—it was one of those oases which a traveler sometimes sees as the train pants over a mountain pass and vows he must some day return to; which strike the eye and heart with a quick pang, and then, like a face in the crowd, vanish, never to return. Only Daggett had seen and stayed.

Hawkins could imagine the covered wagon lurching down to the river, old Daggett—young Daggett then—and his wife and baby under the ragged canopy, the horses gaunt and travel-worn, the dusty hound panting at their heels, the little spiral of smoke circling up from the flat that night, and the smell of frying bacon drifting out on the still air.

And then, suddenly, a confused murmur came down the wind, and above the sagebrush, half a mile upstream, a yellow cloud like smoke drifted up into the sunshine. It followed the rim of a coulée toward the river until, trampling forward under their dust-cloud and spreading out fanwise as they came into the open, poured a herd of cattle. The Daggett boys were back from the round-up.

Sometimes They Would Cook Their Supper on the Plateau

Back and forth through the dust they swung and charged, swooping wide to round in a galloping steer, flinging their sweating ponies at the congested herd. And their yells and the moaning and bellowing of the tired cattle rose above the trampling stream in a wailing, savage music.

Young Hawkins sent his bronco scrambling down the zigzag trail. He had never been West before and he hung over the corral gate while the afternoon waned, happy as a boy at a circus. The wild cattle—at a wave of the hand they would start and huddle away—the dust and trampling, the pungent scent of the sagebrush fire, the careless grace of the youngest Daggett lazily swinging his rope as he urged his pony into the herd, the thrown steer dragged backward to the fire; it struck and set tingling something buried deep within him.

He watched the red-hot iron sink into the smoking flesh, the quick knife-slashes that slit the Daggett mark in each left ear. Men and cattle and horses and the swift, savage little drama seemed a part of that stern, unsoftened wilderness, of the lava rock and sage. It was indeed a man's country, and he was part of it as he was meant to be.

He had a boyish desire to find favor in the sight of these deft and silent men. Once a rambunctious yearling, slipping out of the rope, lunged toward him. He hurdled the gate, stumbled and was kicked flat. Jumping up quite earnestly, he made a flying tackle of its forelegs and brought it down. A Daggett threw himself on and braced apart the hindlegs. "Whoa, Bill!" he grinned; and after that Hawkins worked with the rest.

They asked no questions. When the old man—stoop-shouldered, with a face tanned like leather and wise little beady eyes—stumped out to look over the stock Hawkins explained that he was fresh from the East and had ridden up from the dam to look at the country.

The sun went down behind the lava rocks, the lights in the hollow deepened. The smell of sage smoke and cattle and dust became more penetrating in the cooling air. In the last of the twilight they killed for themselves—roping and dragging the great beast out of the herd, his forelegs and head plowing helplessly. A couple of stunning blows on the forehead, a knife-thrust, and his eyes rolled and glazed as a torrent of hot blood gushed out over the dust. The other animals, snuffing deeply, backed away. Hawkins threw his weight against the rope with the four Daggetts as they hauled the carcass up to be dressed. He forgot the mess-tent only a few hours away, and it seemed that he, too, had lived in the saddle and slept under the open sky, and he felt a stern pleasure in taking this life to keep his own.

Swift and silent they tore off the warm hide and wiped their sweating faces at last, while two shaggy collies fawned and sidled about them, curiously uneasy and pleased at the smell of blood.

The rocks turned black and a cool breeze, mysterious and sweet, breathed up the cañon. Then even the pink light on the butte across the river faded to ashes and in the violet sky appeared the thin crescent of a new moon and the first stars.

They washed from the same tin basin on the ranch-house porch and smoothed their heads with the same wet comb. And they crowded into the little dining room, cheerful with the smell of coffee and its big lamp. The old man motioned Hawkins to a seat at one end of the table; he sat at the other, and the four hulking boys, waiting shyly until their guest was seated, took places on either side. And then the kitchen door opened and Mary Daggett came in with a big plate of hot biscuits.

He saw a lithe, vigorous shape in a white apron and dark-blue polka-dot dress without a collar, wide apart blue eyes under heavy eyebrows, and a tumble of brown hair, and felt himself appraised in a glance keen, interested, vaguely amused, and about as unexpected as anything could be.

And then he found himself offering his chair, and the old cattleman mumbling across the table and thrusting forward a protesting hand. "Less than the dust," the girl whispered as if to herself, and then aloud: "No, thanks; I've got to wait on you men. Won't you have a biscuit?" She set down the plate. "And some honey?"

"I should say so," said Hawkins. "Is it your own?"

"Of course," smiled the girl; "everything about here's our own."

"We got the only bees in the country," observed the youngest boy.

Brusquely she returned to the kitchen, and father and sons attacked the dinner with the keen voracity of those to whom food is a necessity rather than an excuse for talk. Hawkins asked the boys if they had ever been East. No; but Bill, the oldest, had spent one winter in Boise.

"Mary's been away," volunteered the youngest boy. "She was two years to the university."

They insisted that he should spend the night. "That's what we're here for," said one of the boys. "We used to be the only house in forty miles." They pushed back their chairs and lounged out to the porch. The older boys were scarcely wide enough awake to keep their pipes alight, and the youngest stretched out on the floor and was almost at once asleep.

Disappearing for a moment the old man returned with two bottles of warm beer and a box of cigars as dry as autumn leaves. With a satisfied chuckle he drew his chair close to the young man, as if his revelations, like the refreshments, were too precious to be shared by his sons, and began to talk in a sort of whisper about himself and his cattle and the old days. Mighty few, it seemed, had ever got the better of him.

"Indians ever bother you?" asked Hawkins.

"Bah!" he cried. "Knock 'em over with a club!"

The three elder boys drifted off to the bunkhouse. Puffing awkwardly on his cigar, the father told how he had built up the ranch—house, alfalfa, orchard—bit by bit, and how now these folks thought they would put him out of business. His thin voice shook.

"I've lived here for thirty years," he whispered shrilly. He thrust a finger toward the river where the framework of an old-fashioned current irrigation wheel, fifteen or twenty feet high, stood gaunt and spectral in the moonlight. Hawkins noticed that it hung motionless.

"We built that," he said, "my wife an' me. We cut the pine back in the mountains and hewed it out and hauled her over here in the winter—thirty miles. We made her an' set her up—don't know how, but we did it. We had to. An' she raised enough water for all this little bench here—we drove the stock right down here an' wintered 'em till spring. And now they've shut off my current an' stopped her, and I ain't got no water for my land."

"Well," suggested the engineer, "a lot of farmers down below will get some of it."

The old man thrust his leathery face forward like some disgusted bird. "Farmers?" he demanded. "Woodchucks—diggin' in the dirt! Let 'em stay where it rains. Look at them boys of mine! They could ride anything that runs, an' rope an' tie a steer inside sixty seconds, any one of 'em. Do you see men like them sloshin' around in an irrigation ditch? I say we don't want no farmers in here. This is a cow country—it's my country."

He leaned close to young Hawkins and pointed to a curious pile of stones at the edge of the orchard.

"There she lies," he whispered.

"Who?" asked Hawkins.

"My wife. Under them stones. She came out across the plains with me. It's a hard life for a woman, but she stood it. She stood up to it like a soldier, Mr. Hawkins. It took fightin' to build this place, an' we fought. We made it out of nothing and it's ours. We've growed into it, d'you understand? You can't pry a man out after thirty years—nor drowned him neither."

The old man gave a harsh laugh and puffed at his cigar. "They think—them engineers think they'll drive me out." Suddenly he got to his feet. "Drive?" he cried in his thin voice. "I'd like to see 'em; I come in before them fellers was born!"

"Father!"

The girl stood in the doorway.

The old man turned, muttered, and as the girl turned away he said more quietly: "They don't know the river. Wait till that chinook wind comes up with the snow deep in the mountains—an' she comes sometimes! Dams or no, she won't stop for nothing then. I know her. I found her." He shook his finger at the motionless water-wheel. "You'll see that wheel liftin' water again and the river running free. I know her."

He stopped short at the sudden sound of a piano. His daughter was singing Juanita. In the cool, wild cañon silence the thin notes and the worn old song swelled to unimagined dignity and sweetness. Their harsh world seemed all at once different.

"You wouldn't think to find that out here, would you?" he whispered. "It's a great comfort for a woman. We packed it in from the railroad—a Christmas present for my wife the year Mary was born."

He sank in his chair, all his feverishness gone. And the two men listened.

"*When—in thy dreaming,*
Moons like these—shall shine again"

The old man's head dropped lower and he seemed to be asleep. Hawkins, sitting at his feet with his back against one of the porch posts, smoked on alone until presently the music ceased and the girl came out. She bent over her father's chair, spread a blanket over the boy, and for a moment stood looking out toward the black river and the stars. The dining-room lamp lit her straight back and burnished hair, but her face was in shadow.

"Well," she said suddenly, "what do you think of us?"

Hawkins looked up at her in rather diffident surprise. "I like it," he said.

"Those cowboy brothers of mine don't mean to be inhospitable, you know. The poor boys haven't slept for a week."

"I think they're wonders," said Hawkins; "they certainly can ride!"

"Oh, yes. And they talk soft and shake hands like a girl and shoot from the hip—that is, they would if there was anything to shoot at. All those things. It's queer where they get it." The girl gave a curious low laugh. "You see we're very old-fashioned."

"I don't believe you're very old-fashioned," ventured Hawkins.

"Well I've had to take care of them all. And then they sent me off to school to be improved. Did you ever hear of Simms University?"

"I'm sorry," said the young man, "I never heard of Simms."

"I'm sorry too. Well—it was going to be the making of a new town. There were seventeen pupils and a water-tank and a hotel and a lot of streets marked off with stakes. The Silver City paper used to run a little column about it every week—Notes from the Acropolis—but they couldn't make it go. It's kind of a sad story when you know the whole of it." The girl paused for a moment and then looked down at Hawkins with a faint smile. "Still it was a regular university. It made just as much trouble for you as a real one. You never quite get over it."

"Trouble?" repeated Hawkins.

She laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, well, call it anything you like!"

Clasping her hands behind her back she suddenly strode to the other end of the porch and back again.

"So you don't remember me, then?"

"What!" cried Hawkins, and he half stood up.

The girl gave a nervous little laugh and drew in her breath quickly. "When the trains stopped at the water-tank, coming over the divide? The observation platforms were just opposite each other—one going east and one going west. And—well, they could talk across. It was only for five minutes, and you said you might be coming this way again—and—well, that's all!"

"Why, no," said Hawkins; "I don't remember anything like that."

"Of course you don't. It never happened. Only wouldn't it be —— It just popped into my head when I saw you coming down the trail this afternoon—I mean that's what it does for you!" She looked straight down at him and laughed frankly. "I never would have thought of that if I hadn't gone to Simms."

She sat down on the edge of the porch opposite Hawkins. "Come," she said in a different voice, "you must think I am crazy. When will they get their dam done—I suppose you're from the dam?"

"Yes," said Hawkins, "I'm from the dam. I'm bossing it, you might say. It's my dam."

"Oh!" said the girl, and her hands dropped in her lap.

"In about six months—if we have luck."

"Six months," she repeated, "and then ——" She looked off at the black river and the blacker rocks beyond. "I wonder sometimes what will be the end of it. It's always been our country—as if what happened in the world didn't make any difference to us. Then they crept up on us and took our water away. And they're going right on down there, working and working away, busy and still as ants and—and sometimes—sometimes I look at the river and it makes me shiver. It seems as if nothing could stop them—as if —— Oh, I don't know what! As if something terrible would happen—as if it would be the end of us all!"

For a moment neither spoke, and then she turned and, leaning on her arm, peered across the intervening beam of lamplight. "Do you ever think about things," she demanded suddenly: "about civilization and all that—about what it all means?"

"About what what all means?" asked Hawkins.

"Oh"—she flung out her hands helplessly and settled back in the shadow—"sometimes I'm lonesome for people and sometimes I hate the thought of them! What's it all for—this dam and everything?"

"Why," said Hawkins, "to open up the country—develop it. Things have got to go on."

"That's just it," said the girl; "go on to what? Yes—to what?" she demanded.

Hawkins leaned toward her. "Why," he cried, "it's the greatest thing you ever heard of. All that desert going to waste and thousands of people—tired people—waiting for it back there. Looking for a way out, for room, for a chance like this. I don't know what it all means, but it must mean something. Your father did his part and we've got to do ours—and leave it to them to finish it."

"Finish!" she flung back; "develop—develop! That's what they all say! And when you've dried up all the waterfalls and filled this beautiful country with back yards and stupid people, and made all the money and developed all there is to develop, is it finished then? What comes after that—what then?"

"God knows!" said young Hawkins. "I'm not a philosopher; I'm an engineer."

And as he said that something flashed across the space between them, between his eyes and hers that had come forward into the light, and everything was suddenly different from what it had been before. And at the same instant the boy moaned and stirred in his sleep and suddenly sat upright, rubbing his eyes.

"I—I'm afraid it's getting late," she said a little breathlessly. "Maybe you'd like to know where you're going to sleep."

Hawkins scarcely knew what he said. The lamplit porch, the house, the silent night itself seemed suddenly filled with her presence. It surrounded him in the little room to which Mary showed him, just off the dining room, with its low bed and bureau and white mosquito-netting tacked across the window. Some dresses hung behind a curtain of flowered chintz, and in a little hanging bookcase were an algebra, a worn copy of the Plain Tales, an old Christmas number of a woman's magazine, a Bible, and a pamphlet with a cover of lithographed violets, entitled How to Be Beautiful.

It was hot and close in the little room and for a long time he lay awake, listening to the fretful stirring and lowing of the cattle.

Cautiously at last he lifted the latch and opened the door into the dining room. There was a window opposite through which the blazing desert stars shone like moonlight. They lighted an old sofa beneath the window and Mary Daggett's upturned face and parted lips. She was sleeping like a child, still dressed, just as she had huddled herself after giving her own room to the family's guest.

The bellowing of the cattle awoke him tardily into the new morning and, in the pleasant excitement that comes with sun-up and hot coffee and hard work to do, the men swung on to their horses and drove the herd into the ford. Old Man Daggett had already crossed, and as Hawkins turned back the girl walked ahead of him to open the outer gate. She wore her working-dress, but her strong round forearms showed below her rolled-up sleeves and her walk seemed part of the morning. Beyond her, up the slope, the rocks and chaparral stood out with stereoscopic clearness, and above them the cañon rim, blazing with sunshine, cut sharply across the blue. Hawkins felt himself lifted to unheard-of recklessness.

"I'm sorry about that observation train," he almost shouted. "Maybe when I get to the top of the trail you'll give me another chance!"

The girl drew a handkerchief from her waist. "All right," she laughed. "Hurry up and get there!"

Naturally he did return, and then began for the resident engineer of the Little Windy Irrigation and Power Company a new life indeed. He was a perfectly good engineer, as the contractor put it, but he wasn't much of a resident. Afternoons when the work went well, and Sundays, horse and rider disappeared over the sagebrush to the north. She met him when she could get away from her own work, and together they would jog northward, bridles loose on the ponies' necks, to the cañon rim.

Sometimes they would turn their broncos loose and ride like mad across the level desert, stride and stride alike, so close that the buckle of his leather puttee caught in her riding skirt. Sometimes they would cook their supper on the plateau and watch the rocks across the river blaze and turn to ashes as the sun went down. And sometimes in the warm autumn afternoons they would lie on the cañon rim, with the ranch cozy and peaceful far below them, up above the even blue, and as far as they could see the crystalline air and sage-gray open country, and talk of other lands—new, untrodden wildernesses to which, when all this world became peopled, they half earnestly declared they would have to go.

It was not until he had almost forgotten what the East was like that he began to see how much "her country" meant to the girl. In spite of her droll talk of lonesomeness she was as much at home as a mountain sheep. And she had a strength, borrowed as it were from these wide, impersonal spaces, that stilled or took the place of words. And as cast away and yet as much together as two open boats on an empty sea they would busy themselves, silent or talking of external things, yet strangely fed and satisfied with their own youth and the strong beauty of that untarnished world.

Then one evening, on his return, he found Thompson waiting for him beside the hot office lamp. The contractor had a telegram in his hand and there was one for Hawkins too.

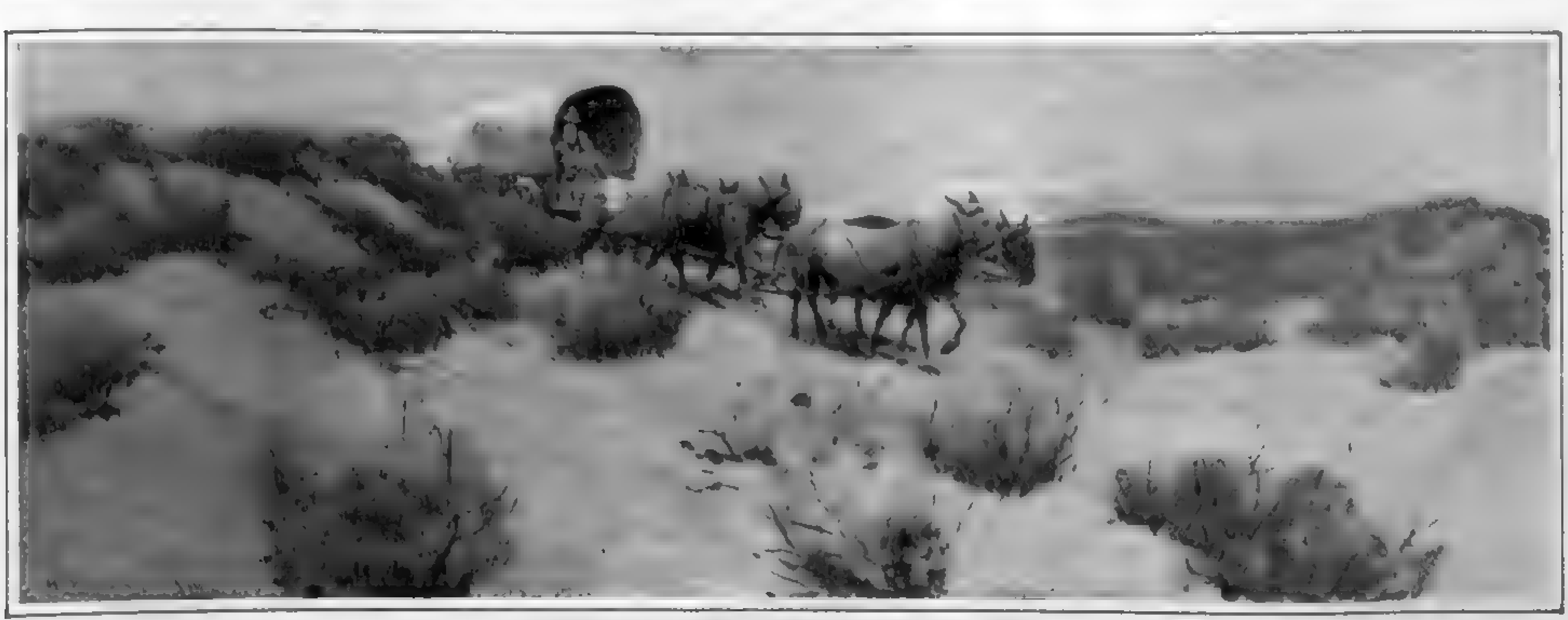
"Hello," said Hawkins, "what's up?"

"Well," said the contractor, "I guess they're finally gettin' on to what sort of a proposition this is. They're goin' to raise the whole dam ten feet."

Hawkins' heart stopped. "That'll mean six months' more work," he said in a dry voice, meeting the contractor's eyes.

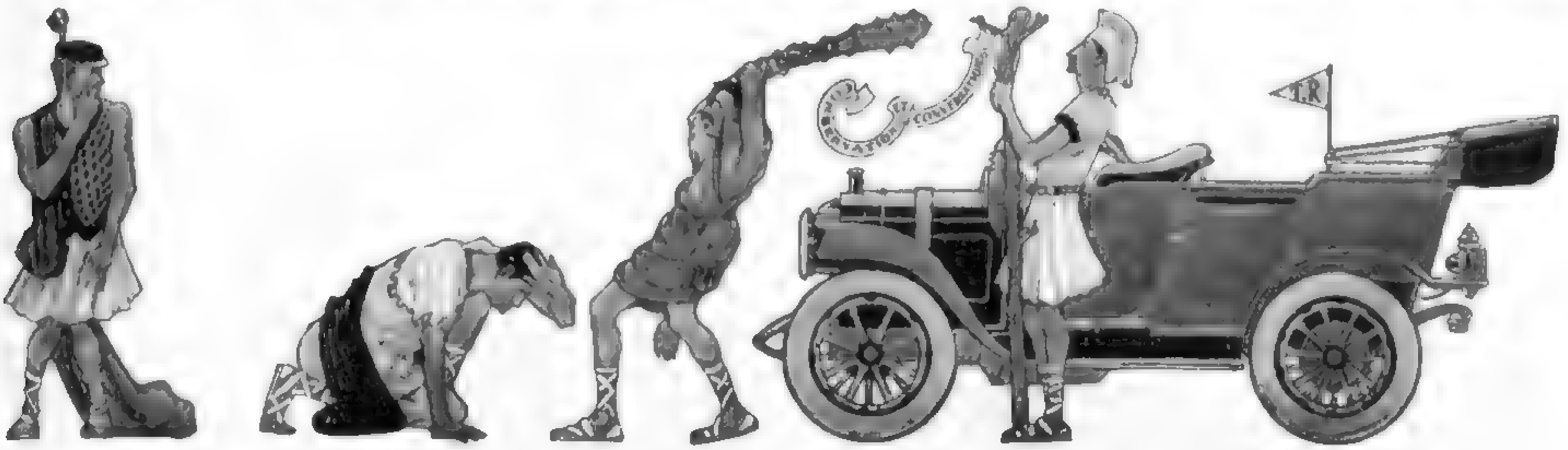
"It sure will," said Thompson. He watched the crimson creeping through the younger man's tanned skin. "And it'll put your old friend Daggett six foot under water, the whole outfit, root an' branch!"

(Continued on Page 57)



Crawling Toward Another Frontier and Another New Country

THE TEDDYSEE—By Wallace Irwin



Book the Second

I. THE WANDERING TEDYSSES MAKETH FRESH TRACKS

GREAT-SOULED Tedysses, going home,
The slow-poke vessel now doth fret.
His heart outyearns to Sagamore,
To Wichita his teeth are set.
And while he lifts impatient word,
Lo! where the ambient billows leap,
He sees a badly damaged Bird
Fly limply to him o'er the deep.

At Teddy's feet the Bird doth flop,
Its neck unhinged, its beak ajar;
Much sorrow sticketh in its crop
And on its tail no feathers are.
This Specimen with tender care
Tedysses lifts, despite its grease.
"I know you not!" Whereat the Bird
Exclaims: "I am your Dove of Peace!"

"Fond Dove!" cries Ted in bitter tone,
"Last year I left you on the Job,
With feathers white and coo all right,
And fat like Philadelphia's squab.
Why is thy wing done in a sling?
What have they gone and done to thee?"
But all the dying Bird can croak
Is: "Taft, and Party Harmonee!"

The shooter of a thousand zoos
Into his gun a wad doth poke,
Harks to the Dove's expiring coos,
Then careless Heaven he doth invoke:
"Since hunting is the sport I love,
My gun for slaughter still I'll tote.
Since some one's gone and got my Dove,
Now I'll go forth for some one's Goat!"

II. HE ENTERETH AMERICA BY THE FRONT DOOR

Muses, lend me an earthquake
To rattle the big blue dome,
Or a dynamite bomb,
Or a fierce tom-tom,
Or a bugle-call,
Or Niagara's fall—
Full justice to do
To the hullabaloo
Which roared New York and the Country through
When Teddy came sailing home.
Thunder and smoke, how the Patriots woke
From Kalamazoo to Nome!
Your Uncle Sam fell off o' the porch
And the Statue of Liberty swallowed her torch
When Teddy came sailing home.
There was color, there was noise,
There were Abernathy boys,
There was many a chief and scout and lion-trainer;
Cuban Vets with battered hilts
And Cornelius Vanderbilts
And that Tammany-Insurgent, Mayor Gaynor.

Woolly warcries filled the air,
Cowboys rode in Union Square,
Fame stood on her heavenly perch and yelled like Melba;
Sons of Erin, Sons of Titus
And the Order of Saint Vitus
Skinned their throats to raise the Battlecry of Elba.

Through the Ready-Money Town
They paraded up and down,
Teddy bowing right and left like Julius Caesar;
And the Nation, which had slumbered
As the empty months they numbered,
Thrilled again to greet its Corporation Squeezer.

When the tumult and the spouting
Died away amidst the shouting,
And the Captains and the Colonels had departed,
Sat a Grafter in his clover
Chuckling: "Gee! I'm glad it's over!"
Echo answered: "Over, man! He's scarcely started!"

III. FALSE ALBANY TOYETH WITH THE CHARACTER OF PENELOPE

When Sodom's sins were burned away,
And vile Gomorrah cooked,
The thriving town of Albany
Was, somehow, overlooked.
'Twas there, ere dew of morning dried,
Timmus of Woodruff rose and cried:
"Hey, Willie, look to yonder plain!
Methinks I hear,
With sickening fear,
The Big Noise coming home again!"

Then William Barnes he up did start—
Fear swelled his apoplectic heart
As through the State he raised the shout:
"To arms, ye Olde Garde!—tumble out!"
Then forth from mountains, forests, valleys,
Rathskellers, cisterns, bowling-alleys,
The noble Stalwarts flocked amain—
"Our jobs! Our jobs!" their wild refrain.

From Utica, to join the game,
That little sunshine, Sherman, came.
Before the hosts
For war arrayed,
With empty boasts
Of "Who's afraid?"
With godlike stride J. Sherman goes;
While, perching deftly on his nose,
His large Pickwickian specs repose.

(A flash of spear,
A Noise of dread,
Proclaim the near
Approach of Ted.)
"Let's hatch a plot,"
Says Tim to Jim,
"'Tis well—why not?"
Says Jim to Tim.
So head to head and heart to heart,
With ghastly glance and ghostly start,
The Fatal Papers they procure
And sign the Fatal Signature.

When, lo! upon that guilty scene
A Comet, run by gasoline,
With sportive snort
And short cavort,
Arrives and casts a gibbous green
On the grim glim of Tim and Jim—
"Horrors!" they babble. "It is Him!"

Tedysses, like a square-faced ghost,
Thus spake to the assembled host:
"Fair gentlemen, it is my fate
Full many million Things to hate.
The liar plain
I do despise;
At grafters vain
My gorge doth rise;
I hate the cats
About New York
Who live in flats
And dodge the Stork.
The man of news
Who rakes the muck
Well knows my views
Upon his Truck;
The greedy Trust
With scorn I clothe;
The judge unjust
I likewise loathe.
But of the Things I cannot brook
The most, by George, I hate a crook!"

But Barnes, in suaver manner cloaked,
Swallowed his rage—and almost choked.
"O Ted!" quoth he, "thou speakest flip.
My kindness see!
I offer thee
The Temporary Chairmanship—
Say, wouldst thou take it if thou couldst?"
Fair spake Tedysses: "Sure, I wouldst!"

(These politicians beat the Dickens—
Please notice how the plot now thickens.)
Just as Tedysses took his stand
The loyal Olde Garde to command,
An A. D. T. boy, undersized—
T. Woodruff for the part disguised—
Into Bill Barnes his crafty mitt
A message prest—and this was it:
"From us pray take our Royal Tip—
For Temporary Chairmanship
The sunny Sherman I indorse,
The Grand Old Party's noble horse,
The friend of Man, the foe of Graft.
Thine for harmonious action,
Taft."

As when the birdman Brookins flies
Ten thousand feet into the skies,
And there doth drop an orange sweet
Upon some Aviation Meet,
So did the soul of Ted downfall
To read that message fraught with gall—
His dear-loved Consort writing notes
And lending comfort to the Goats!
His flashing eye
Doth slightly blear;
A tearful sigh,
A sighful tear
Drops on his native sward—and then
He grasps his mighty fountain pen:
"Penelope, since I have went,
Why didst thou choose another gent?
And why, oh why, that heartless whim
To knock of me and block for Jim?"
Then, answering to
Those words of ire,
This message flew
Across the wire:
"Your fears allay, beloved Ted!
You say they say the things I said;
Which said remarks I didn't say.
Say what I say. I'm thine alway."

Then o'er the ranks of Albany there fell a sickly, solemn hush—
Such as when some big bumbling bee falls footless in a bowl of mush.

(Continued on Page 41)

MAKING MERCHANTS

How Big Stores Have Become Practical Business Universities

By Isaac F. Marcosson

NINETY-FIVE per cent of the successful merchandisers of today began their careers behind the counter. They were good clerks before they became great merchants. Most of them had to climb the long, hard, self-taught way, for they grew up in an age that scorned the so-called "commercial education." The hard-knocks school was good enough for them. Nowadays it is different. Every department store or kindred establishment is a practical business university—a sort of vast recruiting ground for the far-flung battle-line of retailing. In them Herbert Spencer would see the fulfillment of his vision, beheld years ago, that "every educational institution should be industrial, and every industrial institution should be educational."

Few people, save those actually engaged or interested in the work, realize the immense scope and significance of it. Yet it touches everybody in some way; for the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the furnishings of the houses we live in, all come to us from some kind of store and through the medium of retail salesmanship.

As a matter of fact, everybody lives by salesmanship. The article sold may be brains or kerosene, but some definite skill, art or service is required to dispose of it. In a larger sense all business is simply glorified salesmanship. Thus the ability to sell something in the right way is the very basis of all commercial advance, and the institutions that foster and teach it are not only bulwarks of civilization but real abetters of human progress. How much technical training is needed is attested by the fact that not more than twenty-five per cent of the capable men in business life ever achieve a moderate success, and scarcely five per cent attain positions of wide influence or big responsibility.

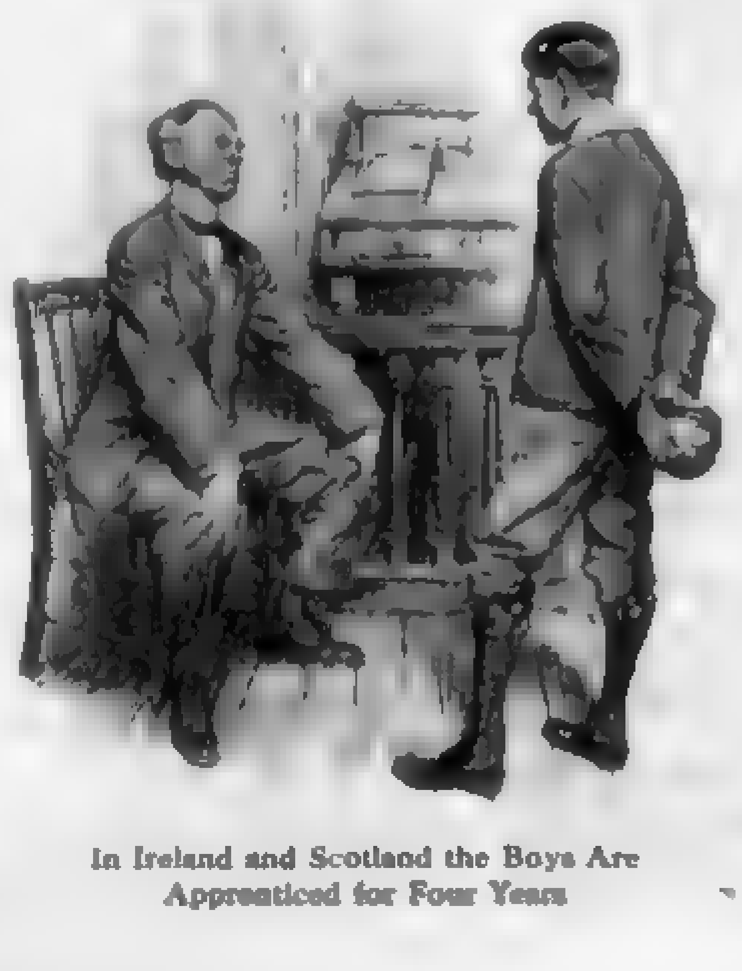
Formerly the boy who had to buy a business education found it costly in time and money; now, thanks to the foresight of the American merchant, not only is it free but the student is on the payroll while he is studying. It fits precisely into John Ruskin's theory that "the first requisite of education is to earn it." The right training of the boy or girl is as much a part of the conduct of a big retail store as is the buying of its merchandise. In the explanation of some of the methods employed is a helpful lesson for the aspiring business man or woman everywhere, and likewise a cheerful guaranty of the retail stability of tomorrow.

Though all salesmanship is interesting, the retail end is the most significant and comprehensive: first, because it touches the most people; second, because it is the line of our largest business development; third, because the retail shopper, and especially the woman buyer, is our most skillful, exacting and intelligent purchaser, and therefore a high efficiency is required in meeting her needs.

A Field of Unlimited Opportunities

YOU can find these practical business schools in every big city, but for the purpose of illustration in this article I will select one in New York, because of its large equipment and experience and especially because of what might be called the cosmopolitanism of retail salesmanship there. This means that the man who masters salesmanship in New York can handle a customer anywhere in the country, because he has touched every buying mood. In a small town much of the retail buying is intimate and friendly, and includes a gossipy approach about health, weather, crops or politics. The larger the city the less intimate becomes the retail buying. In New York the clerk runs the whole range, from the friendly purchase punctuated by conversation to the cold, formal, straight, businesslike proceeding. Hence the value of this city's wide training.

John Wanamaker once said that "a modern department store is a statute-book of business law and regulations, written in stone and bound up in iron and steel." Most great merchants share this belief.


In Ireland and Scotland the Boys Are Apprenticed for Four Years

Any one of them will tell you that there are more opportunities for an ambitious, hardworking boy to master the art of merchandising and push ahead in a department store than in any other single line of business in the United States. It might be well to compare such an institution with a bank. Many young men have a contempt for what they call "counter-jumping"; they prefer to go into a bank, because it seems to offer them a dignified position. I have talked to many bank clerks of many years' experience on this subject, and most of them say they are underpaid, have little chance to advance, and that they are buried in "a graveyard of commercial ambition." In any large city, a single department store not only offers more opportunities than all the banks of the community combined but pays fifty times as many good salaries as any dozen of them. The result is that many bank clerks are complainers, and there is little efficiency in a complaining man.

Classes for Store Boys

WHY is the department store such a great training school for the boy? First, because of the new systems of practical education which I shall describe later on; second, because the department store does business in a big way; third, because, as John G. Shedd, head of Marshall Field and Company, once told me, "the managers are groups of great merchants." There is still another reason, well worth emphasizing. The average big American department store is what has been called "a miniature representation of American life." To go back for a moment to the bank for comparison, you find that a bank clerk sits in a cage immersed in figures and sees the same people poking their passbooks at him day after day. A clerk in a department store, on the other hand, is out in the open and meets thousands of people of all moods, types and characters every year. This contact itself is a liberal education, for it enables him to know human nature, which is the very basis of salesmanship whether large or small. Let us see how it works out.

First, take the illustration furnished by one of the greatest of American merchants, who has stores in two cities and who is perhaps the pioneer in the systematic training of clerks. The incident that suggested his school is significant. It had been his practice to hire boys and girls to "run cash" and carry bundles during busy seasons, and lay them off in dull times. The result was that some other store frequently got the benefit of their experience with him, and new batches had to be broken in constantly. In the same way there were many changes in the ranks of his clerks. One day, about fifteen years ago, the merchant said to himself: "Why not keep these boys and girls and train them to my methods? They will grow with the business, and it will be a good human investment for the future." He organized a commercial institute which was based on the theory that the man or woman, in or out of business, who is best educated is the most useful.

He was a man of big vision, and he saw the dawning age of business science, which, summed up, is simply organization. To attain this he said: "I will give my future clerks a military training, because it makes for discipline." He argued that, in a great store, discipline is indispensable to organization; for, to use his words, "where discipline does not exist there can be no control, and this means that there is no system."

The boys and girls who enter his store at the age of fourteen are not sent at once to the departments, but to the drillroom and the schoolroom. In their training are valuable suggestions for the boy or girl everywhere who is in business life or who expects to enter. In the school, which is held from 7:30 to 10 o'clock in the morning, there is instruction in arithmetic, so that sales later on may be correctly added up; in reading, so that there may be fluency in talking to customers; in writing, so that forms may be legibly filled out, thus avoiding mistakes that cause annoyance to customers and loss to the house; and in elementary French, which is taught because so many goods now come from France or have French names. A clerk who knows how to pronounce these names correctly makes a better impression on a customer who knows the language than one who mispronounces. It shows knowledge, and thus, in turn, makes for confidence in the customer. The pupils are also given "setting up" exercises—for good salesmanship can only be built on a sound body—and the first course in military drill. At this stage the pupils are regarded as recruits for the cadet corps, the regular military organization of the house.

After school they are put into the store as cash boys and girls. The best are promoted to the store messenger service, which calls for obedience, promptness and truthfulness. Each pupil gets a monthly record card on which he gets marks indicating his standing and progress, just as though he were in a public school. On the back of the card are rules to be observed. Here is a sample: "Listen to what is told you and watch what is given you."

Shirkers
Are Paid What They Are Worth

No phase of this preliminary training is more suggestive or has a larger bearing on the child's future than that which furnishes lessons in saving. The plan for these lessons in thrift began in this way: The great merchant noticed that as vacation-time rolled around few, if any, of the younger employees had any money laid by, and they were forced to borrow or restrict their pleasure. It set him to thinking. He remembered Benjamin Franklin's great axiom that it is by saving alone that the workingman can attain independence; so he said, "Teach these boys and girls how to save their money. Then they will learn to save their employer's time and money." He organized a junior savings fund, where an account may be started with five cents. Interest at the rate of four per cent is paid on deposits. More than two thousand accounts have been opened. The boys and girls who have advanced steadily are always those who have savings accounts. The monthly record cards have blank spaces in which to record the date a savings account is opened. Thus the starting of an account helps to swell the average on these cards.

How Employers Work With Parents

ALL the while the store keeps in touch with the pupil's family, advising them of his progress or his lack of progress. The tenor of these letters is: "Encourage your boy to look forward to business as a career; make him study at home, for, aside from training him for his future life, it will keep him out of mischief." In another form letter you find this: "We ask your influence and control, that your son may persevere in work and study, and may not make the mistake of impulsively changing to other employ. This alone can take the place of the old apprenticeship system and resist that restless changing which kills thoroughness and beats success." A set of rules is sent to the parents, which includes the following: "Do your utmost to keep your boy from reading low story papers or novels and using tobacco and cigarettes. These will spoil the brightest."

When the boy has passed an examination, after three months' study, he becomes a full-fledged cadet, and then he goes to school at night twice a week. Free supper is served him, so he does not have to leave the store. In addition to the subjects taught in the morning classes he studies commercial geography. Here he finds out all about the places where the goods he is to sell come from: the China of the gorgeous silks; the Madeira of the wonderful embroideries; the Ireland of the rich linens. Then begins his systematic military training, and he can join a band or bugle corps if he desires. With cadetship he becomes a stock boy, and then for the first time he touches the merchandise. At the same time he enters a school of salesmanship, in which he is taught how to fill out all the forms used in retailing and how to act toward customers. The keynote is courtesy and forbearance. At the end of three years, if he is able to pass another examination, he receives a diploma and becomes a junior salesman, and not until then does he face a customer. The savings idea follows him in his progress upward. The moment the clerk goes behind the counter he can transfer his deposit to the department savings fund, which is conducted like the junior fund and pays the same rate of interest.

Having brought his employees thus far on the road to the mastery of merchandising, most employers would let them gain the rest of their knowledge by contact and experience. But this particular merchant has gone further: he has established a post-graduate course and called it a University of Trade and Applied Commerce. There are courses in logic, ethics, psychology, craftsmanship, banking, investment, auditing, hygiene and self-culture. For the study of these a whole new literature of merchandising is being written in the shape of manuals, which will be the textbooks. Why should a department-store clerk know anything about hygiene, psychology or investment? Simply because he can keep well, which will increase his efficiency; he can study the minds of customers, and he can get some line on the value and profit of the business of which he is a part. It will stimulate him to want to own a business of his own.

This merchant believes in keeping the lesson constantly before the clerks. He has devised a series of maxims that will be scattered throughout his new stores. Some of them are as follows:

> Talk less and listen more.
> Shirkers are paid what they are worth.
> A business education is economic freedom.
> The only way to secure friends is to be one.
> Every duty well done makes the next easier.
> An ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.
> To know things, we must know their details.
> Think less about your rights and more about your duties.
> Think twice before you speak, and then talk to yourself.
> Any man who plots another's undoing is arranging his own.
> No man ever pushed himself forward by patting himself on the back.
> Character is the result of two things: mental attitude and the way we spend our time.
> The world reserves its big prizes for but one thing, and that is initiative. Initiative is doing the right thing without being told.
> Always be circumspect and courteous. Bear the faults of some, the impoliteness of others, and pardon everybody sooner than yourself.

Education the Watchword

THERE is a Looking Forward Club for those older clerks who missed the advantages of the commercial institute, in which they can obtain instruction in bookkeeping, stenography, embroidery, cooking, painting, elocution, and writing the English language. Why teach all these subjects to clerks who have experience in selling? Simply because, as the merchant at the head of these stores believes, "the more you educate your employees the better merchants they will become." He has found that it makes for loyalty too.

When a young clerk's wages are increased the following printed memorandum is placed in his pay envelope:

> It is a pleasure to add to your salary as indicated by this notice. If in business for yourself your personal income would necessarily depend upon the amount and profitableness of the business done by you. So it must be here. Remembering this, try to increase your usefulness in every way, and so enable us to add to your remuneration from time to time.

Education is the watchword everywhere. Even the stable superintendent gives lectures to his drivers on the proper care and control of horses and wagons. He conducts a series of examinations in the proper way to deliver goods. "Most drivers dump goods at front doors and leave. I want you to unpack and, if necessary, place the articles you deliver," is the text of his talks. He calls for experiences. A young Irishman once told how he had delivered a set of furniture to a flat on the fifth floor and placed each piece where the owner desired it. He received the customer's thanks and a piece of mince pie.

"Would you do it again on a hot day?" asked the superintendent. The man replied, "Yes."

The woman who bought this particular set of furniture wrote to the merchant the next day complimenting him on the courtesy and service of the driver. She added a detail that he had overlooked; for she said that in addition to placing the articles he had dusted them. That driver got a raise in pay and promotion.

What is the result of all this organized training? For one thing, there are more than ninety men and women working for this merchant who receive five thousand dollars a year or more, which is not a bad record for "counter-jumping." Every one of them started at the bottom, and many went through the commercial institute. The larger significance is that it is attracting men and women to mercantile life who would otherwise go elsewhere, and probably not be half so well trained for the struggle to live. Likewise it is helping to impress the fact that merchandising is not a "job," but a career.

Now let us look at a different kind of department-store training—a "store school" pure and simple. It is a big New York establishment that occupies the middle ground between the exclusive Fifth Avenue district and the more popular Sixth Avenue shopping domain. It caters to both. The maxim that the store hangs over its clerks is this: "Anybody can buy, but it takes somebody to sell." A school for clerks is held every morning in a large recreation room. At one end of this room hangs the following motto:

"Minimize friction and create harmony. You can get friction for nothing, but harmony costs courtesy and self-control."

Another axiom that is given a prominent place is this:

"Those who never do any more than they get paid for never get paid for any more than they do."

The preliminary course of instruction consists of teaching the beginners how to make out sales slips and the other forms used in retailing. One distinctive feature of this school is that both new and old clerks are required to attend. The old clerks are asked to come because there are frequent changes in forms and rules. For example, a double O. K. may be required on a C. O. D. package. A failure to know this might cause delay in shipment, and this in turn would irritate the customer. The firm's theory is that "no clerk can know too much."

It Was Run in the Old-Fashioned, Slipshod Way

But the real, practical school is held in the store. This consists of the talks by buyers to the clerks in the departments for which they buy. A real atmosphere is thus obtained, with real goods. The clerks assemble at the counter; the buyer, who may have just returned from Europe, takes up the merchandise, piece by piece, and tells its story.

Let us take the concrete case of the hosiery department. The buyer picks up a black stocking. He tells how it is dyed by the most famous dyer in the world, who discovered the process many years ago while living in a little hut on the edge of the Black Forest. Some American tourists discovered him—one of them was a merchant—and introduced the hosiery into the United States. The dyer's business began to grow. He was offered large sums for the secret of the dyeing process, but he refused. Meanwhile his trade expanded, and the result was that the merchandising world built a road to his door.

What happens after the recital of this story? As soon as an intelligent clerk hears it, the stocking becomes invested with a new interest. The next day he or she can talk about it to a customer with zeal and enthusiasm and, what is just as important, with knowledge. It vitalizes the merchandise. Ask any woman shopper what impresses her most in the salesperson behind the counter, and the chances are that she will say "knowledge." What is true of the black stocking, dyed with the famous dye, may be true of any other article in any store. The wise merchant, through his representatives, invests his stock with human and story interest, and the imparting of this interest to the customer is one of the biggest factors in successful retail salesmanship. The clerks who study their stocks forge ahead.

This particular store, by the way, is studded with stories of people who have risen from the ranks. In the book of store rules is this paragraph: "When you see a notice of a vacancy posted don't hesitate to ask for it if you think you are competent to fill it." The case of the general manager is typical. He started as a stenographer in the general office and became secretary to the head of the house. He began to study the stock and the business. When his chief dictated an order and was shy on data he was able to furnish it offhand, and this saved time. He accompanied the chief on trips through the store; he was a keen observer and he remembered what he saw and heard. One day the general manager died. The secretary applied for his place, and got it. He had never sold a piece of goods behind the counter in his life, but he had watched the game, and today he is one of the most efficient store heads in the United States. Ask him the rule for the ambitious clerk to follow and he says:

"Bring yourself creditably to the notice of the person who does the awarding. Never hesitate to ask questions if you have something to ask, and don't be afraid to make suggestions. Such a course betokens interest, and interest is what the head of the house wants."

Going down the shopping line to the more "popular" Sixth Avenue houses, you find that the store-school idea prevails generally. The stores that cater to the middle and wage-earning class are not trained so much in the knowledge of goods as they are in the ways of their customers. To most of these customers a shopping expedition is a real event, eagerly awaited, and pursued with the luxurious sensation of being waited on. The clerks must pander to this sensation. The general rule laid down to them is this: "Be polite; if the customer thinks she knows more about the goods than you do, do not contradict her. No matter how often she changes her mind before making a final selection, give the impression that the last choice is the best one; for it is the one she is paying for."

The Way of the House

IN THE smart Fifth Avenue store and shop there are no schools for clerks and no organized training. How then do the salespeople get that quiet, dignified and well-bred efficiency that marks them? Ask the managers of these stores and they say: "They get it from the house; it is a tradition." Though tradition can create the atmosphere of a store it can scarcely be said to train clerks; but this interesting thing does happen: clerks can get their ideas of conduct and salesmanship from the head of the concern, even if that head is several generations removed. This follows Emerson's theory that "every great institution is but the lengthened shadow of a single man." Here is a case in point: The founder of two of the best-conducted and smartest stores in New York was a great stickler for etiquette, and he was a man of dignity and fine bearing. He regarded his store as a drawing room, where grand dames could come and feel at home. His ironclad rule to clerks was: "Never speak to a customer until you are spoken to, and don't show goods until you are asked to do so." That stern old man has been dead these many years, but his spirit of salesmanship dominates the stores today. That is why the clerks there, and in similar establishments, are quiet and restrained. Usually these stores hire people who have had selling experience elsewhere, and then adapt them to their own particular methods. When they take very young people they are kept in the stock room until they have learned the merchandise, and have watched the full-fledged clerks long enough to know the store way.

One reason why these Fifth Avenue shops have such excellent service is that there is a great predominance of Irish clerks. When you search for the reason why these clerks are so efficient you uncover an old but very effective school of salesmanship. These Irishmen were all trained in the old country, and so thorough is this training that when an applicant for a job in New York simply says that he was apprenticed in Belfast it is sufficient recommendation for him to get the place.

In Ireland and Scotland the boys are apprenticed for four years, and often their parents pay for the privilege of having their sons trained. The boy lives in the store, which becomes a sort of boarding-school. His first task may be to sweep out the store, but he is required to know how to hold a broom before he starts. Then he becomes a cash boy, and is taught accuracy in making change. The next step is to the stock. He may not reach this for two years, and then in the third year he may become valet to the clerk. After four years he goes behind the counter and makes his first sale. The result of this training is that the boy knows his business thoroughly.

To Most of These Customers a Shopping Expedition is a Real Event

I asked one great New York merchant why his Irish clerks were so superior to many of the American clerks, and he said: "They are the most alert salespeople in the world. It is part of their training. You never see an Irish-trained salesman lounging at his counter. If he has no customers he will put in his time arranging his stock or studying some new article that has come in. When he waits on a customer he makes her feel that his principal task in life is to please her and that she has conferred a great honor upon the establishment by calling."

Many of the buyers and heads of departments in the big department stores are Irishmen who have risen from the counter. Here is a typical story which shows their method and likewise their cleverness. A young Irishman served his time in Belfast. He came to this country when he was eighteen and got a job as clerk in a store owned by his cousin in Newark, New Jersey. Not long after this the cousin went away on a trip and left the young cousin in charge. He snooped around the store, found a lot of old stock under the counter, dug it up and sold it out as "bargains." When his cousin came back he took a vacation, but instead of going to a pleasure resort he crossed over to New York and looked for a position. The head of the gentlemen's furnishing department of a Broadway store said he looked too young. "Give me a chance," said the Irishman. "If I don't succeed I don't want any salary." After one day's service he was put on the payroll.

One day he noticed an old man wandering around the store. He seemed to be looking for some one. The young Irishman approached him courteously and found that he was hunting for the buyer. He showed him to a seat and located the buyer. A little while later the old man called him over. "Would you like to make a change?" he asked. "Why?" asked the clerk. "Because," replied the old man, "I saw you sell that woman a pair of fifty-cent suspenders for her husband, and she asked for a twenty-five-cent pair." The old man was an extensive jobber in foreign goods; the young Irishman went with him. He knew the stock he was called upon to sell and he made good. In two years he was head traveling salesman; then he started a store of his own out West and later came to the notice of a great New York merchant. Now he gets the third largest salary paid anybody in the establishment and controls the whole foreign department. Ask that Irishman why he has got on so fast and he will tell you this: first, because of the thoroughness of the Belfast training; second, the fact that he was always alert and courteous; third, he had his eye on the job ahead of him all the time; fourth, the ability to see a thing through once it was started. "I should rather have one man who can finish a job than four with brilliant ideas and no perseverance," he says.

The Special Requirements of Chain Stores

YOU have now seen how the clerks in an institution that comprises many stores under one roof are trained. What of the schooling in the store of a hundred roofs, the kind that sells one article and is in a chain extending all over the country? This sort of salesmanship has a peculiar interest and significance for the average young man, because the chain-of-stores system for the sale of cigars, candy, men's hats, clothes and furnishings is spreading fast, and needs more clerks every day. There is a difference between selling in this kind of store and in a department store. If the clerk displeases the prospective customer in a shop that sells one article the store loses that customer; but in a department store, where there are so many departments, the customer may get sore in one and buy in half a dozen others. Hence, the big lesson in chain-of-stores salesmanship is to make the best possible impression on the customer and make him come back, because it is estimated that seventy per cent of the first sales are made at a loss when advertising, cost of operation and investment are all considered. The result is that some highly efficient and practical schools of salesmanship have been developed.

Let us take the selling of a necessity like shoes. Everybody wears shoes, yet everybody will not go just anywhere to buy them. The successful shoe salesman must meet a physiological condition that clerks in other lines escape. It consists of the somewhat difficult necessity of appearing dignified on his knees. Long training in piety will not achieve this end, but pleasant personality, backed up by ability to sell goods, will do the job. How is the model shoe salesman trained? The explanation of the system followed by one of the largest concerns in this country will answer this question.

Selling Precious Stones is an Art to be Mastered, Like Music

Formerly this company had no definite or organized method of training. It employed men who had had experience elsewhere. These men had various crude ideas that had to be reformed; so the managers said: "Why hire men who have made a bad start? Why not start them right ourselves?" They decided to have a school for salesmen. Then the managers declared: "If we are going to build we must build on the right material." They took bright young men out of schools like high schools of commerce; men who had made good records and who had ambition to succeed in business.

It was decided to use one of the company's stores as a school. The selection of the particular store now used was significant. It is on Sixth Avenue in New York, in the heart of the most crowded retail district. There were three good reasons why it was chosen. One was that it sells more shoes to women than any other of the company's stores in the greater city, and thus offers the most exacting field for pleasing a customer; the second reason was because of the cosmopolitanism of the New York retail training; the third was because the manager, who is the superintendent of the school, is a Southerner who knows what natural courtesy is.

The Fine Art of the Shoe Clerk

BEFORE entering the store the embryo clerk is given a month's course at one of the factories. Here he sees the evolution of the shoe from leather to finished product. He finds out how it is stitched, the particular quality of leather employed and the amount of work that goes into the making. Later, when he offers a shoe to a customer, he can tell all this if necessary. It is part of the knowledge indispensable to successful retailing. When these young men are sent to the store school the superintendent gets this instruction: "Train them as if you were training partners in the business." When a young man realizes that this high ideal is set for him the chances are that he will work up to it.

The student is not put to selling goods as soon as he goes into the store. He is taught what shoe-selling experts call "the feel of the stock." I asked the superintendent what this meant and he said:

"The arrangement of stock in every one of our stores is identical. Therefore a man trained in San Francisco could step into a Boston store and have no difficulty in handling a customer at once. The reason is that he knows the stock. This we consider one of the most important aids to successful shoe selling, and it may be true of any other kind of retailing. When a customer asks for a certain size and style of shoe and the clerk fumbles at the shelves, hesitates and pulls down the wrong box, it makes a very unfavorable impression on him. But when the clerk turns swiftly, and finds the right box with unerring judgment, the customer's confidence is won. In many instances he will ask for the same clerk when he comes back. A shoe clerk should know his stock so well that he could locate in the dark any kind of shoe that he wanted."

With knowledge of stock comes its twin brother—knowledge of the anatomy of the foot. The clerk is taught that fat people are easier to shoe than thin people, because the nerves in their feet are cushioned. The feet of a thin woman, for example, are difficult to fit, because there are no friendly cushions of fat or tissue. With her the salesman must, as the technical phrase goes, "fit the head and temper as well as the foot."

To do this he must size up the thin woman when she comes in and, before she can tell the usual story about "having a dreadful time getting proper shoes," he must say: "Madam, we have made a special study of your particular kind of foot, and we have just the shoe to fit you." It seldom fails to impress a woman.

Then there is the process known as "switching." These shoe clerks are taught never to miss a sale because the store does not happen to have the article asked for. If the woman, for instance, asks for velvet pumps the clerk must say: "Madam, I am sorry we have none, but we have buckskin pumps which wear better and are much smarter." Thirty per cent of shoe sales are "switched." Closely allied to this is the business of substituting a higher-priced article. The significance of doing this is that it gives the customer a better quality; it will last longer than the cheaper article, and in the recollection of the good service that he has had the customer will forget that he has paid more than he expected to pay.

This school likewise teaches the "turnover system," which is its course in human nature. It is aimed to meet the crisis, which so often comes in shoe selling, when clerk and customer without motive get on each other's nerves. It makes a strained situation and usually the customer quits without buying. The clerk is supposed to be clever enough to catch the situation in time. His instructions are to call the manager of the store and say to the customer: "Let me introduce you to Mr. Blank, our manager. He will be very glad to take care of you." This pleases the vanity of the customer. When the manager steps up he greets the customer cordially and then calls another clerk, of whom he says: "Mr. Jones, here, has special charge of the stock you want. He will please you." The introduction of a new man usually saves the day, for the second clerk, nine times out of ten, can sell the man the very same shoes that the first salesman showed him.

The company's store rules contain helpful suggestions for any kind of retail selling. Here are some samples:

Step lively—a customer likes to see a man who is active.

Always bow to customers; not alone to the customer you wait on but to every one who comes in—the same kind of bow you would give a friend.

First take off the customer's shoe. He may mention the kind of shoe he wants, but don't ask him. Measure his foot and go ahead as though you knew. By studying your customers you will be able to anticipate their needs.

Show plenty of styles. Don't argue. Fit a customer as carefully as you would fit yourself.

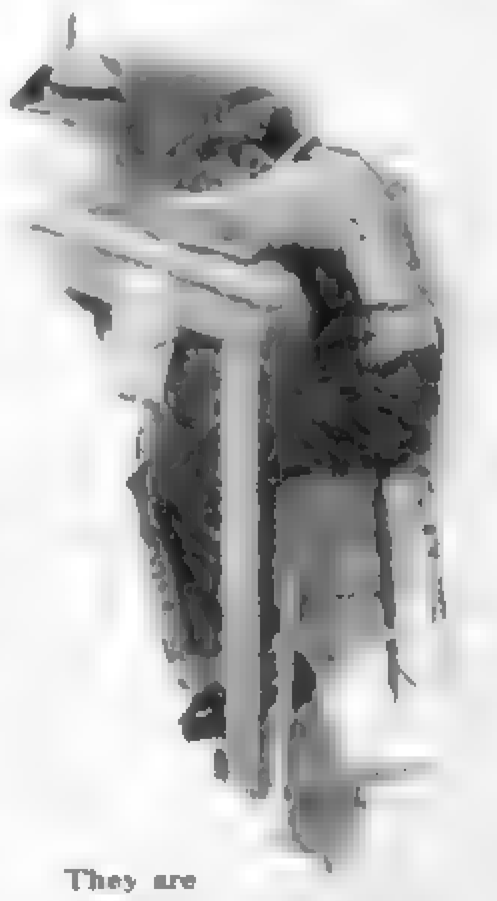
Never misrepresent goods. A salesman may occasionally make a sale by lying—seldom, though; and he ruins the business and himself too.

Always wait on a customer as though you knew him. Don't say, "What is the address?" Instead, say, "I've forgotten your address."

Keep your customers together so that you can keep your eye on them, and always give them your card so they will ask for you when they come back. Building up a personal trade is building for the future.

If you find you are not making headway with a customer turn him over to the manager. But in this situation always keep this in mind: Do not wait too long.

Never "unsell" a customer. When you have reached the psychological moment—when the customer has about decided to buy the shoes—it is time to keep still. Too much talking at this point may make the buyer change his mind.



They are Buried in "a Graveyard of Commercial Ambition"

I asked the manager of the company whose system I have tried to explain why so many shoe clerks stand still. "I'll tell you why," he said. "They never see beyond the sixteen-dollar-a-week job they are holding down. If they could see further than their pay envelope every Saturday night they would advance. No man ever grows with a big concern who is satisfied with what he is doing."

Training for Selling Luxuries

THIS reminds me of a remark once made to me by Edwin Hawley. He began as clerk in the freight office of the Erie. I had asked him to tell me the concrete thing that lay beneath his success, and he said: "I always studied and knew the job ahead of me. When it became vacant I was ready for it." Whether in railroading or retailing, this is a pretty good rule to follow.

If it takes so much training to sell a necessity like a shoe, how about a luxury like a cigar? I have already told in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the story of the methods of the great chain of cigar stores whose system of retailing is built on the phrase "Thank you," and on the theory that "business is founded on service, good business on good service, and the best business on the best service." But I have not yet told the stories of some of its men who

(Continued on Page 53)

A JOB AS KING

By ROY NOTRON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

II

ONE of the sixteen pirates that I had appointed as doortender came in to ask me if I had any use for the official barber.

"Sure!" I said; "I like him all right as far as I know. What did you suppose I had against him?"

It took the fellow five minutes to explain that what he meant was if I wanted the old and tried tonsorial artist I could confer a great favor by issuing him a royal warrant letting him know that he could keep on with his job.

"Certainly," I answered. "Send him in if there isn't any danger of his amputating our royal head. I'm against regicide, Percival. Get next to that!"

He brought in a sad-faced person who looked as if he had played his last dollar against a flat game and learned too late that some of the dice had sixes marked on all four sides.

I was some lonesome, so I talked to him while he laid out his knives. At first he wasn't loquacious, but after he had me safely in a chair with lather on my face he grew communicative.

"Oh, yes, your Majesty," he said, "I've been court barber now to three kings and eleven presidents! As a whole the kings live longer than the presidents. Last year was a particularly bad year for presidents. We had four in one month."

I began to see that it was an awfully unhealthy job.

"But they don't bother me," he went on, "because I never let any of them give me a position. I've refused several cabinet places. You see nobody cares about the barber, so I have the only steady place around the palace."

He chuckled and I tried to smile, but stopped when I got some lather in my mouth. Served me right. It wasn't my time to smile anyhow.

"Yes, I learned the safest position a long time ago," he continued ruminatingly, as he stropped his razor. "I know all about it. Once I was prime minister and that nearly cost me my life when a new government came in. The only thing that saved me was that I happened to be the only man who knew where the treasury was hidden just at that time."

I began to do a lot of thinking. Probably he had told the truth and was really on to how things should be done.

"Maybe you could tell me," I said, after I had given him the biggest tip he ever had in his life, "what a king has to do besides get the money."

He nearly dropped his tip and turned white. He was frightened, thinking I was about to make him take a job in my government. Before he could bolt I shut the door and stood with my back against it.

"You see, Mister Man," I remarked, "I'm not much on to this king job. It's really the first time I ever was a king. You stick around and tell me what to do and I'll make you like the place. A guy with your experience is wasting his talents if he doesn't open a school for kings. You don't run any risk because you'll still be the barber. You get your salary doubled from this minute."

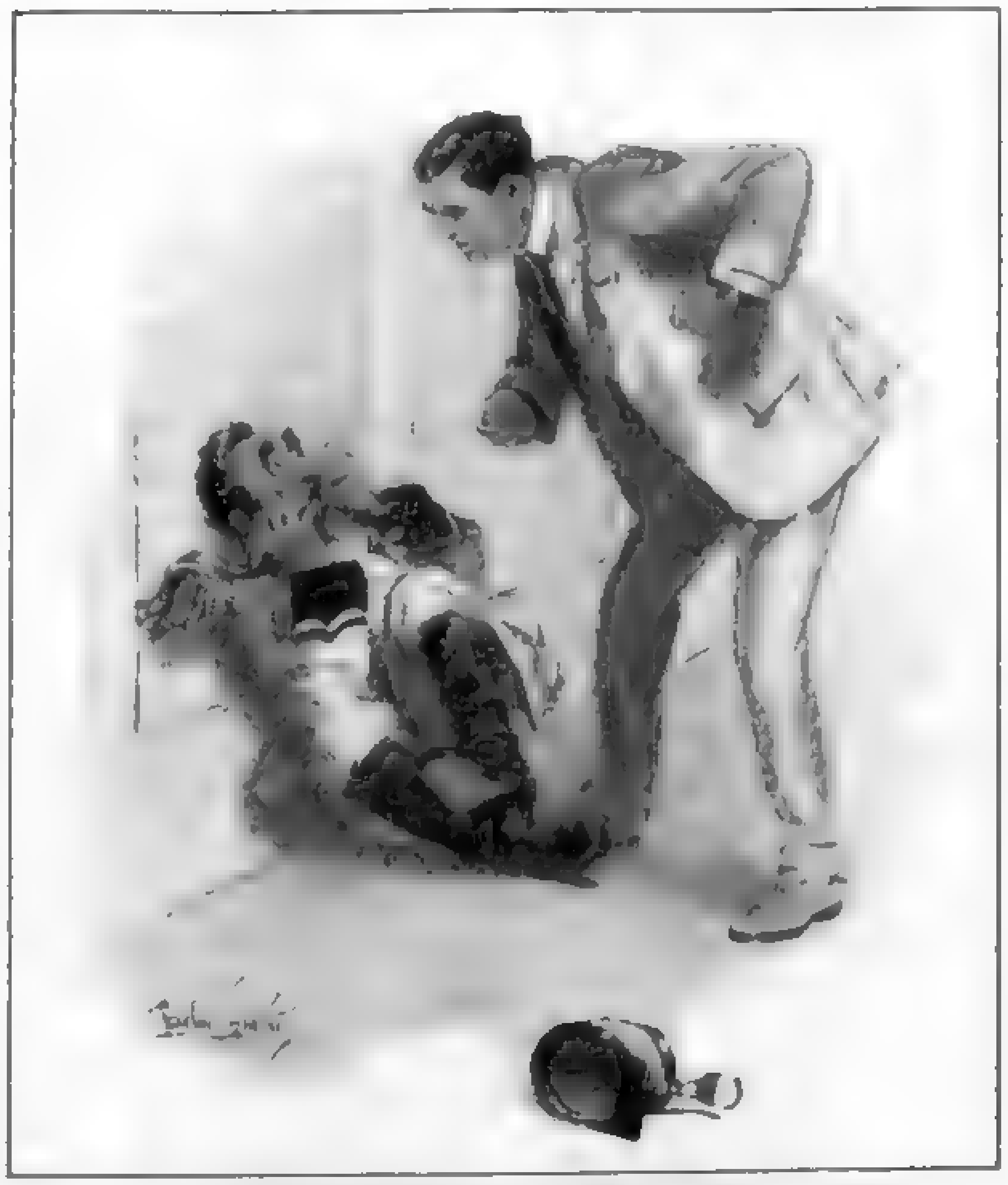
"Talk money or cash in advance?" he asked. "The last administration owes me for seventeen shaves and a quart of hair oil."

I put five ten-dollar gold pieces in his hand and after he got his breath we locked the door and I took my first lesson in how a king has to act to make his bluff good with the common people. Sancho—that was his name—Sancho Murietta Castile y Garcia—called Shanks for short—told me the first thing I ought to do was to call a council and cinch the job so that everything I said would go. So after he left I took his advice and before sunset there were proclamations all over San Bingador giving me the official recognition.

I found there wasn't any money in the treasury, but the court tailor had lots of gold lace and that helped. I gave the biggest order for uniforms that anybody, I suppose, besides my royal brother, the Kaiser, ever gave. I hadn't been around Spanish-American countries off and on for years without knowing that a yard of gold lace and four pewter medals go further to make up a kingdom than most people believe.

My first official business was with a man named Billings, from Cleveland, Ohio.

"Nice place," said I when his card came in. "Seems to me I've heard of it before. United States, isn't it? Show him up!"



All I Could Do Was to Send for the Leader and Threaten to Have Him Hanged if Ever He Played it Again

Billings was one of these familiar persons who knew that he was on the inside. He winked at me when he shook hands, and pulled out a cigar.

"Cut that out, Billings," I said in a truly kingly way. "If you want to smoke in here you'll ask my permission."

Billings was so surprised that his eyes and mouth hung open at the same angle. He looked at me as if he thought I had considerable nerve.

"Why, say!" he said; "I know how you got here. I helped put you here. You don't think ——"

"Son," I interrupted, "how I got here cuts no ice. I'm here, and you'll treat the sacred precincts of the throne with some respect, or I'll have you chucked out of my kingdom! Are you on? Now what do you want, anyhow?"

He tried to look indignant for a moment, and glared with this oh-you-mean-thing expression till he saw I meant business. Then he wilted and got down to brass tacks. All he wanted was a concession for all the timber in the country. Exclusive, cast-iron, double-hitched privilege of handling everything that was exported. His amazing nerve almost stupefied me, and then I got to thinking of what I could do with the uniforms and that it took money to get them, and woke up. I began to ask questions and he thought he saw his way clear.

"See here, Mister—Sire ——" he said. "I know you're out for the long green. All of us down here are. I might give ten thousand for that concession."

"Thirty or nothing!" I answered. "I've got conscientious scruples about taking money—when it's too small."

He argued and jabbered like a gorilla, said he couldn't get any rake-off if he had to put up that much and a few other heartrending pleas; but in the end I got his money. Told him I'd have to have it in gold and would give him ten days to make good.

I lined my sixteen renegades up within the next week and made them the cabinet and, when Billings dug up his thirty thousand, gave him the concession and promptly took the cash and paid the army and the bills for some other stuff I had sent for to New York.

The "other stuff" was the gaudiest lot of ready-made uniforms you ever saw, a nice lot of repeating rifles, and half a dozen second-hand machine guns with ammunition. I had also ordered a job lot of medals for decorations for the army. Two weeks had not gone by, yet I was already the strongest king that ever sat in San Bingador. The army wasn't used to being paid on time. It advertised it all over my capital, and I had to issue orders to keep every man out of a job from enlisting.

It was time to make another move. I sent for Perkins.

"Perkins," said I, "you are a pretty good sort; but your company seems to have been having a pretty good thing of it here, making kegs of money out of this country. There's going to be either a fat export duty on fruit, or some money coming over to hold your concession. The treasury needs about twenty thousand out of you people. Dig up!"

What Perkins said isn't worth repeating. He reluctantly admitted that he had put me on the throne, but had to admit, with equal reluctance, that he couldn't put me off. The uniforms and a regular payday had knocked the underpinning out of any hope for another revolution. Revolutions were away below par just about then.

"It ain't good politics," he kept saying. "The company'll get after you for commandeering its tug to send the other king away. It'll get the United States down here to twist your tail. What do you think I made you king for? Just to hold us up?"

"Perkins," I growled, growing stern, "if you don't quit talking to me like that I'll make you a duke of the realm. You know what will happen to you then if ever there's another revolution! Bing! Up against the wall for yours because you're a member of the royal house. By Heavens! I'll officially adopt you as my brother and kiss you when I meet you on the street! If that doesn't dig a grave for you there are no spades left in San Bing. You've got to fork over or I'll sell the concession to a rival fruit company. That goes!"

I suppose if there had been any United States consular agent there Perkins would have screamed protests and lamentations; but he went away a crestfallen man, and didn't recover his good humor even on that day when he paid me the money.

"Now you don't need to feel badly," I remonstrated with him as I counted it over. "You've got a good bargain. Here, old chap, pull yourself together. Here's another straw for you to chew."

"I wish I'd eaten a bale before I ever saw you!" he muttered.

"Don't wish for anything, my merry little kingmaker," I answered cheerfully. "Just thank the Lord that He lifted you above your natural diet and thus kept you from eating straw all the time."

Then I got on my riding boots and, as I did each afternoon if I could find time, rode away to see the Señorita Maria. The fellow who smoked and played Sobre las Olas all the time was there, and I made a note of it to have that tune prohibited as my next official act. Maria appeared to like music. The only thing I could manipulate was an accordion, and a king smoking a cigarette and playing on one isn't according to the picture books; although, to tell the truth, Maria never seemed much impressed by my royalty. I made up my mind to a strong piece of diplomacy for her favor. If music was to win her she should have plenty of it.

"Señorita, my lovely sucking dove," I said in my best Spanish, "if you like music the government of San Bingador will buy a band. It shall play in the plaza every night when the moon shines. It shall play the tunes you command. The strident mandolin is unworthy of your exquisite ears."

I made up my mind that if that didn't put me in favor I'd take enough money from the next concession sale and buy her half a dozen phonographs; but it seemed to. She thought over it for a minute or two and then became quite enthusiastic—nay, most friendly! It was funny to me that I hadn't thought of a band before, for I had noticed that since I became king there was always a certain shyness on the part of Maria when I called. Music seemed to be the thing, and right then and there I formed a deep-laid plot that whenever I got a band and had it playing in the plaza in front of the palace I would try to get her to come and hear the music from one of my balconies.

I hurried back to the palace to consult Shanks. I had the addresses of plenty of fellows who sold gold lace and arms, but of none who sold brass bands. Shanks seemed to know everything and wasn't afraid to tell me—if I took pains to get him into a closet and lock the door.

"Shanks," said I, "where is the quickest place to buy a band?"

That barber was a wonder. He never turned a hair.

"Pardon me," he said. "His Majesty now proposes to break the back of the insurrectos who are holed up in the mountains under former President Martinez."

"Mad!" says I to myself. "Mad as a steer that has eaten loco weed! No more he dallies with my face! I'm too fond of it!"

I thought it best to humor him.

"You've hit the nail on the head," I said enthusiastically. "Now about the band?"

"The band, Sire," he said thoughtfully, "was very faithful under three presidents and two kings; but Martinez was the only one that ever paid it. That was why it went with him."

He scratched at the stubble on his chin, for it's a court barber's prerogative in San Bing never to shave himself unless he wants to. And while he scratched I kept discreetly mum.

"There is no doubt of it that your Majesty is right," he went on. "Without a band there can be no insurrection. If you could get the band to desert Martinez and return, his following would melt away like a candle in an adobe window. Perhaps he would come also and lay down his arms. He is a tender-hearted man. I have even known him to shed tears when I shaved him!"

I could appreciate Martinez' tenderness of heart under those circumstances, having myself to be shaved by Shanks—sometimes three or four times a day—when I wanted to consult him on some matter of court etiquette. But credit to whom credit is due! After all it was Shanks who suggested that master stroke, so I got him to get a confidential man to invade the interior and bribe Martinez' band, and waited hopefully for the result. It was amazing.

I had just been selling a dukedom, a few mornings later, when I heard all sorts of cheering, and the army, some couple of hundred of it, charged into the palace and banged the doors shut for protection. I grabbed a gun and ran out to the balcony in time to prevent any shooting. It was lucky I did so, for the band had foolishly marched into town playing that magnificent marseillaise of the tropics, that famous battlecry of freedom called There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight. I could see right then, without any telling, that there would be.

I ran downstairs and kicked the army out and met the band in person, with a sort of welcome-to-our-city speech; and then, to tie them fast, paid each man a month's wages in advance from the money the man had just given me to be made a duke. I had Martinez whipped, the man who played Sobre las Olas lashed to the mast, and the señorita grabbed with a half-Nelson from that instant. I told the leader to get a couple of dozen more men if he could, because I, the King of San Bingador, wanted the people to have music. Plenty of it! I had a notion to tell him I was musical myself, but was afraid he would want to hear me play on the accordion, and that after hearing me he might think I lied.

Before the leader of the band got through crying into my hand I had ordered a lot of lodge regalia—that had come by mistake—dragged out of the warehouse, given every bandman the rank of colonel, ordered a general's outfit for the leader, and thus convinced them that I was the sanest ruler the country had ever had. I could have hired any of them to assassinate old Martinez right there and then for a peseta with a hole punched in it.

"It's me to the king stunt now in earnest," I said to myself as I prepared to ride out and break the glad news to Maria. "Band concert tonight in the plaza, Maria and her maw to sit with me on the balcony, and maybe I can work it to hold hands for a while."

And it was in this cheerful mood that I got off my horse at the hacienda and went in to present my invitation.

"Tell his Majesty I am not at home," came a voice from the gallery above the patio, and I looked up and saw her; but she stared right over my head. I was a little sore at first and then saw she had been crying. I begged her to come down for a moment at least, and finally she came.

"What's the matter?" I asked, and she gulped three or four times. "I've got a band for you, thirty-eight pieces. Going to make it fifty if I can."

"That's just it," she said with a suggestion of a sob; "you've gone and spoiled my uncle's insurrection."

I leaned against the plaster post of the patio and rubbed my head.

"Your uncle? Is Martinez your uncle? Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

It was Maria's turn to look down, and I suspected all at once that she was embarrassed. I plucked up courage and got ready to make an argument that would cause a first-class jury orator to blush vermilion.

"So," I remarked with my best throne-room air, "the señorita knew all the time that her uncle had stolen the band? And that as long as it stuck to him there was hope of my being thrown out?"

She cried and that broke me up.

"Look here, Maria," I said in sober earnest. "I didn't know. Believe me, I wouldn't have spoiled uncle's revolution for anything in the world. You want him here in town, don't you? Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll declare an amnesty for him and all his insurrectos, bring him back, and either give him a job in the government or on the dredger, whichever he likes best. The dredger might be the surest pay."

She had another spell of thinking, then brightened up and promised to send him word at once. She also let me hold her hand, there in the patio, which was of more importance to me, and promised to come that night, with her duenna, and sit on the balcony and hear the band tear the air.

I rode away with rather a happy feeling that it wasn't so bad, after all, to be a king and, when I got to the palace, was in a magnanimous mood and anxious to make good. I had one of the black boys find Shanks and explained to my barber adviser that I wanted him to help me draft an amnesty proclamation.

Shanks wrinkled his parchment face and rubbed his parchment hands in a way he had when pleased.

"Ah," he remarked, "his Majesty is becoming more kingly!" I didn't feel flattered. "It is a splendid stroke of diplomacy. The niece sends word to the uncle that he is safe and is to come to the palace to get a position. He comes. He is seized by the throat, say, lest he make an outcry. Next sunrise, pouf! boom! He revolts no more and is forever out of the way. *Adios por siempre*, Señor Martinez!"

"And it's pouf, boom, nothing of the sort!" I replied emphatically. "I'm on the level in this. The general gets a square deal."

"But won't he raise another insurrection?"

"Bah! As long as I pay the army he couldn't raise anything if he had a Cincinnati yeast factory in his pocket. There are seventeen men here who want to be counts; fifty new officers in the army; five hundred soldiers who know the money is being planked down on time; a band of almost forty pieces, every man jack of which is now a colonel and can tootle his head off before an admiring populace on any moonlit night. Besides, there are a few holding concessions and a thousand others who want them, and the whole show depends on yours truly, who is giving this government a run for its money and making San Bing the hottest little kingdom, outside of New York, that there is on these two continents. Do you get the argument? Leave it to me!"

That Shanks was certainly a past master in the lodge of diplomacy. The amnesty proclamation that he drew up would make you believe that I was a philanthropist, peace exponent and Napoleon all rolled into one. It began by saying that inasmuch as all the poor, misguided insurrectos must have sweethearts and wives, mothers and sisters, mourning their absence, I, the king, to end all heartaches, wanted the dear insurgents to return to the bosoms of their own and other men's families. That we were working toward one common aim, the glory of San Bingador, and that inasmuch as war might take place with Great Britain, the country must be reunited to bring the common enemy to his groveling knees. A sort of "Come-on-boys," with a "Hip-hip-hurroo-Viva-San-Bingador" touch that was pathetic.

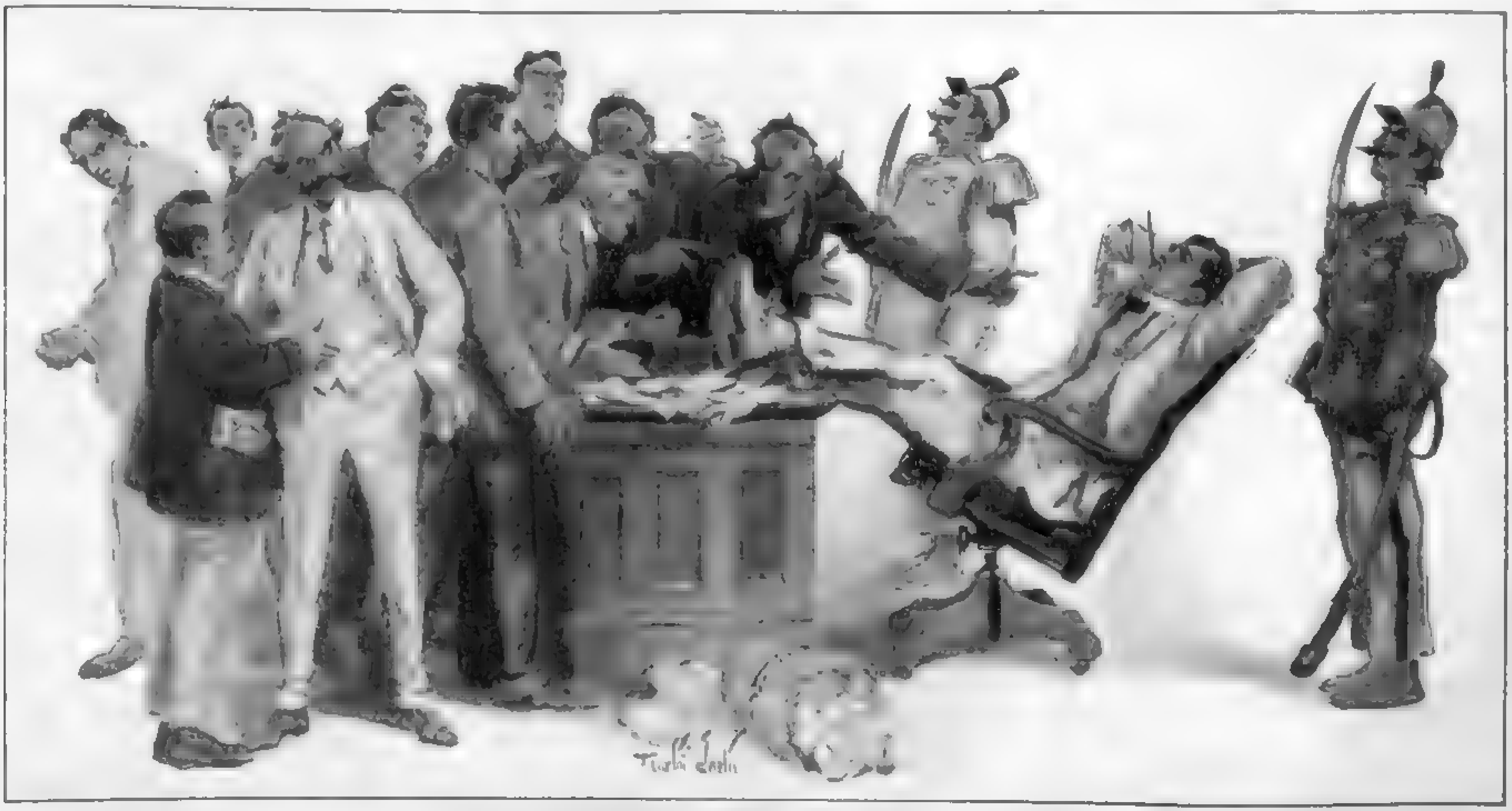
I read it over and smacked ink out of my fountain pen on the carpet preparatory to cutting out the war with Great Britain, when Shanks, who stood watchfully by, interposed.

"Why does his Majesty object to that phraseology?" he inquired politely.

"Because there is no war with Great Britain, nor apt to be."

"Then declare one," he suggested, "or at least make the people believe one is about to be declared and that there will be an exceptionally interesting fight. Let them think they are to have a chance to whip a foreign enemy. Arouse the martial spirit. Make what you Americans call a big bluff."

I saw the force of his argument and it tickled me. I was learning. So, before night, the amnesty proclamation had been posted all over the capital and it was rumored around that if Great Britain didn't stop dumping the sewage of London into the Atlantic and dirtying up our ocean, we'd



"I Don't Know Anything About the Frills of Ruling, but Just the Same I'm King" make her stop. The town was in a furor of joy. I was giving the kingdom excitement enough, all right, so it couldn't complain of dull times.

It was about the finest moonlight night I ever saw off a stage when Maria and her duenna came to the palace to hear the band play. Below us we could see the people promenading round and round with the band under a cluster of electric lights in the center of it all. Colonels and generals and admirals, in their new uniforms, marched and remarched past the benches and pulled their mustaches and glared at the girls on the seats, and the women who had friends or husbands among the insurrectos thought I was just too lovely for anything. Even Maria had heard of the proclamation of amnesty and appeared happy and thoughtful. The far end of our balcony and the one adjoining were filled with members of the cabinet and their families, so we had to be very careful of what we talked. I remember the band was playing that Toreador song when she leaned over to me and said: "Well, you really were in earnest, weren't you?"

"How could you doubt me, fair one?" I asked, remembering in time that it was what the heroes in books always said.

The band played another fortissimo passage and I leaned farther toward her.

"Say, Maria," I said, "they tell me that down in this country a man has to ask permission of a girl's folks before he can make love to her. It isn't the same up in the States. Up there we most always reckon that it's nobody's business outside of the two who want to make love to each other. Now ——"

"Pardon me, your Majesty," she interjected, "you'll have to see my uncle. He is my guardian, you know."

I was huffed a little and felt all the pin feathers at the back of my neck bristle.

"I'll see him hanged," I started to say, then checked myself, gripped the bridle reins of my tongue and said: "I hope you have sent him word."

I could feel her blush as I waited for her answer.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I have sent him word. That is—about the amnesty."

"How soon do you think he will come in?" I hastened to ask. "I'm rather anxious to see him, it seems to me. If I've got to lay down my hand to Spanish customs, you know, I might as well get through with it, once for all. One never gets ahead by putting off. This *mañana por la mañana* stuff goes bad with me."

"Excuse me," she replied, "I think the band is playing a good-night piece and I must go now."

It was. It was screeching out that Sobre las Olas and before I could tear my hair or send it word to stop she had gone. All I could do was to send for the leader and threaten to have him hanged if ever he played it again, and then go to bed hoping that Uncle Mart would show up without any further fuss. Altogether, however, I felt that I had been pitchforked into a load of clover and that there was plenty more in sight. Actually I began to enjoy being a king, and when a fellow can do that it is time for the medicine man to come around with his rattles and see what's the matter.

I got up next morning warbling a few bars from Come All Ye Texas Rangers when the don with the silver staff, who held his job by keeping people away from me whom I didn't want to see, said there was a fellow downstairs, an American, who refused to go away, and wanted to know whether he had better have him sent to jail or merely shot.

"Bring him up," I ordered, feeling fit for anything, and got on my "I-am-the-King" look.

The visitor was ushered in and somehow or other I knew that he was at least a near cousin to Miss Trouble.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "for my insistence; but I am a United States deputy marshal and I came down here to inquire regarding the assets of the San Bingador Consolidated Mining Company, and inasmuch as there is no American consul here, and they say that before you became king you represented the company ——"

"Still do represent it," I interrupted. "What about it?"

"Well, you see," he went on after turning his hat twice around in his hands, "Smithson, who employed you, wasn't exactly all that he seemed to be. He sold something like five million shares of stock in his company when it was incorporated for but one million, ran a get-rich-quick scheme on about the most flagrant plan that New York ever knew, and is now in the Tombs. The receiver sent me down here to close out all the property, including the concession."

That was a pretty one to hand me all at once! That fellow sat there and smiled like a good-luck joss while I tried to get myself together, finding that several pieces of me were badly scattered. Then I felt irritated.

"Look here," I burst out, "I've always tried to play the game fair. I got to be king down here after I came, and the job is no cinch. If Smithson was a get-rich-quick crook and a no-gooder I'm glad he's in the jail-house. If I had him down here I'd have him shot; but his concession isn't worth twenty cents!"

"Concessions seem to have gone down, your Majesty, since you sold Mr. Perkins one for twenty thousand dollars."

He nearly had me hipped. So he had met Perkins, and Perk had blabbed!

"They've gone down since then," I said, recovering and trying to grin, "unless you want to buy. It costs a heap of money to keep this kingdom running. How much did Smithson pay for it?"

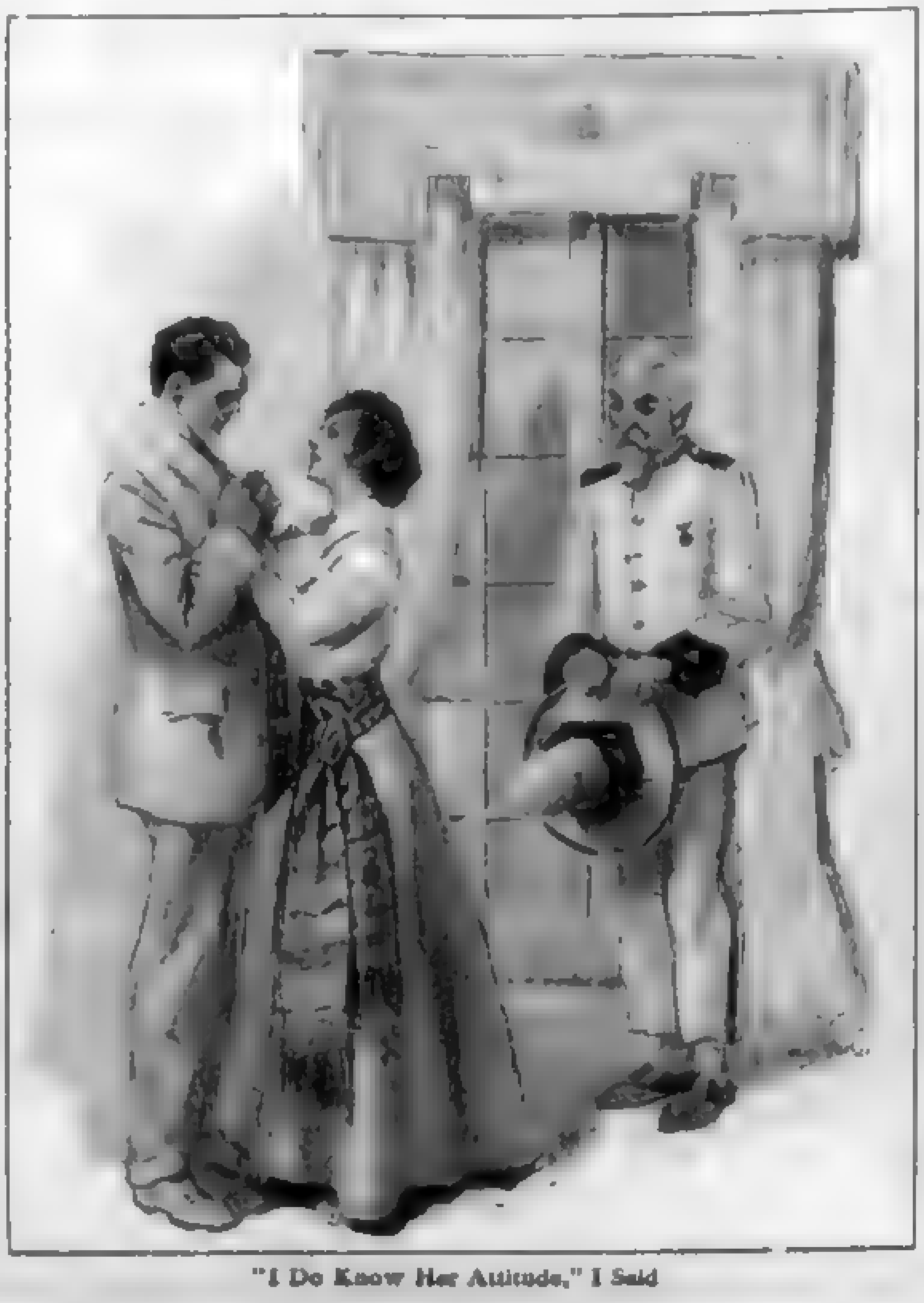
Then it was that I got all of Smithson's past history and it didn't look like a model career for a nice young man with presidential aspirations. Actually it took all the heart out of my being king to think that I had been mixed up with it. I had hoped all the time to make good with the San Bingador Consolidated and now it had gone kerplunk!

"You can take the machinery," I said, "and I'd advise you to ship it back. It's just junk down here. That concession isn't transferable any longer. I'll have to have it annulled. Besides, I might want to sell it again. Good day!"

I was so cool about it that the deputy was afraid to say what he thought of me when he went out of the door; but it was a coolness in looks only, for I was just overplaying him as well as bracing myself. Now that this prop had been knocked out from under me I sat for a long time alone, and thought it all over. To tell the truth, I had begun to enjoy the game. That I had been shoved into the job and couldn't get away was all a thing of the past. I knew that by working it right I could now get out of the country without any danger whatever, except from my friends, the concessioners, who naturally wanted me to hang on so they could continue their blessed graft. It's an astonishing thing how those who grab all the soft snaps are always pleased with the government that gives them to them. It makes a heap of patriots about election time, whether it is for the making of kings or presidents. How they do love their countries!

I called for my doorman and told him I wasn't at home to anybody, got out a stub of a leadpencil and for the first time took that government seriously. Leadpencils are about the most serious things in the world, anyway. I sat and figured all the forenoon, got my lunch and then rode off down to the beach where the deputy was loading up the machinery that had cost me so much trouble, and out through the town to the hacienda.

"Heard anything yet from the señor, your most respected old reprobate of an uncle?" I asked Maria, and she shook her head and sat studying me as if she had something in her mind of which she wasn't quite sure.


"I Do Know Her Attitude," I Said

"Aren't you afraid that if he comes back here, Señor Americano, he will have you taken by the scruff of the neck and thrown out, or worse?"

Somehow it struck me that the time had come to get downright serious with Maria.

"Maria," I said, "this kingship has been a joke up to last night. It isn't today. I'm going to stick it out till I get ready to leave of my own free will, and there isn't anybody can put me out. I'm too much out of work to lose the job just now. My mining company is in the hands of a receiver. What's more, some of the people down here who threw me up against a place I didn't want are going to pay for their fun. You're like the rest. You've taken me as a joke. It's about time to quit laughing, Maria. Think it over and see if it isn't. The seat up at the palace for the band concert has got your tag on it. Eight-thirty sharp is the hour. *Adios!*"

I rode back to town with figures running through my head all the way. Five hundred soldiers at an average of fifty cents a day; fifty other fellows running from post-office keepers to palace canary birds at a dollar and a half a day; total three hundred and twenty-five dollars a day that had to be dug up before the government could be run without graft, and now that I had quit taking it as a joke I saw the government would either have to keep finding concessions to sell or go busted. I was doping over ways of taxation, and bond issues, and coinage, and thinking what a snap some financial genius like Smithson would have if he had my job, when I got back to the palace. I was sorry I hadn't thought about high finance more and I felt pretty ignorant.

It was steamer day and the mail was in. Without thinking about government business I dug out a letter addressed to me and saw it was from Dick Meekins, an old mining partner of mine whom I had grubstaked to work our property for the preceding three or four years.

"Biggest thing you never hearn on," it read. "We've hit it hard in the old Five Points. Four-foot ledge runnin' seventeen to the ton average, mill test. Whole country wild about it and me sittin' here night and day refusin' all sorts of offers waitin' for you to come back. We don't want to sell her. All she needs is a young feller like you to handle her and she'll make good. I'm too old and bunged up for such a big thing. Chuck your job and hit the trail hard."

I got up and looked out of the window across the trees of the plaza. A black boy driving a truck was singing Debajo un Rosal Verde, and the mule's bell was jingling a sleepy sort of accompaniment. Four of my newly-made officers were riding up and down to show the storekeepers their new uniforms and somewhere off toward the wharves I could hear a donkey engine churning and wheezing. I didn't know what to do about Dick's letter. I was like that idiot of a thief that climbed a bell rope in a church to steal it and then cut it off below where he was hanging on. I couldn't climb any higher and I couldn't let go. While I was thinking about it a man was announced who wanted to see me personally. I smiled to myself. Same old story.

When he was brought up he was about the hardest specimen I had ever seen. He promptly winked at me and said he wanted a concession for all the bullfights in San Bingador. I was in a don't-care mood and it took me less than half an hour to get his money. He didn't care for a scrap of paper—said my reputation for making good was too well known, and so forth, and backed out.

I was thinking of that "reputation for making good" when another chap was shown up who wanted all the slot-machine privileges for San Bing. I was actually beginning to have scruples against taking all sorts of money, and the bullfights and slot machines wouldn't have gone through if, just at that moment, I hadn't been in a reckless mood and known that the kingdom needed more of that stuff that greases the wheels. So we came to terms. My head wasn't working right that morning. It buzzed. I opened the mail and went through it without more than half realizing what it was all about. My mind would wander off to Dick and Maria, and I didn't know whether I was like the "before" or "after" taking man in the advertisements.

I went on in this fool way for about ten days, seeing Maria every night, when I forgot all about being king, and working out my tax scheme every day, when I thought only of being king; and then came the thing that made me decide to stay in San Bingador.

The slot-machine man opened up a skin game down on the corner of the plaza and I had him run off. He went to Perkins and a half dozen other concession holders, and they swarmed up to the palace to see me. Somehow, when I looked them over, I was a little ashamed that I had ever taken their money. They were as cheery-looking

(Continued on Page 61)

THE PILOT-FISH

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XII—Concluded

APPLEBO gave Hermione a hopeless look. "Goodby," he answered in a dull voice and threw off the turns of the painter. Hermione handled her oars. For some reason she felt a disinclination to pull off into the fog leaving him there unhappy, alone, forsaken. It seemed so dreary an end to their peculiar association. She thought of the many weeks that the little yawl had so bravely and blithely followed them through rain and gale and fog.

Her skiff drifted clear of the yawl's side. Hermione looked back at Applebo. He was sitting on the sodden deck, back bent, shoulders hunched, his hands clasped in front of his knees.

"Goodby," repeated Hermione.

"Goodby," said Applebo in a sepulchral tone, and without moving. Hermione thought that he might at least have got on his feet. She dipped her oars for a lusty stroke, then did not take it. It seemed quite impossible to leave him there in that state of dejection. If he had been sleepily and blinkingly inscrutable, in his habitual way, Hermione would not have cared. But the feline pose had been ruthlessly torn away, leaving only the direct, childish nature underneath. There was plenty of the maternal in Hermione, and Applebo at that moment seemed to her a big, unhappy little boy.

"I wonder if I can find my way back to the Shark," she said uncertainly.

"I'll send the Finn with you if you will wait a few minutes. He has gone ashore to mail a poem to Cécile."

Hermione bit her lip. Applebo slightly roused himself and reached for the blade of the oar which she extended to him.

"Before I go," said Hermione, "would you mind telling me your real reason for following us about? I am not such a fool as to think it was because of a sentimental attraction to one of us girls, when you did not so much as know us apart. Was there any other reason?"

Applebo's eyes narrowed. He gave her an intent look.

"Why do you ask? Curiosity?"

"No. Interest."

"That is better. Well, then, I will tell you. I am only too glad to be able to tell you and to ask your advice. But, if you are really enough interested to care to hear all about it, you are in for the story of my life."

"I want to hear it," said Hermione, "but I haven't a great deal of time. When we hear the Shark's bell I will have to go."

"Then I'll make it short," said Applebo. "Do you remember my telling you that day at Shoal Harbor that my mother was a cousin to the King of Sweden? She married a Norwegian boatbuilder, a good-enough man of a very respectable family. Her family made an awful row about it and tried to have the marriage annulled, for she was almost royalty. The two left Norway and went to America. They were not happy, and shortly before I was born they separated. My mother would not return to Norway, but lived in Brooklyn, supported by a small annuity she had from a brother. My father enlisted in the United States Navy."

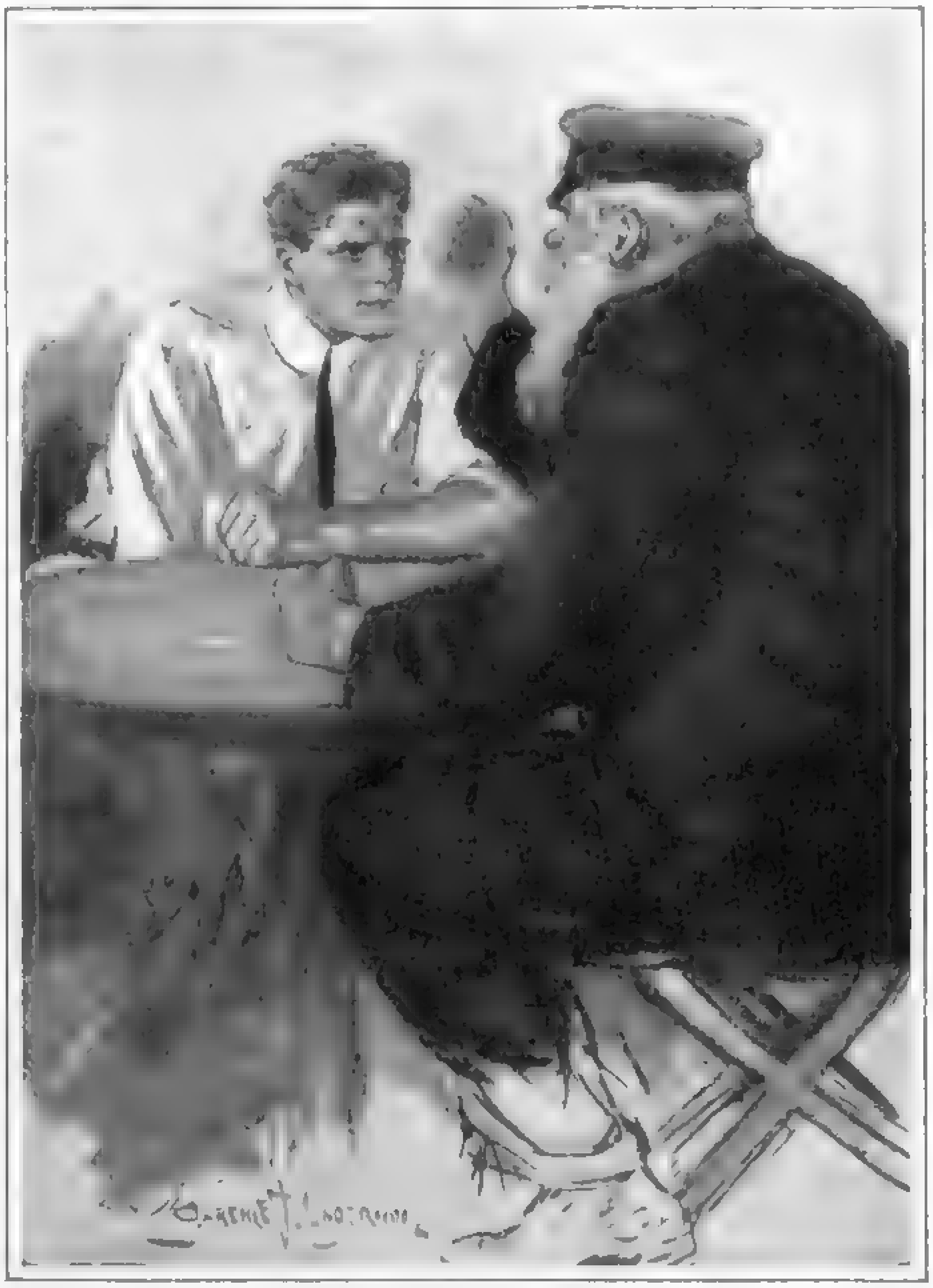
Hermione, listening and absorbed in this tale, let her eyes rest on the face of the narrator. She wondered that she had ever thought it feline and baffling.

"When I was ten years old," said Applebo, "my mother died. An uncle of hers named Applebo, who had come to America years before, made me his heir. He was an old man and died not long ago. I was sent to school and afterward to college. In the vacations I always went to sea, usually on sailing vessels. It was on a ship that I met a man, the captain, who had known my father and who told me all about the affair, not knowing who I was. He told me that my father had left the Navy and was the sailing-master of a yacht, and that the yacht was the Shark."

Hermione's oars dropped from her hands. She gripped the gunnel of her skiff.

"Uncle Chris Heldstrom?" she gasped.

Applebo nodded. "There seems to be no doubt that he is my father," he said, "although he, too, has taken a different name. There goes your oar!" He sprang up, whipped a boathook from its slings and rescued the oar.



"You Are a Liar!" He Almost Shouted

Hermione watched him dumbly, but her thoughts were revolving fast. She had often suspected some such romance in the life of Heldstrom from slight things he had let fall now and then. Like a flash there occurred to her mind Heldstrom's remarks after seeing Applebo, the day they had undertaken to swim out to the schooner. "An echo," Heldstrom had said of the young man. Again, it was only the night before that Captain Bell had commented on a certain resemblance between Heldstrom and Applebo, and this Hermione had been quick to appreciate.

Her heart beat furiously and she felt the blood rushing into her cheeks. Applebo was rather pale. He had secured the oar and returned it to her.

"But why have you not declared yourself?" cried Hermione.

"Stop to think. The situation is extremely delicate. To begin with, he left my mother before I was born. I believe that their separation was conditional to her receiving the annuity, and they were very poor. I am rather a sensitive person, and I find it embarrassing to go up to a strange, stern-looking man and inform him that he is my father."

Hermione gave a nervous, excited laugh.

"He might not care to admit the relationship," said Applebo, "and then think what a fool I should feel! And yet I am certainly drawn to him. I have been following the Shark for no other reason—up to some time ago. Heldstrom seldom goes ashore; so I have not seen him many times. It seemed better not to act hastily. For all I know, he might be the very last person whom I would care to claim as a parent. I have been horribly perplexed."

"Then you needn't be," cried Hermione. "Let me tell you that Christian Heldstrom is as splendid a man as ever lived. I don't know anything about his early life, but I know this much: no kinder, braver, truer-hearted sailor ever walked a deck! And he is no common man. He is a gentleman. I don't know what your mother may have been like, but I hope for your sake that you inherit your father's traits."

Applebo stared at her with shining eyes.

"You make me happier than I can say," he cried. "But I have not worried about that aspect of the case. The question is, would he care to acknowledge me?"

"Anybody might be glad to acknowledge you if you would chuck your silly, mocking pose," retorted Hermione. "Why do you not stand out in your true nature instead of blinking at people like a cat?"

Applebo smiled. "A sort of shield," said he. "It puzzles people who might otherwise consider me an ass."

"Not always. But the question is, what are you going to do?"

"That is exactly what I have been trying to decide for the last three months. What would you advise?"

Hermione hesitated. Applebo watched her with an expression which the casual observer would not have ascribed entirely to his interest in an unknown parent. Hermione, at that moment, was very lovely. The romantic excitement of the situation had brought her warm soul into her face, which was radiant in the colorless light.

About them swirled the fog, thicker than before. It beaded Hermione's dark eyebrows and softened her brilliant cheeks. She was thinking deeply, when out of the mist came the distant dong, dong, dong of a ship's bell, patient and monotonous, muffled and lifeless of note, yet with an insistence partly anxious, partly peremptory.

Hermione smiled at Applebo.

"What a situation!" said she. "Yonder is your father, striking the bell to guide me home!"

XIII

APPLEBO looked at her and nodded. "My father!" he said.

His hand was lying on the yawl's low rail. Hermione reached up and touched it with her own. It was a quick, impulsive little gesture, friendly and sympathetic.

"Would you like to have me tell him?" she asked. "If so, I will."

Applebo's strong hand turned, caught hers in his firm grip and carried it to his lips.

"That would be the act of a real friend," he cried. "Will you?"

"Of course I will; in fact, I think that Uncle Chris would rather learn it from me than from anybody else."

"I'm sure he would. Tell him, then, Hermione."

"When?"

"Choose the time as seems best to you. I will go away as soon as the weather clears. Write to me at the New York Yacht Club. Is that asking too much?"

"No. You see, it is for Uncle Chris as much as for you. More, perhaps, for he is getting on in years and must feel his lack of the ties of blood. Now I must go. Hear that patient bell! It reminds me of Uncle Chris—steady and constant and so dependable."

She glanced up at him with her vivid smile. Applebo's face was transfigured, Hermione thought, at the prospect of finding a father. It is more probable that his radiant expression was at finding something else. At any rate, all of the sleepy, baffling expression was absent; might never have been there. The amber eyes were wide and alert, clear, steady, looking into hers with a rich golden light in their depths that set Hermione's pulse atingle; in fact, Hermione was unconsciously aware of some peculiar, rich, warm glow all about the poet, and like a brilliant green moth she found great difficulty in leaving it for the chill, surrounding gloom. But the patient bell was calling steadily, so she said with regret:

"I should like to talk with you some more about all this, but I don't want to worry your father." She smiled; then, a sudden idea striking her, she added:

"Why not get into my skiff and I will row past the schooner and sing out to say that I am all right, but not quite ready to go aboard. Then we can have a few minutes more to talk."

"Very well," said Applebo, and stepped down into the skiff, placing the dory-compass under the sternsheets.

"We don't need that," said he.

"How about finding the yawl again?"

"We can find her. That is one of my few natural gifts." Hermione picked up her oars and began to pull in the direction of the bell. Applebo, lounging in the stern, watched her long, vigorous strokes. Her thick black hair had a silver rime, but cheeks and lips and sapphire eyes defied the sad gray of the humid world through which they drifted like alien spirits seeking their own place.

Hermione, looking at Applebo as she pulled along, found him very pleasing to her eyes. He, too, wore the badge of the warm, comforting earth that claimed them both, however much they might adapt themselves to the sea. The gloom, filtering out above all of the reds and yellows from the generous sunrays, those in which the poet was so rich, glowed like autumn leaves of a November day. His hair shone like a marigold and his skin was of the luscious tint of a russet orange. Also, there was a radiance of expression which Hermione ascribed to filial devotion, long suppressed. No doubt some of it was.

The steady ringing of the Shark's bell grew louder. Suddenly Applebo raised his hand. His trained eye had discovered the straight, slim column of a mast rising into the thinner atmosphere aloft.

Hermione caught the water with her oars and shoved vigorously astern. The way of the skiff fully checked, she rested on her oars.

"Shark ahoy!" she hailed.

"Hello!" came the voice of Heldstrom. "So dere you are!" There was a note of great relief in the heavy bass.

"I am not coming aboard just yet," called Hermione.

"Yes, you must," called Heldstrom. "Your fadder has yoost sent vord, 'Stop ringin' that confounded bell!'"

"Stop it, then!" retorted Hermione. "I don't need it. The weather is clearing. I can see your spars"

"You can see nodding," growled Heldstrom; "but I can see vere you go out no more ven der wedder is t'ick! Next time you get no boat, yoong lady."

"I will be back in a few minutes," said Hermione. "*Au revoir.*"

She dipped her oars and pulled off into the fog, leaving Heldstrom growling impotently on the schooner's deck.

"My parent," Applebo said, "appears to be a despot."

"He is a dear," said Hermione.

"You will catch it when you go back."

"No. He will say nothing; but wait until next time. Before then I shall have told him why I prolonged my row. Now, tell me just what you would like to have me say. Do you wish me to tell him all that you have told me?"

For it had occurred to Hermione's practical mind that Applebo was doing, from his standpoint, a very loyal thing in claiming as a parent a man who, no matter how fine his personal qualities, was after all merely the sailing-master of a schooner-yacht. Viewed from a purely worldly aspect Applebo was the social superior of Christian Heldstrom. Applebo was a blood-relation to royalty, independently well off, well educated, and a person to whom any society would be glad to open its doors. His father, on the other hand, was an ex-enlisted man of the United States Navy, at present holding a position which if not exactly menial was not far from it. It was not as though Applebo were drawn to his father by a tie of affection or early obligation. Heldstrom had never laid eyes upon his son, nor did Applebo owe his father anything but the mere fact of his physical existence, which can scarcely be recognized as a debt of gratitude. On the other hand, so far as Applebo knew, his father was merely a poor sailorman, dependent on his meager pay, already advanced in years and a possible care and burden for years to come. Impressed as she was by the romantic aspects of the case, all of these things occurred nevertheless to Hermione's practical mind and served greatly to elevate her opinion of Harold Applebo.

To test him more thoroughly she put forward in a tentative way a little of what was in her mind.

"You are quite sure that you want to establish this relationship?" she asked. "Of course, while Captain Heldstrom is a very splendid man and all that, you really owe him nothing. Socially, there is some difference between you."

"Hermione!" Applebo's voice was actually pained.

"But what is the particular advantage of it to you?" persisted Hermione.

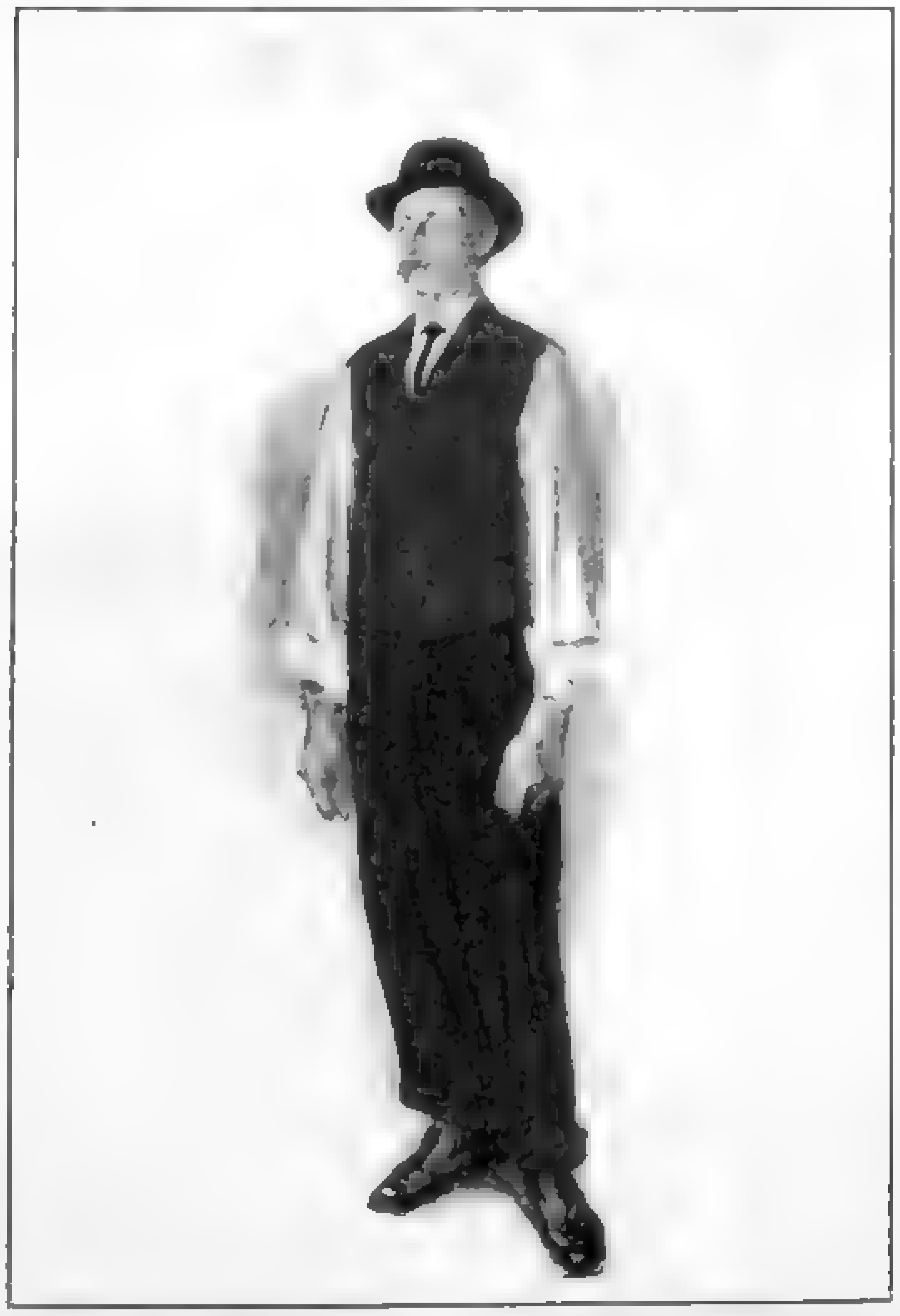
"Advantage! Don't you think it's an advantage to have a father, especially when he's as good a sort as you tell me mine is? You surprise me, Hermione."

"But you are a young man of fortune and education and high connections, while he ——"

"Is my father," said Applebo quietly.

The blood rushed to Hermione's face. Her blue eyes filled.

"Forgive me," she cried. "I was just trying to—to—I wanted to see if you had any snobbery about you."



The Men Called Him "Dave" Despite the Fact That He was Captain

"But, my dear girl, how can one be snobbish about one's own father? That would be so inconsistent."

"Some people are," said Hermione.

"Then I am not that particular sort of fool, which is lucky for me, since I am so many others. No. I want my father. You don't know what it means to me to find that there is somebody so close to me. Hermione, I have been the most solitary person you can imagine."

In rapid, graphic words he told her of his lonely, friendless boyhood; the long vacations when other boys went to their homes and he remained at the boarding-school; the envy with which he was wont to listen to the recital of holiday sprees by his schoolmates. Later, at college, his peculiar personality had marked him as one apart, and sensitive as he was this aloofness he had accepted as a quality of his destiny. Always of a romantic, imaginative and sentimental nature, expansiveness where his emotions were touched had brought only ridicule; hence the gradual adoption of the mocking, inscrutable pose.

"There were so many times," he told her, "when I couldn't help expressing what I felt. People laughed at me. At first I fought; then I learned that it saved a lot of wear and tear to laugh back, a little harder. So I took a pose that kept them guessing. People like to laugh at you, and they don't particularly object when you laugh at them, as long as they know what you are laughing at, and that you really are laughing. But when they are puzzled to tell whether you are really making fun of them, and if so, at what, they get shy of you and leave you alone. So I was left alone. How much alone, nobody will ever know."

The mist was in Hermione's eyes before he had finished. Applebo interrupted his own narrative to look up and say:

"Where are you going?"

Hermione came back to earth with a sudden shock.

"I'm sure I don't know," said she. "To tell the truth, I don't even know where we are. Do you?"

Applebo dropped his head and peered into the fog, then raised his hand. Hermione stopped pulling and rested on her oars. Applebo slightly turned his head to listen.

"I hear the swash of water ahead," he said. "That must be the far side of the inlet."

"But I have been pulling more toward the mainland," cried Hermione.

"I think that you have swerved a bit. There is scarcely any air stirring, but what there is strikes me on the other cheek. Pull ahead a little."

Hermione did so. Presently the swash of water on the rocks grew plainly distinct and a few minutes later a dark, irregular outline reared itself through the fog.

"Rocks," said Applebo. "We are on the east side of the inlet."

"But I am sure that we are on the other side," said Hermione. She raised her hand. "Listen!"

From somewhere in the murk came the sound of eight bells.

"I must be getting back," said Hermione. "Which way?"

"Let me take the oars."

Hermione nodded and they shifted places. She was not tired, but she wanted to see the strong, lithe body in action. Applebo picked up the light oars and without so much as a glance over his shoulder pulled off apparently at random into the fog. As he rowed he told her about his voyaging in pursuit of the Shark.

Hermione was amazed to learn how arduous this had sometimes been. Secure and comfortable aboard the big, staunch Shark, it was not easy to realize the conditions sometimes to be confronted by a little boat like the Daffodil.

"You are like a gull," she said. "Hello! There's a boat ahead."

"The yawl," said Applebo indifferently.

Hermione opened her violet eyes very wide.

"I must have been pulling in a circle," she exclaimed.

"You described quite an arc."

"But how did you know?"

"I felt it. Some of us have the instinct of the hound and the sea-turtle and the gull. It's not subject to analysis. At sea I never take a sight, but I use the lead a good deal."

He laid the skiff alongside.

"Before I go," said Hermione, "I want to peep into the cabin. May I?"

"If you like. I'd be more hospitable, but something tells me that it is not *convenable*, and since you are Hermione, you are still a mere child—how old?"

"Almost twenty."

"An infant in arms! However, so long as they are the proper arms—and I'm so much older that it doesn't matter—come aboard."

He stepped out and extended one hand to Hermione, making fast the skiff with the other.

"How old are you?" asked Hermione.

"Getting senile. I have been out of college four years; that makes me twenty-five. At such an age there are no longer rules of propriety; one thinks only of the grave. How do you like my cabin?"

Hermione, with a delicious sense of wrongdoing, examined with rapture the cabin of the Daffodil. This inspection was brief to the point of being cursory, and as she came up through the companionway she heard the bell of the Shark again tolling its insistent summons.

"And to think," she cried, "that you should have followed us all of those weary knots on this little thing! And just because you knew that your father was aboard."

"Hermione, filial affection was not the lure of the last two thousand miles."

"What was?"

"Get in your skiff and I will tell you."

Hermione's heart stampeded furiously. It was frightened less at these discreet words than at a sudden flash in the clear eyes of her companion. Every sentient impulse warned her to get into her skiff immediately and row away just as fast as she could. But other and stronger impulses made this craven course exceedingly difficult. She did not want to row off into the cold, gray mist and leave new problems to be solved by the lonely, romantic figure beside her. She felt that he needed her, and this need, to a person of Hermione's rich nature, was a far more impelling force than any need of her own.

She looked a little fearfully at Applebo. He was smiling at her with the air of one about to say a conventional farewell, or about to try to do so. Hermione thought of his loneliness—the Finn was still ashore and the tears rose to her eyes. She lingered, and from afar the Shark's bell chided her.

"Goodby," said Hermione, and held out her hand.

Applebo took it, raised it in his and brushed it with his lips.

"Goodby," he answered, almost brusquely.

Still Hermione did not go. Perhaps it may have occurred to her that inasmuch as she had been trying to go, without success, for the last half hour, an additional half minute would not particularly matter. This is feminine reasoning, and as sound as any such; and Hermione was exceedingly feminine. Perhaps, also, there flashed across her memory the recollection of another farewell, and of something that had happened partly under water. At any rate she lingered. This was very wrong of Hermione, and if she had had a mother, poor girl, instead of an elderly Norwegian sailorman impotently banging a bell, it never could have happened. But she lingered. Some instinct advised her that there was still something to be told; that she had not heard the entire tale, and that there would be a singular incompletion to the whole affair until she was told it. In which she was quite correct. Long-lost parents have an undoubted value, but it dwindles shockingly before that of new-found loves. "Goodby," said Hermione invitingly, and held out her hand.

Applebo had honestly meant to put her back in her boat and give her a shove in the direction of the patient bell.

But there are limits to all human self-control, and Hermione at that moment stood outside them. There was a sad little droop to her shoulders and to the corners of her pretty mouth, and the roses in her cheeks and violets in her eyes were blazing through the fog like flowers in a neglected garden. In that moment Hermione's sweetness was certainly not intended to expend itself on several cubic fathoms of fog, and if Applebo had permitted this he would have been a fool and not worth the trouble of telling about. He had been thinking not of himself but of Hermione; and when he saw that Hermione was not quite content he forgot that she was a very young girl and he a wise and worldworn man of twenty-five, of whom the motto should have been, *memento mori*. Wherefore he said:

"Hermione, I have told you the truth and nothing but the truth, but not the whole truth. At first I followed the Shark because I wanted a father; but since we met on the beach at Shoal Harbor, and swam off together to the schooner, this splendid filial devotion has been quite eclipsed by something else. I have been able to think of nothing but a girl in a green bathing-suit, and when your father gave me that dare to follow him all up and down the coast I took it up because I did not want to lose her out of my daily life. The verses that I have been sending from time to time during this chase have been the only really sincere ones I ever wrote."

"Then the 'Hermione' ones you sent to me were not sincere?"

"They were not insincere, but their sentiment was directed toward the Ideal. After I met you on the beach they were offered to the Real."

"And went to Cécile."

Applebo bent his bushy brows upon her in a way curiously suggestive of Heldstrom. Hermione wondered that she had never noticed the resemblance.

"Hermione," said he, "I have been a silly, careless fool, and you do well to remind me of it; but do you remember having told me on the beach at Shoal Harbor that you had never seen any of my verses?"

The blood rushed into the girl's face and she dropped her eyes. Hermione had thought of that lie many times, but she was in the hope that Applebo had forgotten it.

"Since you didn't know me when you saw me," she answered, with a schoolgirl pout, "I did not intend to put you right. What made you send the verses in the first place?"

"The idea appealed to my romantic nature. I had seen you on Fifth Avenue and admired your walk. I saw you many times, but never face to face. I like to write verses, and one writes better when one has a definite object. They were harmless things, and I knew that you would not take too seriously such an act of unasked devotion on the part of one whom you had never seen. Nor did you."

Hermione was silent for an instant. Then she said, almost shyly:

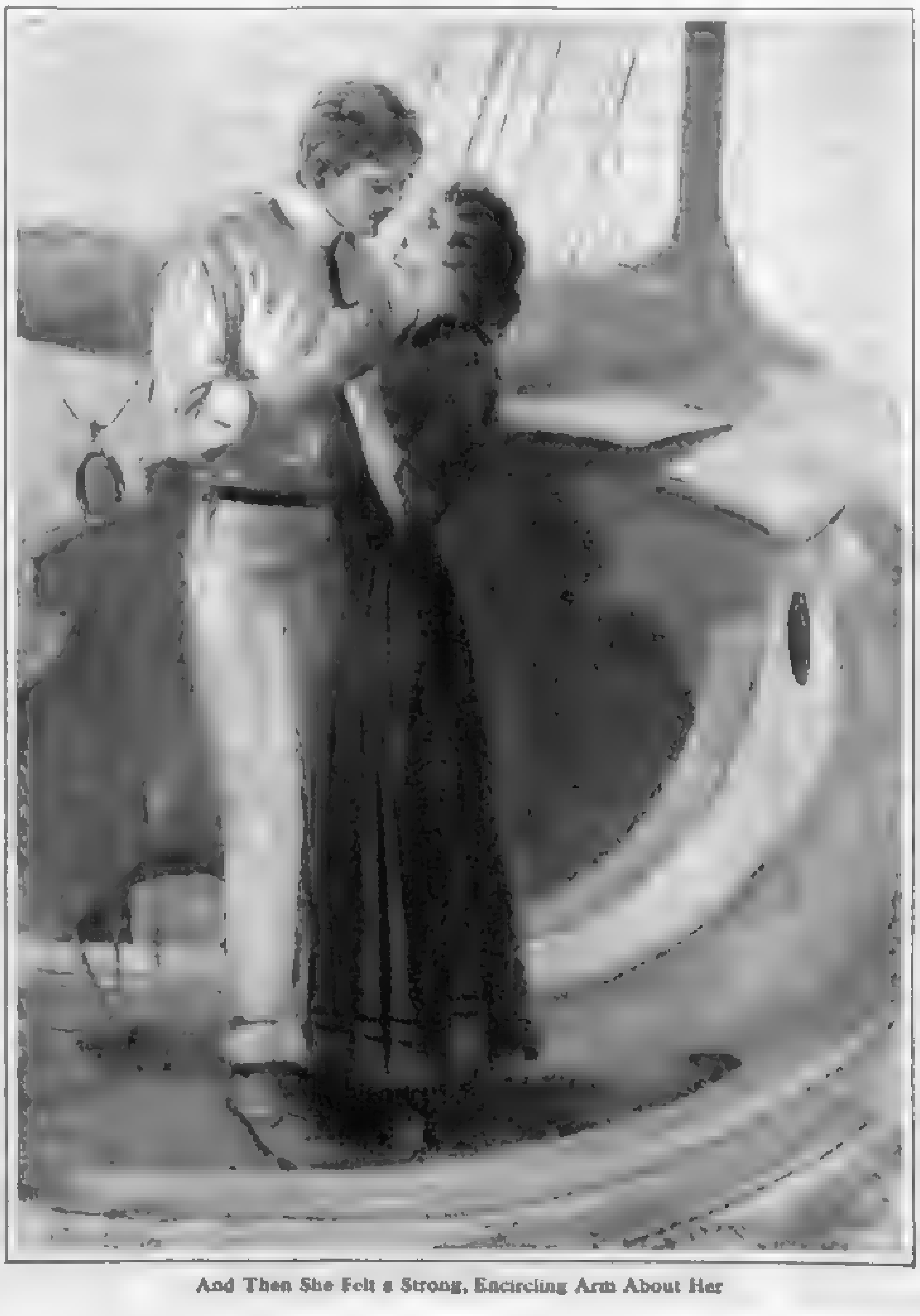
"And afterward ——"

Her violet eyes wandered fearsomely from side to side, aloft, into the fog, at her skiff, to rest finally on those of Applebo. The clear amber ones, which seemed to have grown suddenly dark, were waiting for them. They telegraphed a message that so shook Hermione that she gave a little gasp and reached for the wire stay. The dense fog wrapped them about in its protecting folds.

"Hermione," said Applebo in his deepest voice, "I think that you had better get into your skiff and go back to the Shark and tell them to stop ringing that bell. The 'afterward' will wait until another day."

"I want to hear it now," murmured Hermione, scarcely knowing what she said.

Her long lashes dropped on the ruddy cheeks. Her heart was fluttering wildly and she gripped the wet wire with all of her strength. She scarcely saw Applebo as he stepped quickly to her side and took her hand in his big one, crushing it even more tightly to the iron shroud. Then she looked up in frightened questioning, surprised to find him so close and marveling at the breadth of the big chest. Her head came a little above its upper level, and Hermione was a big girl. Close as he stood to her, Hermione was obliged to lift her face to look into his eyes, which she did questioningly, yet with a swift, wild exultation.



And Then She Felt a Strong, Encircling Arm About Her

One downward step and Hermione would be in her skiff, prepared for flight and the security of the chiding bell; but she could not take it. Her feet were glued to the deck; her body as though lashed to the wire stay. Applebo began to speak, and she scarcely knew what he said, even though she thrilled at the deep, organ-noted voice.

"Hermione! Hermione, you are still a little girl and perhaps I am doing wrong in telling you these things. I have loved you, sweetheart, from the moment I saw you that morning on the beach. I struggled against it, but it has been too strong. You are my Ideal quickened into life, and though we scarcely know each other all the nature that is in me cries out for you. When I say that I love you I say it all. Now you must get into your skiff, dear, and go back. From this time on our attitude shall be the conventional one. I shall try to win you, but first there are other things to do. Go, Hermione."

Just as when he had kissed her in the water, Hermione felt all of her personal volition leave her. She could only cling to the stay and stare at him dumbly with vague, dark violet eyes. So she looked up into his face, her own colorless except for a crimson splash in the center of each cheek and the trembling of her coral lips. Her black hair was veiled in the gray, clinging mist. She suffered from no lack of strength, but her mind and body were filled with the pleasant lethargy that might come from a rare old wine, and which would quickly pass. Hermione was in no hurry to have it pass.

So she clung to the stay and stared at the poet, and muffled in the fog came the notes of the bell, querulous and complaining, with a hint of impatience in its quickened beat.

Applebo looked at her questioningly, and Hermione's eyes shouted the exultant answer to this query. A golden flame leaped from the amber depths so close to her face, and for some strange reason Hermione felt the hot tears obscure her vision, and the fog became a swirling chaos of gray. Her body swayed as she stood. She tried to say "Goodby," but the quivering lips brought no sound.

And then she felt a strong, encircling arm about her while her yielding body was drawn close and her pale, tear-stained, upturned face fell forward against the man's broad chest. Her hand loosed its hold on the stay, of which she had no longer any need, and with its mate stole up to rest on the strong shoulders. Hermione gave a little gasp; her arms went about his neck. There was a torrent of words in her ears, crashing like deep, glorious chords, and she heard her own voice saying, "Yes—yes—I love you, I love you!"

All was swift and wonderfully rapturous. Kisses smothered the words pouring from her lips and these lips quickly found a far more potent manner of expression. Scarcely any time this lasted, if one is to figure time in moments such as these by stupid seconds, which might be each an eternity.

Hermione's scattered senses were rallied by the chunk-a-chunk of oars close at hand. She felt Applebo turn to glance over his shoulder and looked up to see him peering into the fog. Hermione drew herself away and stood for a moment, dazed and panting, for she had need of breath, poor girl!

"Here comes the Finn," said Applebo. "Now you must go, darling."

Scarcely knowing how she got there, Hermione found herself back in the skiff staring blindly at the compass, which Applebo placed on the thwart again. "Goodby," she murmured, and thrust at the yawl's side with her oar. She held up her hand and Applebo leaned far down to kiss it. Hermione dipped her oars and was wafted into the swimming mist.

Applebo stood looking after her, his face like ivory, but his eyes like yellow diamonds. The fog swam and eddied in a faint puff of air, striking down over the high bank on the shoreward side of the harbor.

The sound of Hermione's oars grew fainter and fainter until his ear could no longer follow it. Then, as he listened, the Shark's bell stopped ringing.

XIV

AS HERMIONE came over the side of the Shark Heldstrom stepped forward to give her a bit of a "dressing-down" for the anxiety that she had caused him; but at sight of her face he stopped short in his tracks and stared. The next instant he glanced quickly about, as though fearful that some other person might see what he beheld. Olesen, the quartermaster of the watch, was busy with the skiff, however, and none of the cabin party had as yet appeared.

For Hermione, an uncommonly pretty girl at all times, was transfigured. Her face was still pale, with the crimson patches on each cheek, but the treatment that they had just received appeared to have given a new and wonderful expression to her lips. The flagrant telltales were, however, her eyes, still shot with a flame which the damp fog was utterly unable to quench. They held also a warm tenderness that is the distinguishing feature between the eyes of a girl and those of a woman.

"Heffens!" rumbled Heldstrom in a voice so like that to which she had just been listening that Hermione's pulse raced off afresh. "Fere you been all dis time?"

Hermione dropped the long lashes over her telltale eyes.

"I—I have been rowing around in the fog." She tried to slip past him and gain the companionway, but his big bulk was planted directly in her course.

"R-rowing ar-round in der fog—r-rowing ar-round in der fog," he repeated slowly. He shook his massive head and the deep-lined face was flooded with anxiety. The clear blue eyes bored like gimlets into hers.

"Hermione—Hermione—my little gir-rl!" The big voice was very tender. "You did not get dose cheeks from der kiss of der fog. Do you tell me that you haf been r-rowing ar-round in der fog alone?"

Hermione hung her pretty head. The color on her cheeks deepened.

"No, Uncle Chris, I was not alone. I will tell you all about it, but not now. Let me pass, please."

There was an imperious note in the last words that brooked no denial. Heldstrom moved aside without a word. Hermione walked to the companionway and went below while Heldstrom stared after her. His eyes were lit with the blue flame of the sun on an iceberg and his forehead was ominous as a stormcloud. He glanced quickly about to see that no one was

(Continued on Page 45)

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The Hope of a Deadlock

EARLIER in the year Wall Street viewed Insurgent activities with apprehension, but of late it has had a pleasant dream about them. For example, following the Maine election stocks rose. The Street's explanation was simple and characteristic. This, it said, foreshadows the election of a Democratic House, which will pass no Republican measure; while the Senate, being Republican, will pass no Democratic measure. Hence no measure whatever can be passed, and while the Government is tied in a hard knot we will enjoy an agreeable breathing spell.

Wall Street's political arguments are always at least ten years old, and ten years ago this argument might have been plausible; but, of late, politicians as well as the public have been much agitated by new thoughts, and we doubt if Congress, any more than the public, will be in a temper to hang up legislation for the sake of playing the stale old game of party politics. Both party organizations are getting a pretty thorough shaking up. Probably, in fact, the set of ideas that goes by the name of Insurgency will be the vital principle in the next Congress—rather than the sets of mere habits that go by the names Republican and Democrat.

Members may go to Washington labeled Democrat or Republican; but they will go home labeled reactionary or progressive, according to their votes on whatever important measures come up. In short, we fear the Street's one pleasant dream does not result from the sweet agencies of Nature but from a pipe.

Democracy in Illinois

NO COPY of the written constitution of Illinois happens to be handy at the moment, but the organic plan under which the state actually works is substantially as follows:

"All law-making power shall be vested in a legislature consisting of two hundred and four members, who shall be elected by the people, but over whom, after election, the people shall have no control. About two-thirds of the members shall be more or less well-meaning ciphers, whose duty shall consist in voting as the leaders tell them to. The remaining third, comprising the efficient minority, shall consist of men of experience and ideas—the latter mostly of a predatory nature. Some shall call themselves Republicans and some shall call themselves Democrats; except that, in case of indictment, they shall call themselves victims of a conspiracy. They shall decide what bills shall be passed and what bills shall not be passed, and the price of the same. They shall collect the price and deposit it in the jack-pot, and at the adjournment of the legislature they shall divide the jack-pot equitably—provided, however, that, to perpetuate the grand principle of party loyalty, a Democrat who votes for a Republican measure or candidate or a Republican who votes for a Democratic measure or candidate shall be paid five per cent more than if he were voting for a measure or candidate bearing his own party label. Within ten days from the date on which the jack-pot is divided the people shall set aside a period of one month for lamentation and wrath, after which they shall forget all about it."

For further details we refer the reader to the criminal court records of Cook and Sangamon counties. For many years this system has flourished with little interruption; so it is invested with all the sanctity of use and wont. In these insurrectionary times the most venerable institutions may be attacked; and the people of Illinois, it appears, want a new deal.

There is a movement for an amendment to the constitution which will give the people some measure of control over legislation through the initiative and referendum—part of the Oregon plan under which that state enjoys real democratic government.

Naturally the movement is opposed. If the clerks in a store had long been tapping the till, and the proprietor announced that thereafter he was going to count the cash himself, there would be opposition. The clerks would tell him he was departing from the store's historic system. The historic system in Illinois, with its bipartisan jack-pots, is exactly what the people want to depart from. Under the proposed amendment, on petition signed by eight per cent of the voters, the people may vote directly on any measure. Opponents say this would not be representative government. What they fear is that it would be a government representing the public will.

The College Professor in Politics

THE Tariff Commission naturally is headed by a college professor, and to another college professor, as naturally, was given the chairmanship of the commission which is to investigate railroad capitalization. Among college professors, obviously, would be found that scholarly knowledge of the subjects and that impartial, scientific attitude toward them which the commissions especially require. We don't recall that anybody criticised President Taft for appointing "academic" persons.

But when a college professor, widely known as a student of American government, was nominated by the Democrats for governor of New Jersey, the objection was at once raised that he was "academic" and therefore incompetent to manage practical affairs. This college president has probably had as large an experience in dealing with men as any lawyer, brewer or grocer who might have been nominated; but the implication is that dealing with men except in the way of trade—that is, for the purpose of making something off them—doesn't give one any valuable experience of human nature. "Academic," used as a taunt, means that the person so taunted is not experienced in overreaching. Perhaps that disqualifies him for higher political office, but we don't see why it should.

Some Coöperation in Coffee

WITHIN eighteen months the price of coffee has advanced seventy per cent, indicating that one of the most interesting industrial experiments of recent times is going to succeed. Four years ago the coffee growers of Brazil were in a fair way to ruin themselves by overproduction. The yield of their plantations outran the world's demand, and it is a deplorable economic fact that the world will reward you with affluence for producing less than it wants of a given article, but break you for producing more than it wants. The price of coffee sank to a point that brought loss to the growers. To save the industry, Brazil borrowed seventy-five million dollars for the purpose of buying up coffee and holding it off the market until the price should advance to a given figure; also it forbade the planting of more coffee trees. For a good while it looked as though the load would be too heavy for the government to carry and that the novel plan would fail. Thanks to a light crop last year and increased consumption, it now seems likely to succeed in its main object of restoring prosperity to the coffee growers.

This coffee scheme is, of course, simply coöperation in a different form—the growers using the government as an agency to control the market in their behalf, instead of getting up a voluntary organization among themselves for that purpose. The cure for overproduction must be either coöperation or the destruction of the weaker producers. The former naturally is more humane.

Getting the Tariff Out of Politics

THE tariff, almost from the beginning of the Government, has been a subject of party controversy. For a generation it has been the only big standing issue between the two chief parties. And now the tariff is fairly in the way of being taken out of politics—for which blessed consummation the country will owe the Insurgents a great debt.

Scientific settlement of the tariff, based on facts, is an Insurgent program. Beveridge led the band of Senate progressives in fighting for it—hopelessly at that time—but times have changed since the primaries. At present, among other sounds that tell how scared they are, standpat Republicans are cheering loudly for a scientific settlement; and a program of impartial, scientific settlement, based on facts, will leave the Democrats little to do except throw in a few cheers of their own.

It is a question of facts. What is the actual labor cost of weaving cotton cloth in New England? How does that compare with the actual labor cost of weaving cotton cloth in England? If there is a difference between the two how does that difference compare with the protective duty on cotton cloth? When these questions are answered by facts, scientifically ascertained and collated, there will be little room for controversy over the tariff. When it is proved that a given duty is actually for the benefit of labor the Democrats will have small luck in opposing it at the polls, and the Republicans will have as little luck in supporting a duty that is proved to be merely for the benefit of capital.

The End of Reform

THIS broad distinction between the ancient and the modern world has been pointed out: Ancient states throve by preying upon one another. Lucullus and Pompey brought prosperity to Rome by sacking the East and bodily transporting to Italy vast quantities of treasure and slaves. Cæsar quickened trade at home by sending loot from Gaul. In Egypt's portable wealth Antony and Augustus saw the means of a boom on the Tiber. As a sign of good times, the Roman merchant would rather hear that a capable general was advancing upon a city whose temples were full of coin and gold ornaments than to learn that the olive crop was doing well. In the East, on the other hand, the approach of a Roman army was a pretty sure sign that trade would be bad and money scarce for a good while to come.

Nowadays states thrive by creating wealth and trading with other states. The more prosperous the other states are, the better chance of trade. An earthquake in San Francisco drains capital from Berlin. A panic in New York tightens money in London. An intelligent state wants every other state to be as prosperous as possible.

Our Slim Wheat Exports

IN A SINGLE week in September more than seventeen million bushels of wheat were set afloat, destined mainly for those countries of western Europe, having highly developed industries, which produce less of the premier cereal than they consume. If we are not mistaken this is the greatest quantity ever sent overseas within that length of time; but the United States, which was western Europe's principal granary until quite recently, contributed only a negligible amount—less than ten per cent—to the big shipment. During the current crop-year, indeed, we have contributed only a little over one-tenth of the world's shipments. As stocks of wheat in European ports and on the seas have been increasing, it is evident that Europe could have got along pretty handily without any wheat from this country.

It is not improbable that the American plow and reaper are giving the wheat export trade to southeastern Russia and Argentina—while we pass on to a higher industrial plane. As late as four years ago foodstuffs composed thirty per cent of our total exports, and last year twenty-one per cent.

We haven't quite passed on yet. We haven't, for many months, been exporting enough stuff of all sorts to pay for our imports plus our other current bills to Europe for interest, ocean freights, etc.; that is, on the whole, we have been running in debt. To trim the ship we ought to be selling the world more manufactures.

Magazines and Masterpieces

EVERY now and then somebody rises to remark that many of the great masterpieces of English fiction would be instantly rejected by any modern magazine. We are glad of this and wish the remark were made even oftener. A considerable part of the editor's duty is necessarily painful, because it is really beyond human wit to frame an explanation for rejecting a story that does not sound hollow and mocking to the young author's ears. We wish every young author, in such unpleasant circumstances, could have the consolatory reflection that the editor would unquestionably have rejected Clarissa, Jonathan Wild and Tristram Shandy too.

A little later, however, when the iron had passed from his soul, he might profitably consider that whatever masterpiece of English fiction is produced in this year of grace will probably be published in a modern magazine, and that the modern book-publisher would promptly second the editor in rejecting masterpieces of the past.

Great, no doubt, would be the pleasure of meeting Fielding; but if you were going to stroll up Broadway with him you might venture to suggest that he change his eighteenth-century garb for that of the twentieth. Or, rather, no suggestion would be necessary. He would do it himself as a matter of course; and if he were writing today he would write in a modern manner and have editors sitting on his doorstep. A century and a half hence, probably, Mark Twain will seem as impossible to the magazine editor as Laurence Sterne seems today. Fiction will be wearing a different cut of clothes then. In the nature of the case, a magazine must be modern or nothing. We have witnessed some attempts at a compromise, but none that was successful.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Man Who Cut His Salary $45,000

A Sacrifice From Oshkosh

"MY BOY," said the Honorable Franklin Mac Veagh—you know how those old chaps put the tremolo in it: m-u-u-h b-o-o-hoy-oy—placing an affectionate hand on the shoulder of Charles Dyer Norton. "M-u-u-h b-o-o-hoy-oy, you must come to Washington with me. I cannot treasure in the Treasury Department without you."

"But," sobbed our hero, overcome by emotion, "it cannot be. Think of the sacrifice I must make!"

"Sacrifice!" repeated the Honorable Franklin Mac Veagh, with the rising inflection denoting surprise, not to say astonishment—or, better yet, amazement—"sacrifice, say you?"

"'Tis even so," replied Charles Dyer Norton. "Of a verity it will be a sacrifice. That was the word I handed you."

"Sacrifice?" queried the Honorable Franklin Mac Veagh again, this time with all the basses and woodwinds working. "Sacrifice? Do I hear you aright, or do muh ears deceive muh?"

"You are wise," commented Charles Dyer Norton. "Do you not know, sirrah, that I am making fifty thousand elegant simoleons each year in the insurance business? And you have the nerve to ask me to go to Washington to run the Treasury Department for a paltry five thousand. Avaunt!"

"Nix, kid, on that avaunt stuff," broke in the scholarly Honorable Franklin Mac Veagh. "Who are you to speak of sacrifice who have no comprehension of the meaning of the word? Observe me! Think of the sacrifice I am making when I respond to the call of the President to take over the Treasury Department. I—a Democrat—taking a job in a Republican Administration!"

"Huh!" sniffed Charles Dyer Norton, "perhaps, Honorable Sir, you never had a chance in a Democratic Administration."

"Cease jesting, boy," said the Honorable Franklin Mac Veagh; "this is, in truth, no laughing matter."

"Not for you, mayhap," flung back Charles Dyer Norton, "but for the rest of the country—however—what is it you wish?"

The Honorable Franklin Mac Veagh was annoyed, as well he might be.

"For the third and last time," he shouted, "I ask you to come to Washington as an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. The country needs you. I need you, which is more to the point. The people demand you, or will, as soon as they have heard about it. Are you coming?"

"I came," assented Charles Dyer Norton, kissing a fond adieu to his fifty thousand a year gained through the insurance business, but not neglecting to be sure the press had full information on that detail, to be used in such advance notices of his tremendous financial immolation as might be printed.

Thus, he arrived in Washington not long after the Honorable Franklin Mac Veagh had begun his masterly administration of the nation's finances, which, for the first year, included an active supervision of the installation of a private elevator for his personal use and the selection and furnishing of a new set of offices. Charles Dyer Norton arrived and plunged into the work at hand.

As may easily be imagined, the precipitation of such a gentleman into the financial management of the nation a gentleman who had been making fifty thousand dollars a year in the insurance business in Chicago, where, believe me, not many gentlemen make fifty thousand dollars a year in the insurance business -the precipitation of such a gentleman into the aforesaid department caused some precipitation. It rained for several days, and was threatening for a full week thereafter. Then the glorious sun broke through the lowering clouds, and all was well, for it does not take a fifty-thousand-dollar gentleman long to learn about the finances of the nation, especially one accustomed to so much that is financial.

To Washington via Oshkosh and Amherst

TIME wore on and Charles Dyer Norton became a most valuable Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He signed expertly his name to the letters handed to him by his messenger and at the exact spot indicated by the messenger. He issued requisitions for new furniture and listened gravely when they told him what was going on at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. On such days as it became his turn to officiate as "Acting" in the absence of the Honorable Franklin Mac Veagh, he acted as "Acting" with activity. He found much to reform, of course. Every new Assistant Secretary of the Treasury does find much to reform. What new assistant secretaries find to reform is worth a three-column head on the first page, but what they actually do reform can be covered by an agate paragraph beneath the Boston markets.

Still, he was impressive. How could he help being, when every person who entered the office knew he was working for forty-five thousand a year less than he could have made in Chicago? However, there are compensations. Mr. Mac Veagh left town frequently and he had a chance to be "Acting" turn and turn about with Curtis and Hilles, neither of whom, in his palmiest days, ever made fifty thousand a year in the insurance business in Chicago. That is something, is it not? A great deal, I should suppose.

Then came the time for the elimination of little Carpenter, the secretary to the President. Who, asked the gossips, shall succeed Carpenter? Who was there? Norton, of course. At that time the office of secretary to the President was almost a total loss and needed insurance. Charles Dyer Norton took the risk. Wherefore we began to read in the public prints that the President had been ordered by Secretary Norton to take a ten days' vacation and have no visitors, which came through in perfect alignment, with the trifling exception of a visit from T. Roosevelt and a few other inconspicuous persons, not exceeding a hundred in number. And other reforms! Strong for reform always has been the new secretary, but it does seem hard to change the methods that have prevailed for a hundred years or so; and then, again, Presidents are such ornery creatures and so set in their ways.

However, Norton is an earnest and enthusiastic young man, and there is more than a fair chance that he will turn out to be one of the few efficient secretaries to Presidents we have had in late years. He was born in Oshkosh—did you get that?—and graduated from Amherst. After working in the business office of a magazine in New York for a time he went to Chicago and began that pyrotechnical insurance career to which brief reference has been made, rising from solicitor to general agent, and thereby extracting from the insured populace his half a century a year. What followed is history, or has been made such by the present narrative.

No man proves up as secretary to the President within a year or two. So far as difficulties, harassments, troubles, embarrassments, responsibilities, and opportunities to make innocent mistakes that may turn out tremendous blunders are concerned, there is no place in the public service that compares with it. A secretary to a President may help make or help unmake his chief. Now it is too early, of course, to tell where Norton is coming out; but, all persiflage aside, he is a man of great capability, of tact, of good address, of much intelligence and an enthusiasm that carries far. He has started well, judging from all outside appearances. As he does not wear his heart on his sleeve there is no telling what his private troubles are, but there can be no doubt that publicly he has met with approval, and has shown a fine adaptability for the place.

Carpenter, a fine young chap, was temperamentally unfit for the place. He had no conception of his responsibilities beyond the Taft private-secretary end of it. Norton has taken a larger and broader view, and seems to have the ability to carry out his program. Personally he is a most affable and pleasant-spoken man, of fine address and an air of knowing what he is about. There is nobody who does not wish him good luck, especially the people in Washington who have most to do with him.

Probably, though, there are days when he wishes he were back in Chicago with that little old fifty thousand arriving in regular installments, and nothing on his mind but insurance. Take it from me, fellow-citizens, a President may smile and smile, and still be somewhat of a tax as a proposition to be general-managed. Somewhat, did I say? Have a care, Jack Derringford, have a care—you are standing on my foot!

Geography Up to Date

"TO SETTLE a dispute," said a customer to the gentlemanly barkeeper of a Broadway moisture store, "will you kindly name for me the boroughs of the city of Greater New York?"

"Sure," replied the gentlemanly barkeeper. "They are Manhattan, Bronx and Martini."

A Catcher as Critic

"BIG CHIEF" MYERS, catcher for the New York Giants, is an Indian. He is also a highly educated man, a good deal of an art critic and posted on pictures.

"Myers," said an acquaintance, "you know about pictures. What American picture strikes you as best?"

"Well," Myers replied, "the best American picture I know of is Abbey's Holy Grail, in the Boston Library, and next to that that picture of Custer's Last Stand which the harvester people used to give away as an advertisement."

"You don't mean that gaudy chromo they used on a calendar?"

"That's the one."

"But why do you pick that?"

"Because," said Myers, "that's the only picture I ever saw where the Indians seemed to be getting an even break."

Odds and Ends

"UNCLE JIM," an old negro driver in Richmond, Virginia, had some ladies to drive through the cemetery. He took them round and showed them the notable graves and monuments, and then drove to that part of the cemetery where the derelicts were interred.

"Who are buried here?" asked a lady in the party. "I don't think I ever was here before."

"Oh," replied Uncle Jim, "odds and ends, missus; odds and ends!"

Cutting Advice

JIM THORNTON, the vaudeville actor, went into a barber shop and asked for a shave.

"Better let me cut your hair, sir," said the barber. "It needs cutting badly."

"Nope," replied Thornton. "Shave me."

"But your hair needs cutting badly," persisted the barber.

"That's probably the way you would cut it," answered Thornton; "but cease, and shave me."

"It's too long, that hair," continued the barber. "It's a scandal. It comes 'way down on the collar of your coat."

"Shave, please," murmured Thornton.

"I said," argued the barber, "that your hair comes 'way down on the collar of your coat."

"If that is so," said Thornton, "please oblige me by cutting the collar of the coat and let my hair alone."

The Hall of Fame

¶ John B. Stanchfield, the big New York lawyer, who was the Democratic candidate for governor in 1900, was a mighty good baseball pitcher when he was young.

¶ Henry Lane Wilson, Ambassador to Mexico, and John L. Wilson, of Seattle, who is former United States Senator for Washington and anxious to be so again, are brothers.

¶ Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, got ready for his strenuous exercise of climbing the frames of his opponents in Indiana this fall by climbing mountains this summer.

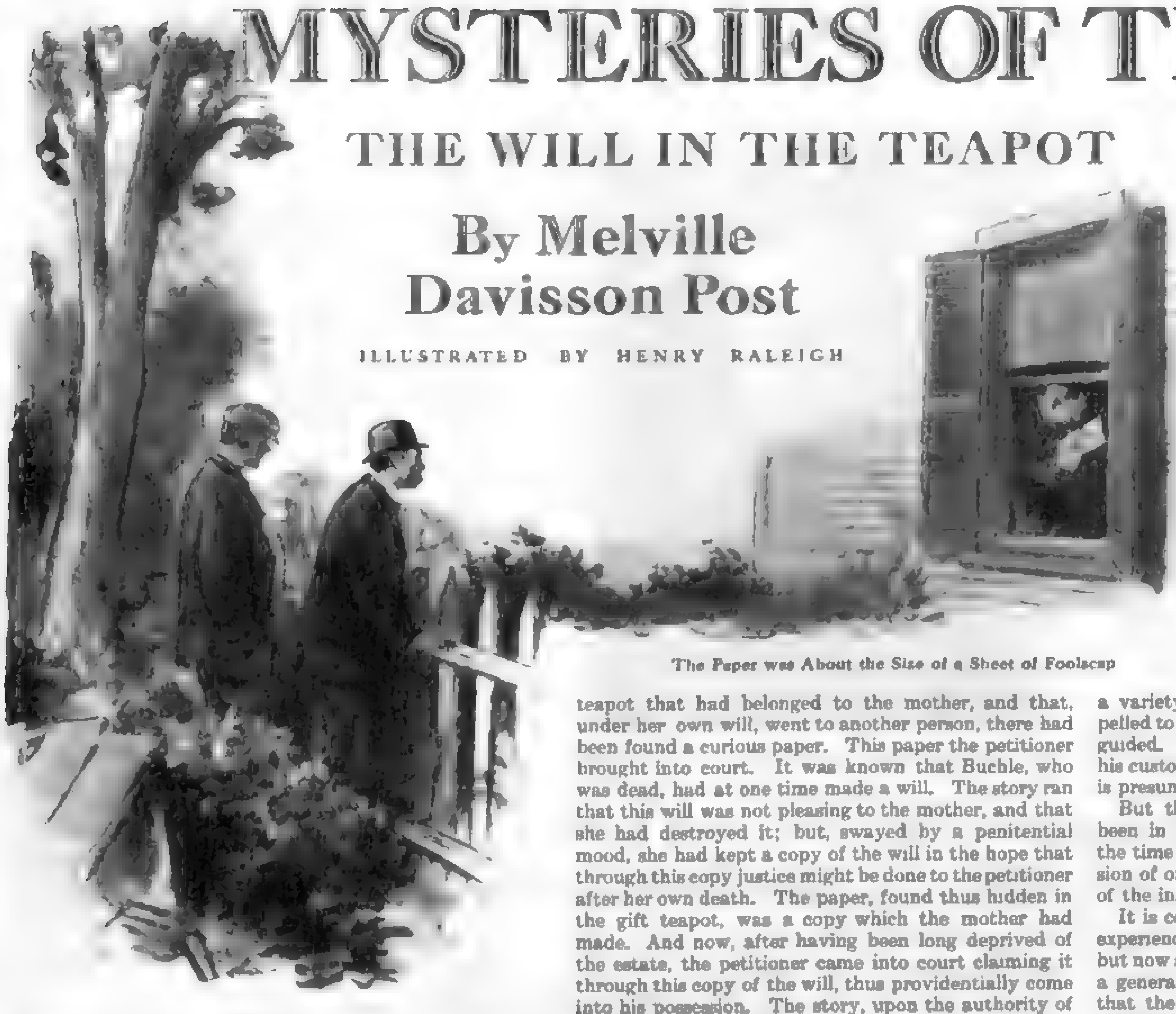
¶ Rule XXXIX of the State Department provides that the name of the Minister to Norway shall be spelled Peirce—not "ie"—and pronounced Purse. This is very important.

MYSTERIES OF THE LAW

THE WILL IN THE TEAPOT

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



The Paper was About the Size of a Sheet of Foolscap

It [the truth] will be supported by facts the effect of which no human sagacity could have foreseen.—STARKIE.

THE lost will was a cherished device of the old-fashioned playwright; with it he has created, it would seem, every variety of incredible situation.

If, then, one should unearth an ancient drama in which two persons, wishing to preserve to themselves an estate as against collateral heirs, should execute wills in favor of one another—the wills drawn by an attorney, signed on his table and inclosed in sealed envelopes; and if, then, when one had died and the other designing person came triumphantly forward to inherit under the will, if—when the envelopes were opened—it should be discovered that each person, by mistake, had signed the will of the other, rendering both void—would we not say, "This man has broken the camel's back"?

And yet the germinal incident of such a dénouement not only is not impossible, but it is, in fact, a thing that has happened.

In Alter's appeal (67 Pa. 341) two persons, wishing to cut off their estate from collateral heirs, drew mutual wills at the same time, and by mistake each signed the paper intended as the will of the other. Amazed at this error, the survivor carried the will into court and appealed from one jurisdiction to another, but in vain. Chief Justice Agnew said, "It is a hard case, but there is no remedy." No one ever could quite understand how this mistake happened. The wills were drawn at the same time; they were both laid on the attorney's table, and there executed. In some inexplicable way each signed the will of the other.

A Strong Case Overturned

THE missing will was equally dear to the early novelist. His influence on the public mind remains. After him one believes that certain dramatic incidents ought to attend the finding of a lost will; that it is in the nature of the testator to conceal such important documents in out-of-the-way places where they are to be found only by purest accident, and the like. He has so impressed us with the idea that these peculiarities are certainly the distinguishing marks of reality, that one is not surprised to find them imitated when a designing person comes forward to establish a fictitious will.

Take, for instance, the case of Buchle's Estate (5 P. D. R. 127). Here the owner of an estate had been for some time dead. The mother had inherited the estate, and she died. Then it was that a claimant to this estate came forward with this story. Hidden away in an old teapot that had belonged to the mother, and that, under her own will, went to another person, there had been found a curious paper. This paper the petitioner brought into court. It was known that Buchle, who was dead, had at one time made a will. The story ran that this will was not pleasing to the mother, and that she had destroyed it; but, swayed by a penitential mood, she had kept a copy of the will in the hope that through this copy justice might be done to the petitioner after her own death. The paper, found thus hidden in the gift teapot, was a copy which the mother had made. And now, after having been long deprived of the estate, the petitioner came into court claiming it through this copy of the will, thus providentially come into his possession. The story, upon the authority of the old-fashioned novelist, had every aspect of truth. Here was crime, penitence, and an adjustment through the agency of Heaven.

It also met the requirements of the law. This copy was said to be in the handwriting of the mother, and therefore it would be conclusive against those claiming under her, since it was her own act. Moreover, the law provided that if a will were shown to have existed, and if it were destroyed by any one except the testator, without his knowledge and against his wishes, then the existence and the contents of it might be proved.

The prior existence of Buchle's will was certain. One had drawn it, and it was known to have been in existence.

There was a further rule of law that when a will is so destroyed it is presumed to have been duly executed and entitled to probate. The Court said:

> But here again the maxim which presumes everything against a spoliator is invoked. If, it is said, upon the testimony, it can be found that the mother destroyed what purported to be a will, it is to be presumed not only that it was executed in a manner entitling it to probate but that a paper alleged to be in her handwriting is sufficient proof of its contents. Something more than allegation or conjecture is required upon the last point. If the evidence, if believed, is sufficient to prove that the mother, or some one for her in her lifetime, destroyed a will in existence when the daughter died, and also that the paper alleged to be a copy of such will is in the mother's handwriting, it must be admitted that the issues asked for should be granted.

The paper found in the teapot was in proper form. It was executed by two witnesses. All the parties were dead—the testator, the mother, the witnesses. Under this paper the petitioner might have obtained the estate but for this extraordinary fact: In the midst of this controversy, as when one stirs a pool filled with hidden things, there arose to the surface a direction in writing which the mother had given for a tombstone to be raised to her memory. In this writing, the authenticity of which was beyond question, her own and her daughter's family names were both spelled differently from what they were in the presumed copy of the will. From this fragment of paper, a last direction with respect to the disposition of her body, this woman destroyed the whole complicated design of the petitioner to acquire this estate. The Court, which at a first hearing was uncertain, was now no longer uncertain. It said, with withering irony:

> If the mother did make it, she did not know her own or her daughter's family name, because she spelled it one way in the paper and another in the written directions which she gave for the lettering of the tombstone.

Here a carefully executed design was wrecked by a single unforeseen event. Without this solitary illuminating incident the false copy appeared by no means to be the improbable thing that the Court, in its final hearing, considered it. So probable was it before this incident, that the Court permitted a further hearing in order that other evidence might be brought forward. By what agencies, then, do such incidents as the trifling one that destroyed this plan arise? Mark how complete it was. It appeared in time. It was conclusive. Of all things which the mother of the decedent would know, it was certain that she would know how to spell her own name and that of her daughter. The whole plan was hopelessly wrecked. It went to pieces on this single incident.

Through the operation of what mysterious laws do these submerged fragments of evidence rise to the surface when the waters of a mystery are troubled!

. . . .

The question of the loss or destruction of wills arises so frequently, and under such a variety of circumstances, that the law has been compelled to adopt certain rules whereby its decisions are to be guided. One of these rules is: If the will, exclusively in his custody, cannot be found after the testator's death, he is presumed to have destroyed it.

But this presumption does not arise if the will has been in the custody of another, and especially if, near the time of the testator's death, it passed into the possession of one whose interests were adverse to the provisions of the instrument.

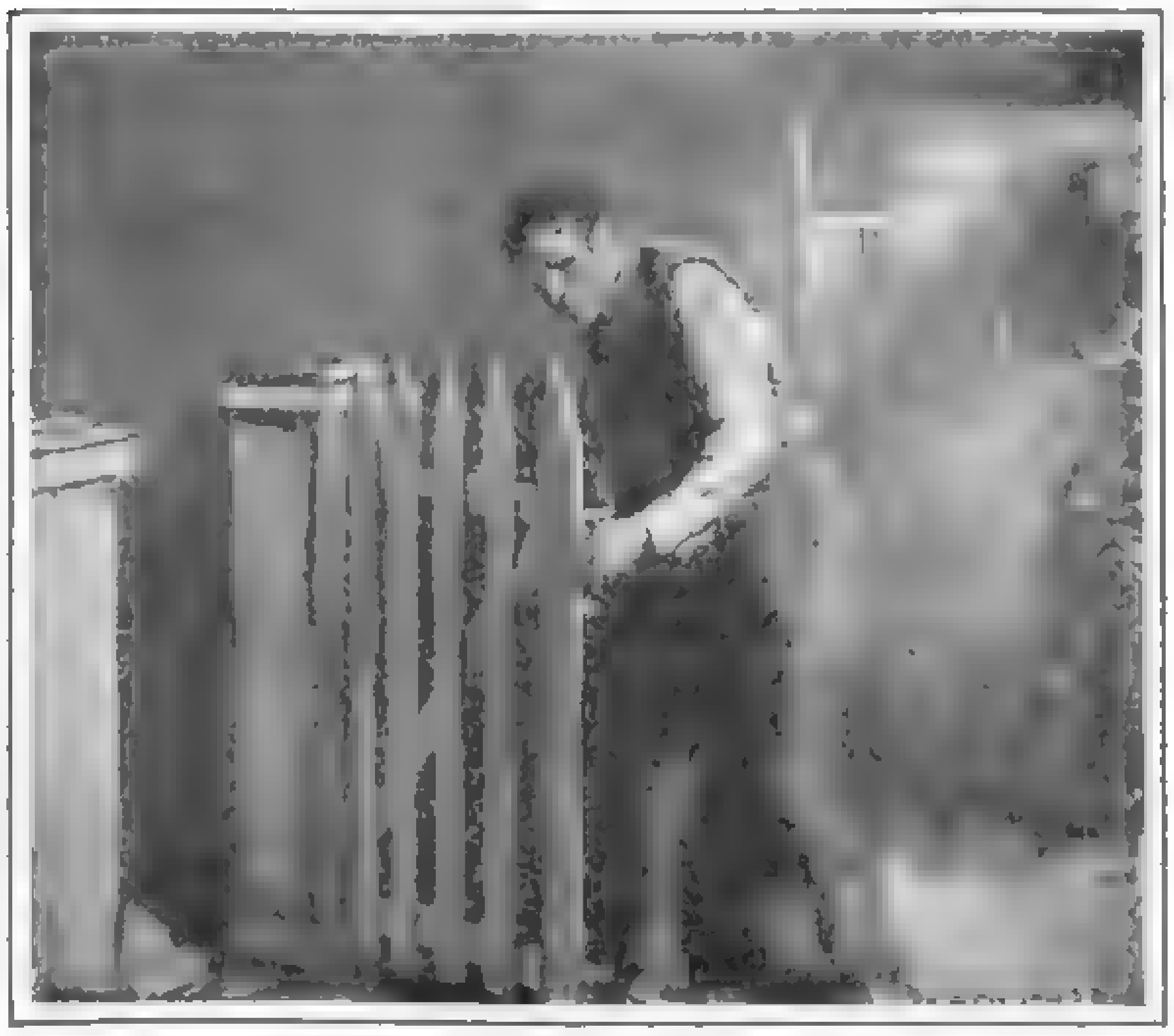
It is certain that this rule of the law, based upon long experience, is in general for the best interests of society; but now and then, under cover of it, justice is defeated. As a general fact it is, perhaps, in most cases easy to show that the will has been in the exclusive custody of the testator; but it is difficult to exclude the possibility that, at some time, another has had access to the paper. Nevertheless it is a common experience of men that, in cases where interested persons have destroyed wills adverse to them, there has usually been some indicatory incident arising as by chance. These slight, unforeseen events one is not able to account for when one connects them with the important fact which they serve to determine. As a rule they are trivial coincidences—events apparently of no consequence, the commonplaces of life—arising in natural sequence on the most ordinary impulses.

What the Men Outside Saw

TAKE such a case as that reported in 164 Pa. St. 420. Here, as shown by the report of the auditor, a brother presented a petition to the register of wills, in which he averred that the deceased died on November 20, 1889, having first made his will on or about November 6, 1889, and that the will, after diligent search, could not be found. He attached to his petition a copy of the will. It was known that the decedent's long-studied plan of testamentary disposition was explained in this will; that he was a man of strong character and tenacity of purpose; that the time elapsing between the date of the will and his death was brief; that he had kept the will, with other valuable papers, locked in a trunk, of which he had the only key.

The brother was convinced that the will had existed; he believed that it had been destroyed by two persons who were present at the time of the testator's death; but he had only suspicions, and against these suspicions there stood this conclusive rule of the law, that where a will was in the possession of the testator, and after his death could not be found, the law would presume that he himself had destroyed it.

The matter might have passed, and the suspicions of the brother come to be accepted as the mere vaporings of one who does not receive that which he expects, but for this curious incident: When the undertaker arrived to prepare the body of the deceased for burial the trunk in which the will was supposed to have been kept was taken to another room. On this same morning (according to the testimony produced by the petitioner) two witnesses, by accident as it would seem, saw one of the persons whom the brother suspected standing in the room to which the trunk had been removed, reading a paper. In order to read this paper better he moved over to the window. He was seen by persons outside. The paper was about the size of a sheet of foolscap. He was there five or ten minutes, and could have seen the persons who saw him if he had looked.



He Unbolted the Gate Leading to the Street

Part of the time another, in appearance like the second suspected person, stood beside him.

Here was a curious indicatory incident: If the man had not gone to the window to read the paper he would not have been seen; if he had not been so intent upon the reading of it he would have noticed those who observed him. This apparently insignificant vagary of chance raised an issue. Was the paper which the person read the will of the deceased? This issue turned upon the vital fact: had he access to the trunk which contained this paper? Had he possession of the key? A further commonplace incident determined this fact. There was a man in the neighborhood who owed the decedent a sum of money. Hearing of his illness, on the Saturday before his death, he went to his house in order to pay the money and take up his note. The decedent was very ill, too ill to transact business, and the money was not paid. But at some time that evening, during the discussion of the matter, this man observed the key of the trunk to be in the possession of the person who afterward was seen reading a sheet of foolscap paper at the window.

"It is characteristic of plans never to succeed," said Gautier. He did not mean that a general design could not be carried out; he meant that in the execution of it one would always meet with events arriving in an order which he could never anticipate. This is a profound truth. If it were possible for any man precisely and accurately to foresee the exact order and sequence in which future events would arrive he would shortly inherit the earth.

No opinion is expressed here upon the charges of the petitioner in this case, but if it were the design of the two persons accused to secure the will and destroy it they never could have foreseen the two incidents that so desperately hazarded this design. They could easily outline a general plan that ought to succeed; but how could they foresee that, in order to show the key to the trunk in their possession, a stranger would appear on a certain night, asking to be permitted to pay a sum of money that he owed to the sick man? Or how could they expect, when they removed the will from among the other papers, that, in order to have light enough to read it, they would be compelled to carry it to the window? And furthermore, why at that very moment, of all others, should it happen that two persons should be so standing as to see into that window? The human mind fails before the scrutiny of all the complex causes that produce these trivial incidents.

What the Human Mind Cannot Foresee

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE, the literary critic, commenting on the philosophy of the greatest English logician, John Stuart Mill, said:

> Here Mill is right. Chance is at the end of all our knowledge; . . . there is, then, in every fact, and in every object, an accidental and local part, a vast portion which, like the rest, depends on primitive laws, but not directly, only through an infinite circuit of circumstances, in such a way that between it and the primitive laws there is an infinite hiatus which can only be bridged over by an infinite series of deductions.

But may not this factor in all human events be exactly the thing that Greenleaf and Wharton called Providence?

At best, language is a vague symbol. Do not the scientist and the poet alike mean the honey-bee when the one calls it "an insect of the genus *Apis*," and the other "a singing mason, laying roofs of gold"?

. . . .

But the old-fashioned novelist, dealing with those tragic events from which in the prayer-book we ask to be delivered, was not without his facts at his elbow. The attempt to obtain the estate of another at his death through the destruction of his will, followed possibly by murder, necessarily involved events highly tragic. These cases the old-fashioned novelist appropriated to his uses. And he was especially happy when, by some striking, unforeseen incident, the criminal agent came to be identified. Take, for instance, Donellan's case. Here one who had committed murder by poison was apprehended by this curious incident: In his library, at his residence, there was found a volume on poisons. The decedent had been destroyed by a certain kind of poison. Now the finding in this library of a work on poisons would have meant little had it not been that the pages of this volume were all uncut except at a single place, where the effect of this particular poison was described.

Or take the case reported in the state trials, where one was found murdered, and the circumstances surrounding the body were so arranged as to convey the impression of suicide. Great pains had been taken, and the case might have been considered one of suicide had it not been for this single fatal incident: On the left hand of the murdered person was found the bloody mark of a left hand!

Or the remarkable case, recited by Starkie, where, on the walls of a passage leading to the chamber in which a mysterious murder had been committed, there were found bloody fingerprints, as though one passing in the dark, groping his way out, had touched the walls with his hands. A blind man residing in the house was accused of this homicide. This accusation arose from the first and obvious impression of those who examined the evidences. Who but a blind man would grope along the wall? Nevertheless the blind man was not guilty of the homicide. The real criminal had manufactured this evidence for the purpose of attaching suspicion to him. One whose intelligence was of that higher order which strikes through the obvious to the real truth presently observed that of all persons familiar with the house the blind man was the one who would be the least likely to feel along the wall in the night, since to the blind man it was always night!

This case is specially happy in furnishing the contrast between superficial conclusions, drawn by minds of a certain order, and the real truth lying behind the obvious. The contrast in these two things has been always dear to literature Plato began it in his dialogues, and it has passed on to become the common machinery of the mystery writer in such characters as Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson.

But the early novelist has not exhausted the subject of wills. A modern English one has constructed a story where, being cast away in a desert place, one about to die inscribed his will on a woman's shoulder. We are not advised that so fair a testament has ever presented itself for probate in an American court; but almost every variety of memorandum has been brought forward to indicate how some decedent wished to dispose of his estate. Scraps of paper, envelopes, scribbled memoranda of every sort have presented the courts with puzzles.

In Reed vs. Woodruff (11 Phila. 541) a slate scrawled with a memorandum was produced as a will. Pieces of paper sewed together have been produced for probate. In Gaston's Estate (188 Pa. 374), so commonplace a thing as a printed notice sent to consumers of a gas company, upon the back of which there was a writing in leadpencil, was brought forward and was held by the Court to be the complete will of the maker.

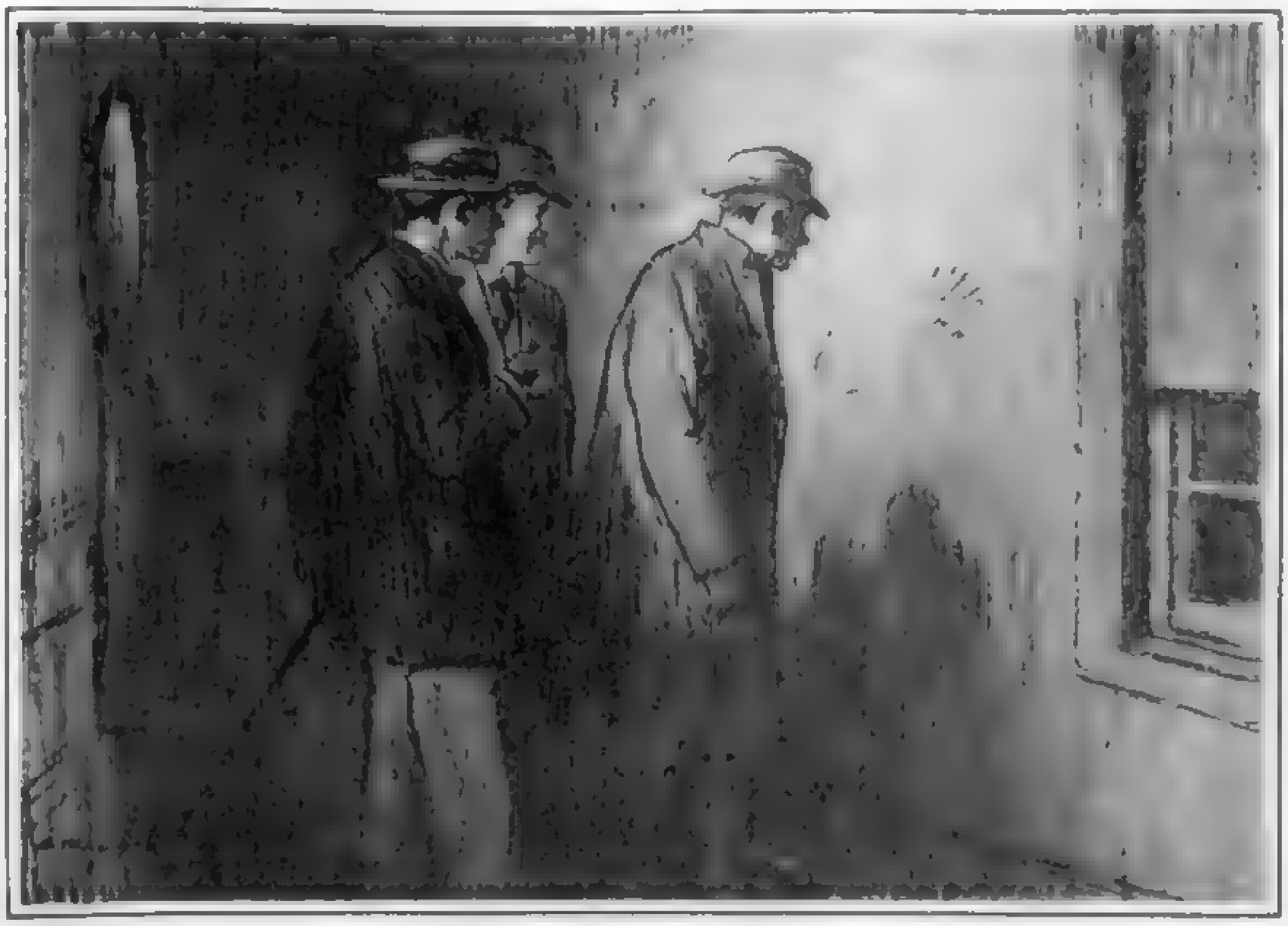
It may be important to point out here the general doctrine of the law with respect to wills. Roughly, all testaments may be divided into two classes: those that the testator writes with his own hand, and those that are prepared by another. The former are called holographic wills. It is worth while to remember that, with respect to holographic wills in general, in most jurisdictions no particular form is required. If one writes his will with his own hand, dates it, and at the bottom of it signs his name, it will usually be sufficient. He need follow no particular form. If the paper is entirely written by himself, dated and signed, and shows upon its face that it includes his whole intention as to the distribution of his entire estate, it will usually be sufficient in almost any jurisdiction. And this is true although the names of no subscribing witnesses are attached, and although no one knows of its existence until it is found after his death among his valuable papers, in his own possession.

False Testimony Cleverly Exposed

WITH respect to wills not drawn by the testator, certain formalities are required, especially as to subscribing witnesses. Generally the names of two such witnesses must appear. And it is exceedingly important that, with respect to these witnesses, the following formalities be observed: the witnesses must sign at the request of the testator, in his presence and in the presence of each other. In innumerable cases the failure to observe a single one of these requirements has invalidated an instrument.

The making of a false will is, perhaps, the most dangerous of all forgeries. The trivial, unforeseen incidents destroying those who have undertaken this sort of crime are of an innumerable variety. In the case cited by Bigelow in Bench and Bar, a will, thought to be a forgery, was in question. A subscribing witness was being cross-examined by the attorney for the contestants. While holding the will so that his thumb covered the seal the attorney began to interrogate the witness upon how it was executed. He led the witness into detail:

> "I understand you to say you saw the testator sign this instrument?" "I did." "And did you sign it, at his request, as a subscribing witness?" "I did." "Was it sealed with red or black wax?" "With red wax." "Did you see him seal it with red wax?" "I did." "Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?" "In his bed." "Pray, how long a piece of red wax did he use?" "About three inches long." "And who gave the testator this piece of



As Though One Passing in the Dark, Groping His Way Out, Had Touched the Walls With His Hands wax?" "I did." "Where did you get it?" "From the drawer of his desk." "How did he melt that piece of wax?" "With a candle." "Where did the candle come from?" "I got it out of a cupboard in the room." "How long should you say the candle was?" "Perhaps four or five inches long." "Do you remember who lit the candle?" "I lit it." "What did you light it with?" "Why, with a match." "Where did you get the match?" "On the mantelshelf in the room." "Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign this will—he signed it in his bed—at his request you signed it as a subscribing witness—you saw him seal it—it was with red wax he sealed it—he lit the wax with a piece of candle which you procured from a cupboard—you lit the candle with a match which you found on a mantelshelf?" "I did." "Once more, sir—upon your solemn oath, you did?" "I did."

Said the attorney, removing his thumb and exhibiting the will to the Court:

"My lord, you will observe this will is sealed with a *wafer!*"

The watermark on paper has, time and again, destroyed the one who attempted a forgery. It is customary for the paper, when it is issued by the manufacturer, to bear the date of its issue in the watermark. More than one carefully planned and executed forgery has gone to pieces by some one observing that the paper upon which it was executed had not been issued until long after the date which the forgery bore. And, as though the criminal agent must, of necessity, of some means entangle himself, cases have arisen where the criminal agent obtained paper bearing the watermark of the date which he required, only to be ruined by its afterward conclusively appearing that none of this paper, so marked, was at that date issued by the manufacturer.

And conversely, hidden and unforeseen incidents strangely arise to support a valid testament as against designing attacks. Take, for instance, Oberdoff's case (2 Lock L. M. 43). Here a decedent's will, containing changes reducing certain bequests, appeared to be written in different-colored inks. Now, such physical evidence on the face of the paper itself seemed sufficient to sustain the charge that some one had changed the will from its original draft by the testator. Thereupon, persons whose interests were adverse to the will formed a plan to attack it. This plan would doubtless have succeeded had it not been that by accident, coincidence, or the like it was shown that the person drafting the will had attempted to write it with a fountain pen, but, finding the ink would not flow, he dipped the pen in the ink-well, and afterward the ink in the pen began to flow. This explanation was convincing. But it never could have been anticipated by those who planned to attack the will.

A Transparent Lie

In other cases the destruction of a valid testament has been indicated by the most trivial events. In one case there was found in the stove in the kitchen a charred paper such as would result from burning a folded sheet of foolscap similar to that upon which the testator's will had been written. The suspected person explained the presence of this charred paper by pointing out that beside the kitchen stove there was a basket of waste paper, and that he had used this piece to light the fire. But this charred paper was found on the *top* of the coals in the stove, and the Court crushed his explanation with the homely fact that one lights a fire with paper from beneath, and not from above.

Illustrative of the extraordinary fatality that seems intent upon the ruin of the criminal agent is Twichell's case, cited by Mr. Wellman in The Art of Cross-Examination. Here Twichell, who resided in Philadelphia, killed his wife in order to obtain a portion of her estate. He carried the body out into the back yard of the house, secured a poker, bent it, covered it with blood, and laid it down beside the body; then, in order to create the impression that the murder had been done by one entering the premises, he unbolted the gate leading to the street. Now, it was the custom of the servant every morning to go out into the back yard and unbolt this gate. This was a thing she invariably did in order that those who brought early supplies to the house might be able to enter. On this morning, when the servant went out of the house, she discovered the body. She rushed to the gate, opened it and called for assistance. Observe the fatality! Upon interrogation the servant swore that on this morning she had unbolted the gate. This was not true, but from force of habit the servant believed it to be true, and maintained that she could not be mistaken. Believing this testimony, the police were moved to the conclusion that the murder must have been committed by some one within the house, because this gate was the only means of entrance or exit to the theater of the homicide, and one coming out through it could not have bolted the gate behind him. This laid the suspicion upon Twichell, and later led to his conviction. He afterward confessed to his attorney that he had taken particular pains to unbolt this gate in order to create this false circumstance.

Before the design of this cunning criminal, so strangely thwarted, surely, in the words of Homer, "Inextinguishable laughter arose among the blessed gods."

Trial by Fire and Water

Blackstone himself was perplexed over the origin of certain forms of trial to be found in the early English law—namely, the fire ordeal, the water ordeal and the corsned. The first was performed either by taking in the hand, unhurt, a piece of red-hot iron of one, two, or three pounds' weight, or else by walking barefoot and blindfold over nine red-hot plowshares, laid lengthwise, at equal distances; the second, by plunging the arm up to the elbow into boiling water. Then, if the accused escaped these tests unhurt, he was adjudged innocent. The third, the corsned, or morsel of execration, was a piece of cheese or bread, of about an ounce in weight, which being consecrated with a form of exorcism was administered to the prisoner. If it stuck in his throat he was guilty.

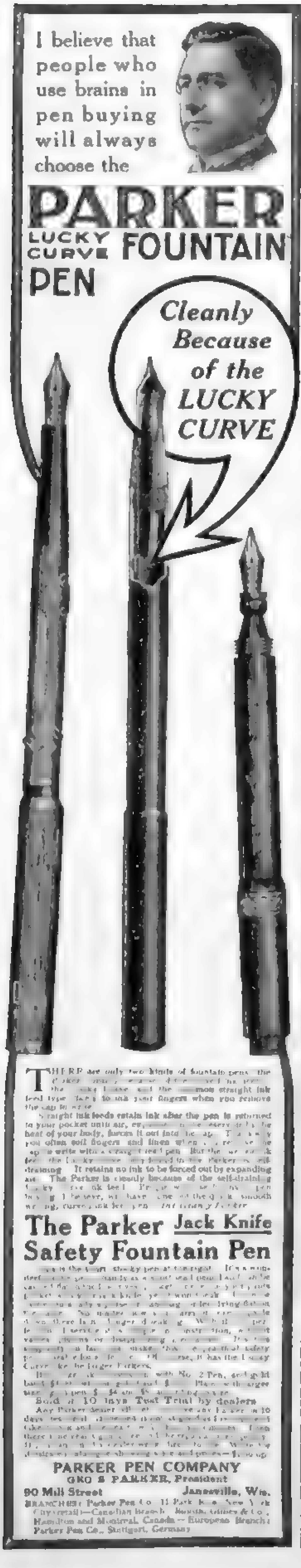
As these ancient forms of trial seemed to be founded upon the single idea that God would always interfere miraculously to vindicate the guiltless, Judge Blackstone would have concluded that they had their origin in an abuse of revealed religion had he not discovered that they were ancient and universal devices. The ordeals of fire and water were mentioned in the Antigone of Sophocles; they were known to the Eastern Emperor Lascaris; they were practiced in the kingdoms of Bithynia and Sardinia. Nor was the morsel of execration peculiar to the Saxon; it was a form of trial in the kingdom of Pegu.

Then it was that Sir William Blackstone, profoundly puzzled, dismissed it as a superstition. But can it be thus dismissed? A superstition is merely a belief, and a belief is merely an opinion based upon experience. What, then, was the experience, common to all men, out of which these forms of trial arose?

Doubtless this: Ancient peoples had invariably observed that, whenever a man endeavored to conceal the evidences of a crime, there usually arose some unforeseen incident that proclaimed his guilt. The persistence of this fact, the apparent accidental character of the identifying incident, finally impressed them. They reflected. In all strange, unexpected, unforeseen events, primitive peoples saw the hand of the gods. If then, by the acutest ingenuity, one was not able to conceal the evidences of his crime, it was because there existed in the universe an overruling Authority, taking an active part in the administration of justice. Having arrived at this opinion, it was by the most natural mental process that primitive peoples hit upon the expedient of constructing some simple device by which the decision of Heaven could, in all cases, be directly invoked.

That these juridical expedients were, in fact, barbarous devices—destructive of every possibility of justice—does not mean that the observations upon which they were founded were necessarily incorrect or the general conclusion upon the data necessarily erroneous. It means only that, whenever human societies have undertaken to make shortcuts through the elaborate processes of Nature, they have always summed up the result in the words with which Tiglath-Pileser closed the inscriptions on his tablets: "I destroyed and ruined."

Editor's Note—This is the seventh and last of Mr Post's series of papers upon the Mysteries of the Law.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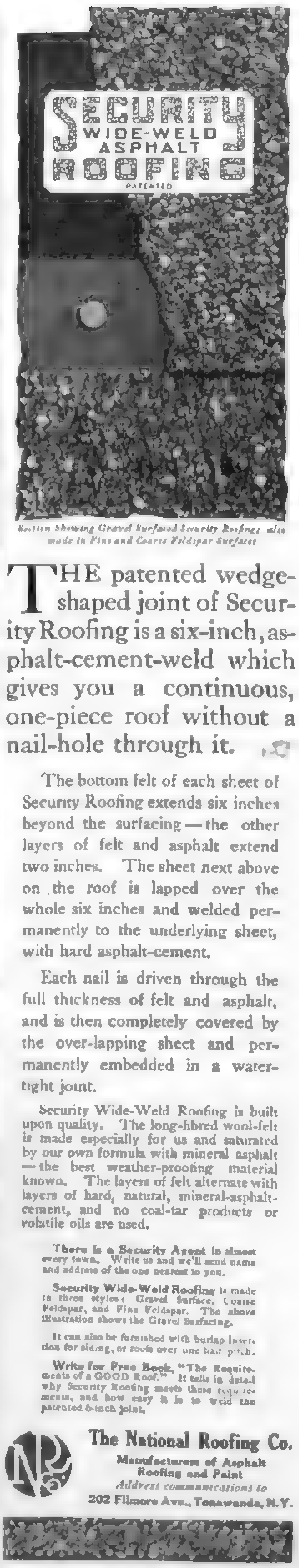

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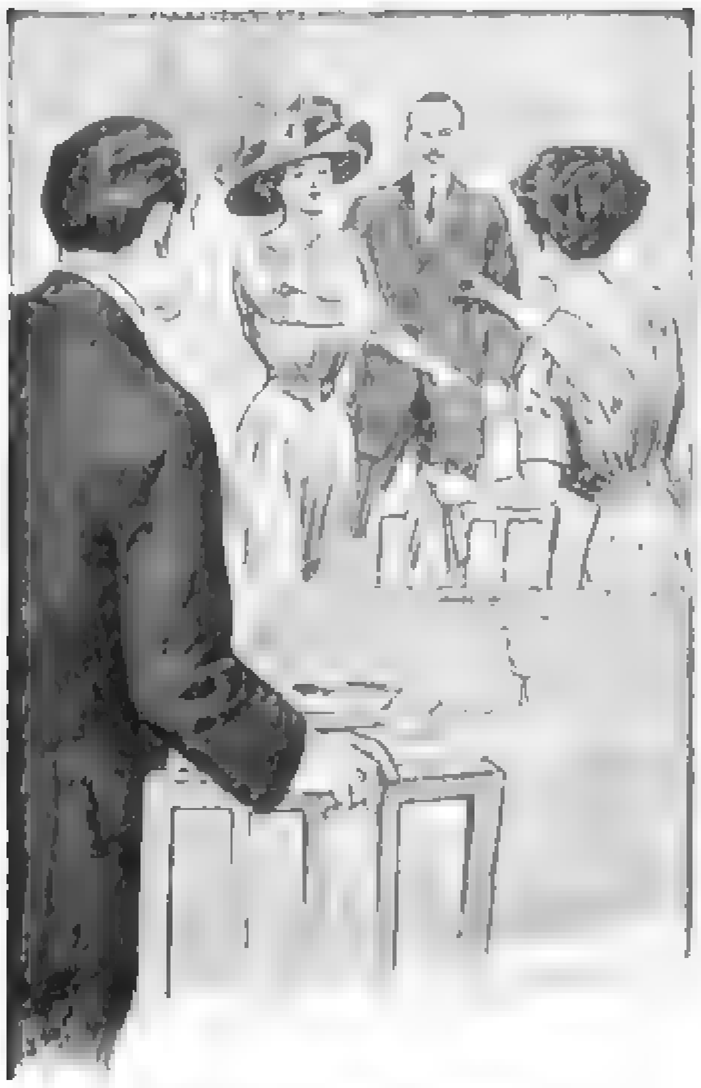

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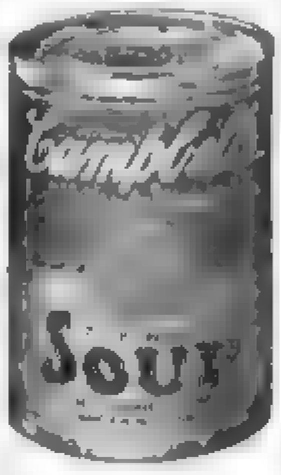

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Stocking the Farm

By DAVID BUFFUM

How to Buy Horses and Care for Them

IN STOCKING a farm the first thing to consider is the horse, for, though the purchasing of the other stock should always be deferred till the barns have been overhauled and fences repaired, horses are a necessity the moment the farm is taken in hand. Nothing can be done, even in the way of preparation for the other stock, without a team.

Most of the jockeying in age, soundness, and so forth, is practiced by the dealers in "second-hand" horses—that is, horses that have been used for one or more sometimes a good many more—seasons since they were first put on the market. In reputable stables, where "new" horses are handled, there is not very much danger of a novice being deceived as to age and soundness. But even the most straightforward dealer does not feel it incumbent upon him to instruct his customers in points of excellence; and, although he is always willing to say which of several horses is best suited to his customer's needs, the information is always a little unsafe when coming from so interested a source. It is far better for the customer to know, before he goes to the stable, the kind of horse he wants.

In trying to impart this needed information I shall use the simplest of terms, such as any one, horseman or not, can clearly understand. For horsemanship is not so abstruse a thing as to require a language of its own. Still, it is no more than fair for me to say that, as the terms used are, of course, relative, some study is necessary to get their full meaning.

The first things, always, to consider in a horse are his feet and legs, for it is clear that even if he were absolutely perfect in other respects he would be of little value if anything were the matter with his feet or legs. His feet should be symmetrical in shape and neither too deep nor too flat, for the too-deep foot is more liable to become contracted and the flat foot always gives trouble on hard roads. Of these two defects, however, the flat foot is the worse.

The limbs should be clean—that is, free from fleshiness; and they should have plenty of bone and substance. The fore legs should be long from the horse's body down to the knee and short from the knee to the fetlock-joint. It is well to remember that this point is an exceedingly important one in a road horse.

The hind legs should be both clean and flat. A round leg is always to be avoided, and it cannot be too clean. If it looks as if the skin had been removed, the bone scraped and the skin then put back again, so much the better; but limbs as clean as this are only found on high-bred horses and are not to be expected in cold-blooded or draft stock. Much hair on the limbs is also to be avoided. There are, it is true, many good draft horses that are rather hairy-limbed; but the feature adds nothing to their value and in a road horse would be intolerable. The gambrel-joint should be strong and well developed, and it is better that it be, relatively, near the ground though this is not as important as in the case of the fore knee.

Unsoundnesses of the limbs, such as spavins, ringbones, and the like, are not much to be feared in buying "new" horses, but should always be looked for. They are very easily described, but it would be well to study them further by examining some horse that is known to have them. A spavin is a bony enlargement on the inside of the gambrel-joint. A ringbone—worst of all defects of this character, though all are bad enough—is a bony enlargement running around the ankle between the hoof and the fetlock-joint. Splints are small bony enlargements on the inside of the fore leg between the knee and fetlock-joint. They rarely do much harm unless unduly large or situated too near the knee. The horse should stand squarely upon his legs. His feet should be well under him, not sprawled apart, and his hoofs should be straight fore and aft, neither toeing in nor out.

We now come to the body. The back should be short. The hind quarters should be well developed, with the hip-joints fairly well forward. The hind quarters are most elegant when the line from the top of the hips to the root of the tail is only moderately oblique—neither too straight nor too drooping. The straightness or obliquity of this line does not seem to affect the horse's usefulness very much; but the degree I have mentioned is one of the points of equine perfection and as such should receive consideration whenever possible

The body should be nicely rounded and "well ribbed up"—that is, the space between the ribs and the hipbone should be short. Horses that are deficient in this respect are hard keepers and, as a rule, less satisfactory generally than those that are more compactly put together. The shoulders should be slanting; this conformation makes a shoulder that is both strong and elegant. An upright shoulder is a bad thing and always to be avoided. The chest should be deep, so as to give ample lung capacity.

The neck, so far as its utility goes, may be either short or long, but the latter is more elegant. It should not be fleshy or "beefy," and at a point a little aft of where it joins the head it should be bent a little. This conformation leaves the windpipe curved instead of bent at an angle, and so gives the breathing apparatus freer play.

The head, on high-bred horses, is rather small and very clean and bony; the cleaner

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the head the better on horses of all kinds. In shape, when viewed from the front it should slant in a little from the eyes to the top; when viewed from the side the face-line should be straight, not aquiline. The eyes should be medium in size, not too near the top of the head, and set well apart from each other. The ears should be fine, pointed and of medium length: when pointing forward they should be parallel, not slanting apart.

All these rules are simple and easily remembered, but before any one attempts to apply them to a living subject, in the actual selection of a horse, he should compare them with a live horse and fully grasp their meaning. For without such practical illustration they cannot be absorbed thoroughly enough.

The reader, for instance, notwithstanding the simplicity of the terms, might have little idea of the real difference between an upright and a slanting shoulder, or even between a long and a short back. But if, with the rules in his mind, he examines several different horses, all of which will be certain to differ more or less in these respects, the actual meaning of the terms becomes clear and the difference is seen at a glance.

With these rules throughly learned, even an inexperienced buyer ought to be able to select good horses. His first difficulty will lie in the fact that there are no perfect horses and that horses possessing some very good points may be more or less deficient in some others. A little study, however, will soon enable him to decide what shortcomings to take chances on, and to select horses that "average up" well—remembering always that the feet and legs are the first things to examine.

He will learn, too, that the standard applies to horses of all kinds. Horses are of so many types—ranging from the clean-cut, nervous thoroughbred to the heavy and slow-moving dray horse—that it may seem at first as if this could not be. But the difference, in judging horses of different types, is in the application of the standard, not in the standard itself. Take, for instance, any really good horse of draft breeding and compare him with a thoroughbred. No two horses could be more unlike in general appearance; and yet, if examined critically, both will be found to have short backs, slanting shoulders, good hind quarters and clean limbs and head. Of course there is a difference throughout: the skin of the draft horse cannot be so fine or his limbs so clean as those of the thoroughbred, for he is a much less finely formed and delicately organized animal; but he may have the points to as great a degree as his kind will permit.

If any further proof is needed that only one standard can be successfully applied we have only to reflect that the primitive horse, as formed by Nature and from which all our different breeds have sprung, was undoubtedly, in his best form, endowed with the points we have named, and that he was rather fine than coarse in type; not, in all probability, so fine as the thoroughbred, but approaching more nearly to that type than to that of our heavy draft horses. The modifications of this original type have been caused partly by environment and partly by the art of man. But in all these different modifications, which we call breeds, there has never been the slightest structural difference. And, as in all breeds every part of the horse bears exactly the same relation to every other part, what is a good point in one is a good point in another.

In the matter of size, horses of from one thousand to eleven hundred and fifty pounds in weight are best for road service, and from twelve hundred to thirteen hundred pounds for the farm. Larger horses are, of course, stronger and can haul heavier loads, but they are usually less active and enduring, and are more subject to injury and illness. As a rule, all the tissues of the body in a very large horse are looser and coarser than in a small one: it has been shown that his bones, bulk for bulk, weigh less, and his feet are of coarser and weaker texture. Indeed, in a lifelong experience with horses of all kinds, I have never once known of a very large horse whose feet were as good as those of the average of smaller ones. On my farm today is a pair of geldings weighing about eleven hundred pounds each, one of which always goes barefoot, and the other requires shoes only on his fore feet—which would be impossible if they weighed two or three hundred pounds more apiece. I mention this not as showing the desirability of using horses barefoot—although this really is an advantage and, when practicable, is always good for the feet—but as showing the difference in physical texture in favor of moderate-sized horses. For city work, larger horses are often deemed necessary, but we are discussing here what is best on a farm.

The new horses that are offered in the sale-stables are often excessively fat. This fat is of no advantage and the buyer pays high for it; but it is the fashion to fatten horses for market, and there is no help for it. Often considerable money can be saved by buying young and sound second-hand horses that are thin in flesh. But such bargains do not usually fall to the lot of the novice in horse-trading, and he will find it easier—and, in the long run, cheaper—to go to some reputable stable and buy new horses.

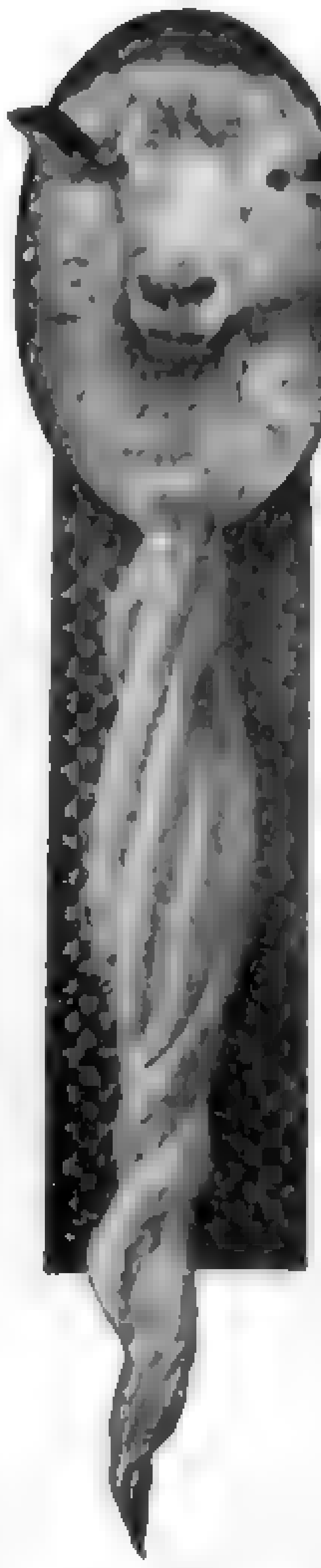
As for the disposition and character of the horse, they should be demonstrated by actual proof before he is bought. It should be shown that he is broken to both single and double harness: that he is not afraid of automobiles, electric or steam cars, and that his feet and ears—in fact, all parts of him—can be handled with safety. For his disposition is of no less importance than his good points and soundness. Sooner or later there is certain to come a time when it will be necessary to trust him with some one who knows very little about horses, and in such a case it is only his natural inclination to docility and obedience that makes him safe.

Of equal importance with the proper selection of a horse when buying, is his care afterward. A good horse soon ceases to be a good one if not properly cared for, and in the care of the horses thorough work pays better than in any other branch of farm activity.

Realizing this fact, the owner should see to it that his stable is reasonably light and so arranged that it can be kept warm in winter and airy and cool in summer. If he can spare the room he should have box stalls. These, for road horses, are especially desirable; and though they are not so essential for draft horses they are better for all. Ten feet square is a very good size for a box stall, although it does no harm to have it larger. It does not need a floor; but, if built where it is necessary to have one, it works equally well, as in either case the bottom should be covered with six or eight inches of sand, and the effect, as far as the horse is concerned, is exactly the same. On top of this a layer of straw should be spread at night. A certain amount of the sand will be taken up every time the stall is cleaned; this should be replaced with fresh sand. In this way the sand never becomes foul, and it forms the best of all bottoms for box stalls. It is pleasant for the horse to stand on and keeps his feet in fine, healthy condition.

Xenophon, writing of horses before the days of Christ, recommended that they be kept, during the day, standing upon earth upon which stones were scattered. I should hardly agree with him as to the desirability of such radical treatment as that, but his recommendation touches upon a principle that can never be ignored, and shows that horsemen understood, even at that early day, the necessity of pressure upon the sole of the foot to keep it in a healthy condition. In the natural state the sole of the foot takes the horse's whole weight; most of it, however, comes upon the frog and the walls, because they are lower than the other parts. When shod, most of the weight comes upon the walls alone, as it is difficult to shoe so as to get very much pressure on the frog. By furnishing the stall with a sand bottom such as I have recommended and which I have used for many years for my own horses, much of the evil that comes from shoeing is avoided, because the horse thus gets a constant pressure upon the frog, such as can be had in no other way. This feature alone makes the box stall worth while, even if it had no other advantages.

If box stalls cannot be had, the best must be made of the standing stall. Of course a great many horses are kept in standing stalls and do very well. The horse's feet should be carefully looked after, and if they show a tendency to become dry and hard they should be soaked in lukewarm water. It is useless to attempt to manage the standing stall in the same way as the box by spreading sand on its floor, for the sand becomes almost immediately worn away under the horse's fore feet and



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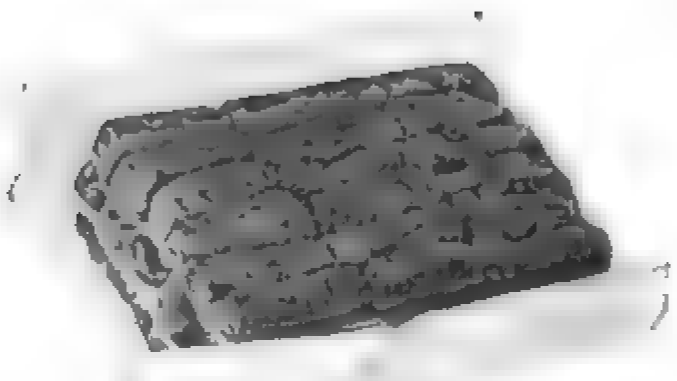

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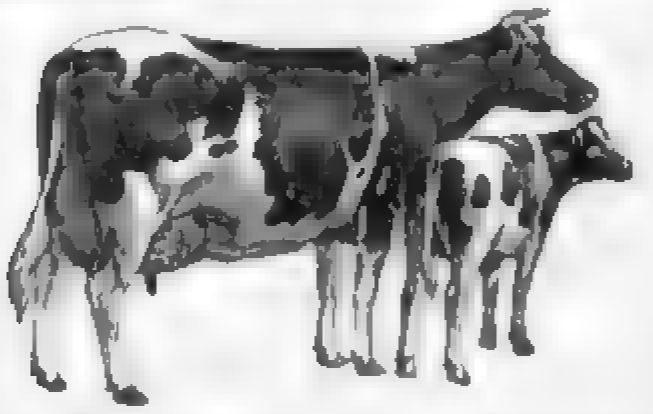

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foul under his hind feet. The best way is to let the horse stand directly upon the floor during the day and give him a thick bed of straw at night.

The liability of horses to accident or illness is certain to make it necessary at times to nurse and doctor them. I wish I could dismiss this part of my subject with the simple advice to call in a reliable veterinarian whenever a horse is ailing, for this, when possible, is unquestionably the best thing to do. Unfortunately, however, regular veterinary physicians are rarely to be found outside of our larger cities, and so the horse-owner has his choice of doctoring the horse himself or calling upon the services of the village horse-doctor.

For the benefit of those who may be unfamiliar with the different brands of veterinarians, a word of explanation may be of value. The regular veterinary practitioner is a skilled physician and surgeon, a graduate of a medical school, and acquainted with the use and nature of drugs. The faker is invariably ignorant: he is a graduate of some stable or blacksmith shop, and he knows no more of the inside of a horse or a cow than he does of his own—which is saying a good deal. Men of this kind are to be found in both town and country.

A great many of these "doctors," through their past experience as stable-boys or blacksmiths' helpers, have learned how to treat successfully some one or two horse troubles—very rarely any more; and it is solely on the strength of this that they have had the assurance to set up as veterinarians. The mere fact that, though obviously uneducated, they pretend to so high a knowledge should be enough to condemn them in the eyes of intelligent people. And yet, for some reason that I never could fathom, people of undoubted intelligence often do employ them.

The Care of Sick Horses

The instances of their barbarous and inconceivably ignorant practices that have come under my notice have been numerous. I have seen horses whose loins were being tortured by blisters for kidney disease, when all that was needed was a simple operation with which every stable-boy is familiar. I was once asked by a neighbor to examine a horse which, he said, "would not eat," only to find the inside of the poor animal's mouth entirely raw from a corrosive liquid that the fool horse-doctor had been pouring down its throat for some imaginary internal condition. No wonder he would not eat. The list of such barbarities might be extended, but they are not pleasant to think of.

For the home treatment which the impossibility of securing a good practitioner often makes necessary, the main thing to remember is that horses are subject to the same ailments that human beings are and require the same treatment. This is really the keynote of all intelligent home treatment. For instance, if your horse sprains his ankle, use hot water freely for the first few days: combined with rubbing this is better than any liniment, though the latter is often advantageous later, when the worst of the inflammation has subsided. If he gets a cut or wound wash out all dirt with warm water and an antiseptic, sew up, if necessary, and continue antiseptic dressing. If he catches cold give a slightly laxative diet and keep him in as uniform a temperature as possible; and so on through the whole list of equine ailments. Study each case carefully, use your common-sense, and remember that what would not be good for you under like circumstances is not good for your horse.

In giving medicine internally the dose should be from five to eight times the dose for a human being, according to the size of the horse and the character of his trouble. Except in acute disorders, however, it is rarely necessary to give medicine. If the horse is "run down," "out of condition" or "off his feed" recourse should always be had to right diet and right exercise rather than to drugs.

If the instructions I have here given, which I have tried to make as simple as possible, are followed there will be little danger of the horse-owner going very far wrong in his treatment. There will be, of course, some cases that he cannot correctly diagnose. At such times the only wise course is to make the animal as comfortable as possible and attempt no treatment whatever without the advice of a reliable veterinarian.

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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Past Participle in Pigeons

A CONSIDERABLE degree of comment, amounting in some instances to surprised or even indignant protest, was made regarding the statement in these columns to the effect that there are no more wild pigeons in this country. Reference, of course, was made to the bird generally known as wild pigeon, which is less familiar under the title passenger pigeon, or its scientific name, *Ectopistes migratorius*. There is but one other pigeon native to this country, the band-tailed pigeon, *Columba fasciata*, which even yet is found in different parts of the Pacific slope. Twenty years ago it was not unusual in various parts of Arizona and even New Mexico. This is not the wild pigeon at all, although it is a pigeon that is wild.

There are two other birds not nearly so similar in appearance to the wild pigeon as is the bird last mentioned. These are the common mourning dove and the white-winged dove. All three of these species continually are confused by hasty observers with the passenger pigeon. Sometimes the fault is that of a careless observer, again that of an accurate observer who never was personally familiar with the wild pigeon proper. It is very surprising how general is the belief that the wild pigeon still exists in considerable numbers in different parts of the United States. Thus, among other letters of criticism, there is at hand one which gravely asserts that there exists now a vast roost of these birds in Arkansas, below Little Rock, where they swarm in such thousands that the farmers come for miles to feed their hogs upon them. Another statement locates a very considerable roost in New Hampshire. Yet another observer "is quite sure" he has just seen pigeons in Florida. Many newspaper stories announcing the "return of the pigeons" appear, among these a fake story locating a large roost in West Virginia. Of course if any of these various reports were true the hearts of very many scientists and bird lovers in America would leap with joy; but unfortunately they are not and cannot be true.

Prizes for Pigeon Finders

The majority of the reports of wild pigeons come from California points, and thus far without exception have come from writers who do not recognize the difference between the band-tailed pigeon and the passenger pigeon, which latter once furnished the greatest living example of abounding life ever shown by any species in this country. Almost without exception these California writers in their haste accuse the writer of "ignorance" in the statement that there are no wild pigeons left. As to which ignorance, as the Germans say, *Bitte!* Let us see if we cannot arrive upon some least common denominator, and so lessen as much as possible the continuous stories of wild pigeons which crop up, now in New York, now in Wisconsin, or Michigan, or Arkansas, or California, or Florida. For the benefit of those who still believe they know where wild pigeons can be found there may be offered the following list of rewards for undisturbed nests or nesting colonies, offered by different individuals for information in such matters.

Col. Anthony R. Kuser—For first nest or nesting colony discovered and confirmed anywhere on continent of North America	$300
W. B. Mershon—For first nest or nesting colony found in Michigan—will confirm at his own expense	100
Edward Avis—For first in Connecticut—will confirm at his own expense . . .	100
Prof. C. O. Whitman and Ruthven Deane—For first finding in Illinois ($50 each) .	100
John E. Thayer—Five awards of $100 each for the five most likely states or Canadian provinces for which no local offers have been volunteered by April 15, 1910 . .	500
John E. Thayer—Toward expenses of confirming reports	100
A. B. Miller—For first finding in Worcester County, Massachusetts	20
George Bird Grinnell—Toward minor expenses of work—postage, printing, office help, etc.	25

Yet other rewards have been offered, information regarding which can be had from Professor Charles F. Hodge, Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts. The best way to secure any or all of the foregoing rewards is first to catch your pigeon, or its nest, and then to write to Professor Hodge, or to the director of the New York Zoölogical Park. These rewards have been made public for some time, but as yet remain unclaimed. Thus far all rumors investigated have disclosed band-tailed pigeons or mourning doves. A score or more nests of the dove were the only results of wild-eyed telegrams and letters. Most of the rumors rest upon stories of persons who have "seen flocks" of the pigeons, and who were "sure they were not mistaken." Even an expert naturalist has mistaken a flock of curlew for a flock of wild pigeons. Golden plover, seen at a distance, are quite often mistaken for wild pigeons. Even flocks of blackbirds have been so mistaken. In the Southern States, where doves are abundant during the winter months, it is not unusual for the mourning dove, or Carolina dove, thus to be confused with the greater species.

How to Know the Passenger

Of course no amount of negative evidence can outweigh the smallest amount of positive evidence. It is only unlikely, and not impossible, that a few specimens of the passenger pigeon remain alive today. If any reader of these columns actually can locate such specimens he will be doing the naturalists of this country a distinct service. That the unskilled observer may be aided in telling apart these several species, which sometimes are confused, the following advice may be given in general terms. The true passenger pigeon has, or perhaps we must say had, pronounced black spots on the wings. It was a bird of racier and cleaner-cut lines than any of these other species, its long tail being an especially easy mark in its recognition. The band-tailed pigeon, most generally confused with it, has a squarer tail, and if the two birds were put side by side a very pronounced difference in their general looks would be seen. Besides having a square tail, the band-tailed pigeon has a white collar on the back of its neck which the wild pigeon never had. Moreover, the band-tailed pigeon does not have black spots on its wings.

The white-winged dove has no spots on its wings, but it does have a dark spot under the ear. The lower line of the wing of this bird will be seen to be distinctly light in color.

The turtle dove, or mourning dove, is in size and plumage smaller and in other ways so different from the wild pigeon that at first the two would not seem possible of confusion; but in hundreds of instances the two have been thus confused. In a few unquestioned instances wild pigeons have been seen among flocks of doves, a fact not reported when the pigeons were abundant. The mourning dove is very much smaller than the wild pigeon and it has a dark spot under the ear. The tail of this bird, and indeed its general contour, differs distinctly from that of the wild pigeon.

Of the foregoing species the band-tailed pigeon is, of course, most deceptive of all. When the writer first saw these birds in New Mexico many years ago, feeding on piñon nuts in the mountains, they so much resembled in flight and general appearance the passenger pigeon that they were thought to be the same, and the impression was not corrected until several of the birds had been killed and examined. Curiously enough, as may be added, it was the fortune of the writer to report, perhaps, the last authentic instance of the passenger pigeon killed in the state of Wisconsin, where so recently the birds swarmed in millions. The circumstances surrounding this instance show how easily one may be deceived in natural history on the hoof, so to speak. In company with two friends, one from Wausau and one from Babcock, Wisconsin, the writer, about ten years ago, was shooting prairie chickens in the marshes and slashes not far from the town last named. One day, when sport was slack, we saw a number of doves sitting in a dead tree, and among these what was thought to be a very large mourning dove. One of the party fired into these birds and

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brought down several of the number, including the big one. To the absolute surprise of us all the latter proved to be a genuine specimen of a young passenger pigeon. What the bird was doing there among these doves, and whether or not it was alone in that part of the country, none of us could tell. It was simply one of the unaccountable things that sometimes happen in the field. As to the bird itself, it was identified by scientists, in case it needed any identification other than that of these men perfectly familiar with the passenger pigeon.

No one has ever satisfactorily accounted for the sudden extinction of this wonderfully abundant species. The year 1883 saw the buffalo go almost all at once. Before that time, that is to say, in 1878, the wild pigeon also practically had disappeared, also almost at once. The writer killed a buffalo in 1886, and pigeons have been killed, perhaps, as late as 1906, but the general statement holds. Some of the Indians still think that the buffalo just went away "to some other country." Many white men believe the same of the passenger pigeon. There are not lacking magazine stories which locate the great flocks in Central America, South America, Asia. There is no more confirmation for these rumors than for the pathetic belief of the Indian regarding the vanished buffalo.

The Last of Their Race

We have buffalo and other wild animals in captivity, and there is good ground for belief that the buffalo will be preserved from actual extinction for many generations yet to come. So much cannot be said for this beautiful bird, the passenger pigeon, which has gone to join the grayling, the auk and the dodo in the vast beyond. Almost the last of these birds, if not indeed actually the last, to exist in captivity belonged to Professor Charles O. Whitman, of the University of Chicago, who bought them in 1897 from Mr. David W. Whittaker, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Of these birds there were originally fifteen, but seven of them later were returned to Mr. Whittaker. The record of the flock in captivity may be condensed from Professor Whitman's account, given by Ruthven Deane in the Auk, April, 1908. In 1897 nine young were hatched, only four living. In 1898 five eggs were hatched, only two living, the total of the flock being now fourteen. In 1889 fifteen eggs were laid in the winter, but none hatched. In the month of April four eggs were laid, three hatched, but the young all died. In 1900 not a single young bird was raised. In 1901 seven eggs were laid and all hatched, but two died. Three of the grown birds also died this year. In 1902 six eggs were laid and one hatched, the young bird dying in the fall. There were thirteen birds left by the end of the year, of these but five females. In 1903 only one pair mated, but there was no egg produced. In 1904 no eggs were hatched, four males and one female died. In 1905 one egg was hatched, but the chick lived only twelve days. In 1906 two males and two females died. In 1907 the two remaining females died of tuberculosis. There remained in 1908 only two birds, male hybrids, a cross with the ring dove. In July, 1910, these were reported dead.

There were also some captive passenger pigeons in the Cincinnati Zoölogical Gardens, the original flock of twenty-six birds coming from Michigan in 1875. In 1907 this flock was reduced to three, one male twenty-three years old, one male eighteen years old, one female twelve years old. Since the remnants of the Milwaukee and Cincinnati flocks in April, 1908, consisted of only seven birds, of these but one female, the species in captivity was doomed even two years ago. In July, 1910, all the birds owned by Mr. Whittaker in Milwaukee were reported dead; these being the originals and the descendants of the seven birds returned to him by Professor Whitman. Of the Cincinnati birds only two remained alive in the summer of 1910, a male twenty-five years old and a female, obtained from the Whitman flock. The latter was not in good condition. All hope of increase has been abandoned. So there is only one place in the world today, so far as known, where any one can see a specimen of the bird that thirty years or so ago existed in millions. The many reports of the bird in a wild state have not made good. These have been run down at great expense.

As to those who have been mistaken regarding this bird it may be said that they have excellent company in their error. No less an authority than the distinguished naturalist, Mr. John Burroughs, believes that the wild pigeon existed as recently as April, 1906, in Greene County, New York. Mr. Burroughs, however, advanced only hearsay evidence. His informant was Mr. C. W. Benton, who was quite positive as to the facts and originally had been quite familiar with the passenger pigeon. Mr. Burroughs gave other reports of witnesses who "had seen flocks of the birds," and the names of the persons who had seen the birds "two or three years ago"; and he did not hesitate to express himself as of the belief, at the time of making the above report, that "there is a large flock of these birds that still at times frequents this part of the state, and, perhaps, breeds somewhere in the wilds of Sullivan or Ulster county." That, it should be remembered, was written in 1906, when the quest of the pigeon had not grown quite so keen. It is not recorded that Mr. Burroughs ever verified his belief as to the existence of a flock of these birds, even so late as 1906, in the state of New York. Without doubt he would welcome with delight information from any reader that would lead to the production of an actual bird or of an actual nest of the birds.

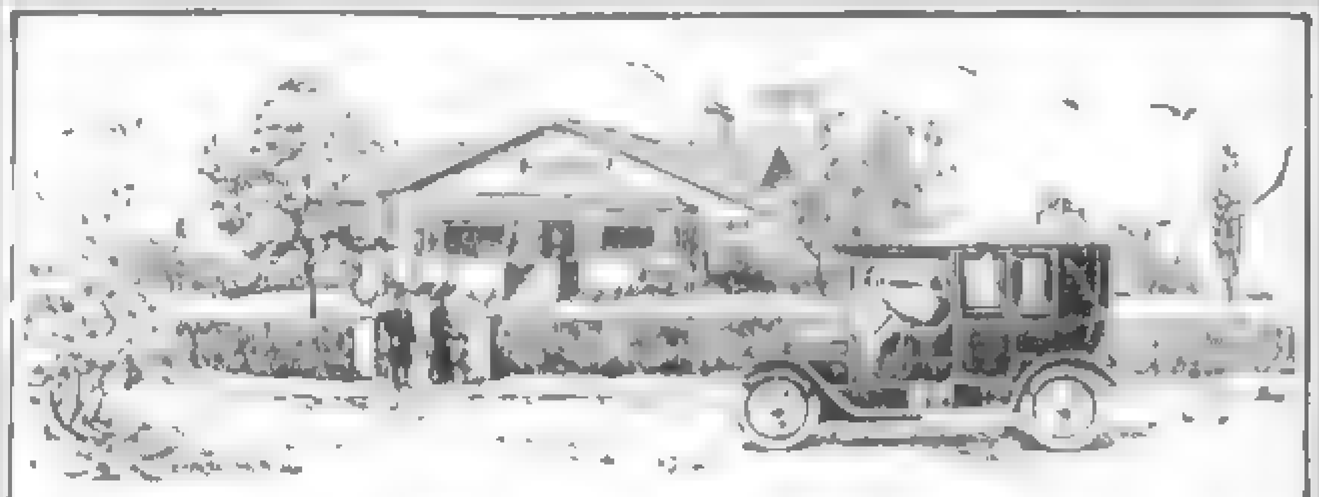
For those genuinely interested in the history of the wild pigeon, reference, perhaps, may be made to the best monograph on the subject, The Passenger Pigeon, by Mr. W. B. Mershon, who has compiled many curious and interesting facts regarding the abundance of the bird and the manner in which it was persecuted. All sorts of ideas have been advanced by all sorts of persons in the endeavor to explain the sudden disappearance of the bird from districts where once it abounded in untold millions. Thus more than one writer advances the idea that the birds were caught in a heavy storm while migrating across the Great Lakes, and so were extinguished *in toto*. That large numbers were so destroyed admits of no doubt. Yet another writer locates this calamity in the Gulf of Mexico.

The truth seems to be that this bird was killed out by man even more thoroughly and absolutely than the buffalo was killed out. Exactness of records is impossible today, for in those old times of abundance pigeons were too common to count. Everybody supposed that there would always be millions of them. Everybody supposed that they must breed in immense numbers, six or eight young in a nest, at least. Even Audubon himself seems not to have known the truth in this regard. He thought that the bird laid two eggs. As a matter of fact, the bird was not prolific. It laid but one egg a year, and when two eggs were found in a nest, one was in all likelihood deposited by some bird other than the nest owner. Thus there was but the slowest possible natural means of restoration of a species against which was employed all the ruthless zeal of the nesters, roosters and other killers for gain, sport or food.

The Slaughter of Pigeons

As to slaughter figures, which may be called fairly well supported, it may be said that in one year from the great roost that once existed near Hartford, Michigan, there were shipped about three carloads each day throughout the season, each car of one hundred and fifty barrels, and each barrel holding thirty-five dozen of the dead birds. This makes fifteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dozen, or one hundred and eighty-nine thousand birds daily, shipped from one nesting ground, and cutting to this extent into the numbers of a species which at best could not average one young bird annually to a pair of the old. A month of this would mean over five and a half million birds.

In three years there were shipped from Michigan to New York and other points in the East nine hundred and ninety thousand dozen pigeons—call it a million dozen, so you can remember it easily. They did not count them in less than dozens. This was from one part of one state alone. The town of Shelby, in Michigan, is said to have shipped a third more than did Hartford. It is said that in the heyday of pigeoning in Michigan the town of Petoskey shipped five carloads a day for thirty days, or eight thousand two hundred and fifty dozen a carload, or forty-one thousand two hundred and fifty dozen a day. This in thirty days means one million two hundred and thirty-seven thousand five hundred dozen. As there are twelve birds to the



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dozen, you may, if you like, rub your eyes over the sorry figure of fourteen million eight hundred and fifty thousand birds shipped from one point in one month of one year. These figures seem wild, and not within car capacities? Divide them by two. Or, call it five thousand dozen birds to the car, twenty-five thousand dozen daily. That makes seven hundred and fifty thousand dozen a month or, say, nine million birds in one month. And that was only one shipping point. This estimate seems well within the truth, quite likely too far within it.

These figures seem so extraordinary, and in their general form are so difficult of verification today, that it seems best to make specific and detailed statements of unquestionable credibility, which shall give chapter and verse to the exclusion of all estimates and guesses, if it be indeed fair to call the foregoing statements of that nature. Referring to the authority above mentioned, we discover an article printed in a sportsmen's journal of January, 1879, by Professor H. B. Roney, of East Saginaw, Michigan. The entire article is interesting, but quotation from it must be condensed.

"The number of pigeons caught in a day by an expert trapper will seem incredible to one who has not witnessed the operation. A fair average is sixty to ninety dozen birds per day per net, and some trappers will not spring a net upon less than ten dozen birds. One trapper caught and delivered two thousand dozen pigeons in ten days, about twenty-five hundred birds per day. A double net has been known to catch as high as one thousand three hundred and thirty-two birds at a single throw, while at natural salt licks, their favorite resort, three hundred and four hundred dozen, or about five thousand birds, have been caught in a day by a net.

"The prices of dead birds range from thirty-five cents to forty cents per dozen at the nesting, in Chicago markets fifty to sixty cents. Squabs twelve cents per dozen in the woods, in metropolitan markets sixty cents to seventy cents. Live birds are worth at the trapper's net forty to sixty cents per dozen, in cities one dollar to two dollars—an income of ten dollars to forty dollars per day for 'the poor and hard-working pigeon trapper.' One pigeoner at the Petoskey netting was reported to be worth sixty thousand dollars, all made in that business. He must have slain at least three million pigeons to gain this amount of money."

A Disgraceful Story

"A few miles north of Petoskey was a pigeon nesting estimated to be forty miles in length by three to ten in width, probably the largest nesting that has ever existed in the United States, covering something like one hundred thousand acres of land. . . . In the village nothing else seemed to be thought of but pigeons. Wagonload after wagonload discharged their freight and returned for more. The pigeoners swarmed in hotels, post-office, and about the streets. They were there from New York, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Maryland, Iowa, Virginia, Ohio, Texas, Illinois, Maine, Minnesota and Missouri. . . .

"Scarcely a tree could be seen but contained from five to fifty nests. Directed by the noise of chopping and of falling trees, we came upon the scene of action. Here was a large force of Indians and boys at work, slashing down the timber and seizing the young birds as they flooded from the nests. As soon as caught the heads were jerked from the tender bodies, and the dead tossed in heaps. Others knocked the young fledglings out of the nest with long poles, their weak wings failing to carry them beyond the assistant who, with hands reeking with bloody feathers, tears the head off the living bird and throws its quivering body upon the heap. Thousands of young birds lay among the ferns and leaves dead, having been knocked out of the nest by the promiscuous tree slashing, and dying for want of nourishment and care, which the parent bird, trapped off by the netter, could not give. A squab killer stated that 'about one-half of the birds they found in a nest were dead,' owing to the latter reason. Every available Indian, man and boy, was in the employ of buyers, killing squabs, for which they received a cent apiece. . . .

"The chirping and noise of wings were deafening, and conversation, to be audible, had to be carried on at the top of our voices. . . . The rush of wings of the gathered millions was like the roar of thunder and perfectly indescribable. . . . We now descended the brink of the hill to a net, and there beheld a sickening sight, not soon forgotten.

"On one side of the bed of a little creek was spread the net. Through its meshes stretched the heads of captives vainly struggling to escape. In the midst stood a stalwart pigeoner up to his knees in mire, and splattered with mud and blood from head to foot. Passing from bird to bird, with a pair of blacksmith's pincers he gave the neck of each a cruel grip with his weapon, causing the blood to burst from the eyes and trickle down the beak of the helpless captive, which slowly fluttered its life away, its beautiful plumage besmeared and dyed with crimson blood. When all were dead the net was raised, many still clinging to its meshes with beak and claws in their death grip. . . . This hero had caught as high as eighty-seven dozen in one day, had killed on that day eighty-two dozen. This was within one hundred rods of the nests, instead of two miles away, as the law prescribed.

"The shotgun brigade shoo the birds in the nesting. A party of four men shot eight hundred and twenty-six birds in one day. Scores of dead pigeons were left on the ground to decay, the woods were full of wounded ones. . . . For miles the roads were swarming with Indians, all intending to carry on the business until the nesting broke up. . . ."

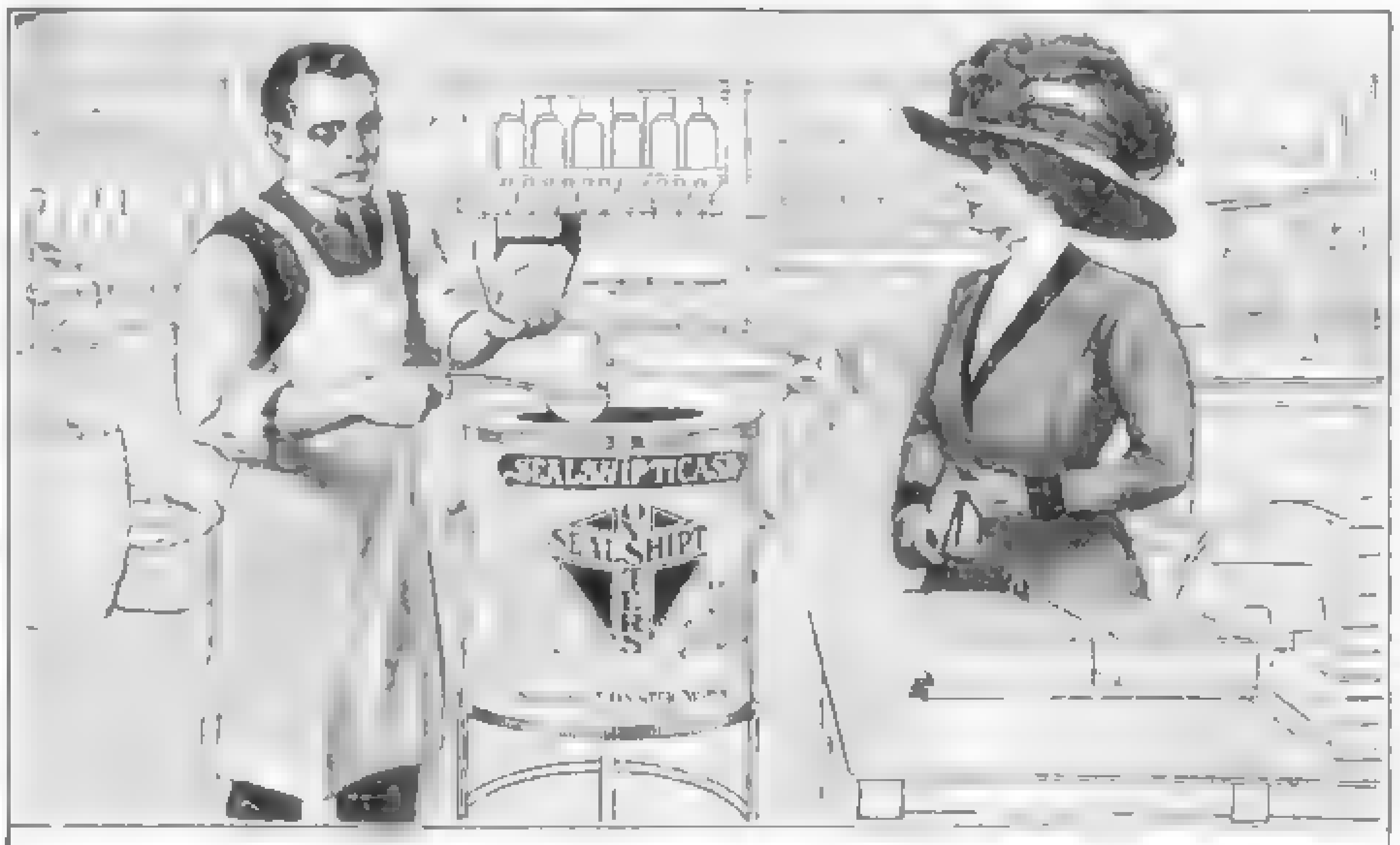
The Immense Shipments of Birds

"There are in the United States about five thousand men who pursue pigeons year after year as a business. There were between four hundred and five hundred at the Petoskey nesting, more arriving on every train. Every homesteader was engaged in hauling birds for shipment. . . . Added to these were buyers, shippers, packers, Indians and boys, making not less than two thousand persons, some placed at twenty-five hundred, engaged in the traffic at this one nesting. Fully fifty were engaged in hauling birds to the railroad station. The wings and feathers from the packing houses were used by the wagonload to fill up the mud holes in the road for miles out of town.

"The regular shipments were sixty barrels per day. . . . On the Sunday previous there were shipped by steamer to Chicago one hundred and twenty-eight barrels of dead birds and one hundred and eight crates of live birds. . . . The first shipment of birds was upon March 22, and the last upon August 12. . . . For many weeks the railroad shipments averaged fifty barrels of dead birds per day, thirty to forty dozen old birds or about fifty dozen squabs being packed in a barrel. Allowing five hundred birds to a barrel, and averaging the entire shipments for the season of twenty-five barrels a day, we find the rail shipments to have been twelve thousand five hundred dead birds daily, or one million five hundred thousand for the summer. Of live birds there were shipped one thousand one hundred and sixteen crates, six dozen per crate, or eighty thousand three hundred and fifty-two birds. These were rail shipments only, not including cargoes by steamers from Petoskey, Cheboygan, Cross Village and other lake ports, which were as many more. Added to this were the daily express shipments in bags and boxes, the wagon-loads hauled away by the shotgun brigade, the thousands of dead and wounded not secured, and the millions of squabs dead in the nest by trapping of the parent bird soon after hatching, and we have at the lowest possible estimate a grand total of one billion pigeons sacrificed during the nesting of 1878."

There was an attempt made by public-spirited persons in that year to put a stop to a part of these atrocities, and the Roney story, which in its detailed statements no disinterested person has a right to doubt, was criticised by many who were not disinterested. Let us therefore take the figures of an actual game dealer who had his shipping records for reference. Such a man was Henry T. Phillips, of Detroit, who began business in Cheboygan, Michigan, in 1862. Mr. Phillips wrote in substance as below to the compiler of the foregoing data:

"From 1864 I have handled live pigeons in quantities up to one hundred and seventy-five thousand per year, until they left the country. The last nesting in



Ordinary Oysters Are Not Good Enough For You

You want oysters just as they come from the sea—fresh and succulent—retaining the delicious salty tang which is the oyster's true charm. Such oysters you can always have by getting genuine Sealshipt Oysters, sold only from the blue and white Sealshipticase.

Somewhere near you is a Sealshipt dealer. You can easily identify him by the blue and white porcelain store refrigerator with our trade-mark in the center and the name and the address of the Sealshipt Oyster System near the bottom.

Like all good things, Sealshipt Oysters are imitated. *You* don't want inferior oysters when Sealshipt Oysters—the *world's best oysters*—are just as easy to get.

So, for your own sake, be careful! Be sure that the oysters you buy are taken from the blue and white Sealshipticase and handed you in our Sealshipt wax-lined paper pail.

Sealshipt Oysters

From Oyster Beds to You Under Seal

When you get genuine Sealshipt Oysters you not only have oysters retaining the irresistible tang of the sea. But you have oysters that are *absolutely pure.*

Nearly all oysters are purer than nine-tenths of the water and milk you get. For salt water is naturally pure. Impurities never originate in sea water.

But the purity of Sealshipt Oysters is *rigidly protected* from the oyster beds to you.

The waters where our oyster beds are located, besides being supervised by State and Federal Government, are analyzed by the Lederle Laboratories, the famous food experts.

The Cream of the Oyster Beds

Oysters depend on locality for flavor and quality just as do fruits. The best oysters are grown on Atlantic Coast and Gulf of Mexico beds, because certain properties in these waters give the oysters their delicacy of flavor and plump appetizing quality.

But the shell, mind you, has no more to do with the taste of an oyster than the shell has to do with the taste of a nut.

Sealshipt Oysters embrace the cream of the world-famous oyster beds: Blue Points, Narragansetts, Greenports, Chesapeakes, or Gulfs—any oyster you like.

These we ship straight from their native beds to a Sealshipt dealer near you—under seal and under ice all the way.

Their Vast Economy

You get Sealshipt Oysters just as they were dredged from the sea—with every nutritive element saved—every natural flavor and savor conserved. And being all plump solid oyster meat—*free from water*—they are the most economical. The price of Sealshipt is the standard of value. When you pay *less* you get *less.*

With Sealshipt Oysters you have the foundation of countless delicious dishes. Nothing will take their place after you have once served them. You have only to be sure of the genuine. So in protection to yourself, find our blue and white Sealshipticase in the store before you buy your oysters.

Mark Twain's Oyster Story FREE

Write us the name of your oyster dealer and we will mail you this delightful little story together with a number of recipes for delicious oyster dishes unknown inland.

Address Dept. F.

Sealshipt Oyster System
General Offices: South Norwalk, Conn.
[illegible]
[illegible] Markets Everywhere
[illegible]

Michigan was up on Crooked Lake, near Petoskey, in 1878, I believe, from which I shipped one hundred and fifty thousand. . . . In 1874 there was a nesting at Shelby, Michigan, on which it was estimated they made the heaviest catches I have ever known of—one hundred barrels daily, on an average of thirty days, of dead birds, besides the live ones, of which I shipped one hundred and seventy-five thousand. There were five nestings that year in the state, three going on at the same time. That year I shipped from Frankfort four hundred and seventy-eight coops, six dozen each, one shipment going to Oswego, New York, for the Leather Stocking Club Tournament. I bought from Doctor Slyfield six hundred dozen at one dollar per dozen, agreeing to pay only in one hundred dollar bills. . . .

"In Wisconsin I have seen a continual nesting for one hundred miles, with one to possibly fifty nests on every oak scrub. . . . I have known of large quantities drowned in Lake Huron, and have had lake captains tell me of passing for three hours dead birds which had been caught in a fog.

"In 1874 there were over six hundred professional netters. . . . I knew of a man paying three hundred dollars for the privilege of netting on one salt spring near White River. He got three hundred dozen at one haul. I once pulled a net on a bait bed, and we saved one hundred and thirty-two dozen alive. I have lost three thousand birds in one day because the railroad did not have a car ready. I've thrown away in eight hours what cost me two hundred and fifty dollars, fat birds, because the weather was too hot. I have bought carloads in Wisconsin at fifteen and twenty-five cents per dozen, but in Michigan we usually paid from fifty cents to one dollar per dozen. I have paid out from three hundred to six hundred dollars a day for pigeons."

Mr. E. Osborn, an old-time netter, wrote to the game dealer above mentioned as recently as 1898. He mentioned these points as having been profitable in the past: Sheffield, Pennsylvania, 1863; St. Charles, Minnesota, and Leon, Wisconsin, 1864; near the Georgian Bay, 1865; also Afton, Appleton, and other points in Wisconsin, Rochester, Minnesota, and thence to Dead River, Michigan. The birds nested heavily near Martinsville in Indiana, in 1866, and also in Pennsylvania. In 1867 the netters worked in Ohio, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and in 1868 located at Manistee, Michigan. In 1869 the birds were in Canada, Michigan, Indiana and Wisconsin all at the same time. In the following year they nested near Goderich, in Canada, and in 1871 they located a large body at Tomah, Wisconsin. Various points in Michigan occupied these netters in 1872, and the closing scenes of their work were mostly made in that state. The naive recorder of these deeds states that "for a great many years the birds have been moving west."

Some Authentic Figures

As to personal figures, Mr. E. Osborn says that he and George Paxson made at Monroe, Wisconsin, in 1862, one haul of two hundred and fifty dozen birds. Sometimes they took one hundred dozen at a throw of the net, and he mentions many netters who had taken over one hundred dozen in one throw.

In 1868 he "took over six hundred fat birds before sunrise," and in one roost he accomplished the feat of killing one hundred and forty-four birds with the two barrels of a six-bore gun. He mentions three dollars a dozen as the highest price received for birds.

If there be any who doubt the foregoing figures, they may, perhaps, be interested in the answer to Professor Roney, made by E. T. Martin, a Chicago game dealer, in the winter of 1879. "Under very favorable circumstances a netter would make from one hundred to two hundred dollars a season. . . . At the Crooked Maple nestings the average catch was about twenty dozen per day to each net and two men. There were exceptions both ways, the most notable being that of the two thousand dozen caught by one party not in ten days but in twenty, employing two nets and six men. . . . Now about the 'merciless slaughter.' Professor Roney estimates one million five hundred thousand dead, and eighty thousand live birds as the shipments, and then goes on to say that one billion birds have been destroyed. I have the official figures before me and they show that the shipments from Petoskey and Boyne Falls were:

Petoskey, dead, by express	400,000
Petoskey, alive, by express	86,400
Boyne Falls, dead	47,100
Boyne Falls, alive	[illegible]
Petoskey, dead, by boat, estimated .	116,000
Petoskey, alive, by boat, estimated .	[illegible]
Cheboygan, dead, by boat, estimated .	108,300
Cheboygan, alive, by boat, estimated .	[illegible]
Other points, dead and alive, estimated	100,000
Total	1,107,866

"This may be set down as accurate or nearly so, and one million five hundred thousand would cover the total destruction of birds by net, gun and Indians. . . . No one knows how many birds one million five hundred thousand are until they see them and handle a few. To buy and sell one hundred and twenty-five thousand birds in four months took myself, two men and a boy all our time, from daylight until after dark every day. I doubt if there were one billion birds in all the Crooked Maple nesting. . . . For an hour and a half a continuous body of birds half a mile wide was going out. . . . The Manistee birds hatched three times unmolested. Each body went farther north entirely out of reach, and nested at least once, possibly twice again. Some idea may be formed of the immensity of the army of pigeons from the Michigan nestings of 1878. . . . Admitting that a million and a half birds were killed, not more than half would be old birds. If for every one of the seven hundred and fifty thousand old birds the squab had died, this would make a total slaughter of two million two hundred and fifty thousand. I don't believe Professor Roney knows what one billion is. There were not seven hundred and fifty thousand, nor one hundred thousand squabs killed by losing their parents."

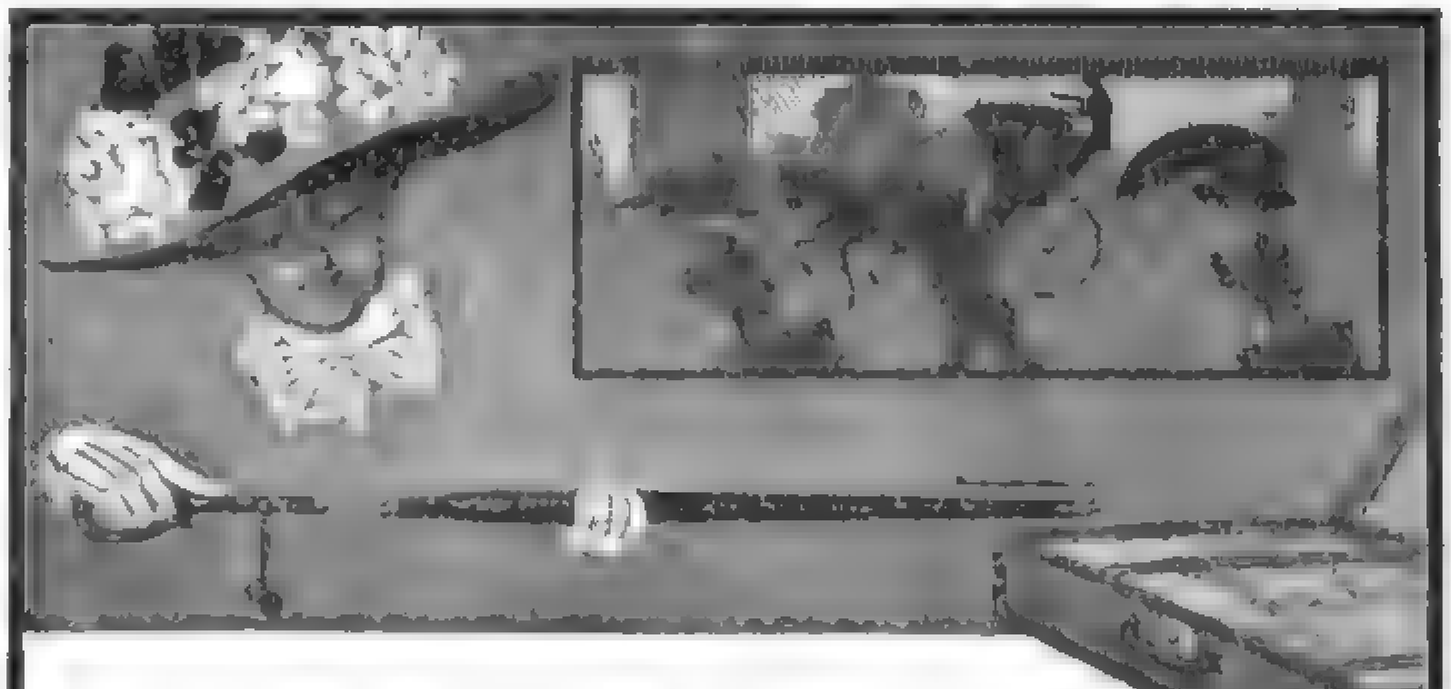
Why Sport Comes High

Any one can believe Mr. Martin's interested natural history and commercial statements who cares to do so. They appear to be biased, and seem outweighed by well-authenticated statements of quite contrary tenor. His communication was written in January, 1879, that is to say, before it was time for the pigeons to appear in that year. They did not appear! Let us see what kind of a naturalist and what kind of a prophet Mr. Martin proved himself to be. In the concluding part of his article he says, in words which have been paralleled by game butchers all over this country, time out of mind: "The pigeon never will be exterminated so long as forests large enough for their nestings and vast enough for their food remain. . . . A farmer can market his poultry dead or alive at any time in the year, and the slaughter is larger than that of the pigeons, yet no one in the interest of 'justice and humanity' can interfere. The pigeon is migratory. It can care for itself."

Yet it seems that after all, and in spite of Mr. Martin's confident prophecy, the pigeon could not and did not take care of itself. He does not seem to have shipped very many birds in the spring of 1879. Since that time there have been only scattered bands reported here and there. Today, in spite of the belief that this species cannot be extinct because it was once abundant, public-spirited men of this country are offering rewards for one single nest, one single live wild specimen.

The surprised comment of friends who have not looked into the matter brings us, therefore, to the facts of this story, which are of themselves shocking and terrible.

The average American is a pretty austere man, but it is no cinch that he can reap where he has not sown. The game dealer's comparison of game with poultry falls to the ground, because we replace poultry, and we have never replaced game. The American today has not even the gleanings of a once abundant field. If there is one kernel left, one wild pigeon alive today, and if you know where it is, there are men who will be as glad as yourself to learn the news. Meantime we will, perhaps, all of us be better employed in figuring a little on the causes of the high cost of sport and the high cost of living in America today. Waste, extravagance, insatiate individual greed—those are the big causes. We Americans seem fond of the past participle. We invite it for our sports, our resources, our own country, our own species.



Beehler Umbrellas

YOU should know about the **Beehler** Folding Umbrella. It's a marvel of mechanical construction. It has double strength where the average umbrella is weakest and *this same double construction* enables you to pack your umbrella in a suit-case out of the way when you travel—where it can't get lost or broken.

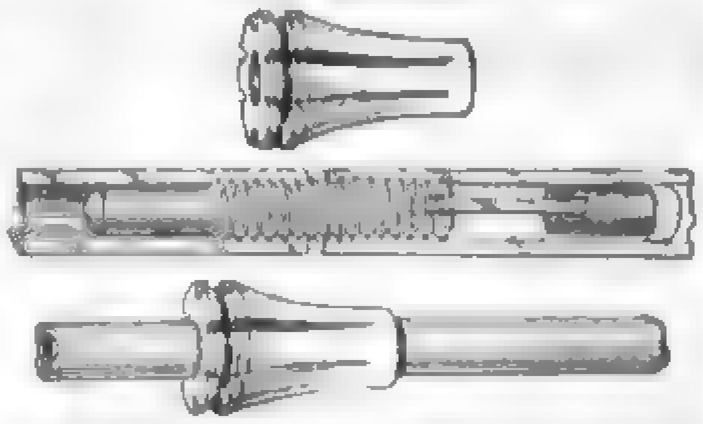
Most umbrellas get broken at the lower end where the ribs are fastened to the steel rod. Caught in a crack—stepped on in a street car—leaned on too heavily—snap! and the ferrule end is broken off. The reason is, the steel rod is hollow and can't stand too much strain.

The problem before us as the Oldest Umbrella House in America was to remedy this universal defect in umbrella construction.

We Invented the Beehler Clutch

Simply a piece of solid brass nearly one inch long that gives double strength to the slender steel rod—such is the **Beehler Clutch.** With it, the day of broken-end umbrellas is past. And with it comes a brand-new era in umbrella making—the invention of the **Beehler** Folding Umbrella.

The Beehler Clutch



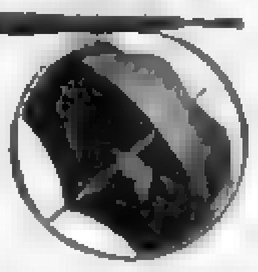
The lower picture shows the joint protected by the Beehler Clutch

Folds and Fits the Suit-case

For we found that by drilling a screw thread in the ferrule, the ferrule end could be unscrewed and folded over, and the umbrella packed in a suit-case. The **Beehler Clutch,** therefore, perfectly protects the folding joint and the **Beehler** Folding Umbrella is actually stronger than the non-folding. You can't tell one of these **Beehler** folding reinforced joint umbrellas from an ordinary umbrella—either in weight, close roll or appearance—but you can in strength and convenience. And, last of all, they cost no more than the non-folding kind.

Beehler handles are detachable. You press a cleverly concealed spring and remove the handle, then fold over the end of the rod, slip your umbrella into your suit-case and start on your journey free from umbrella cares.

NAME-ON



NAME-ON is ideal for gifts. No present is more appreciated than a **Beehler** Folding Umbrella with the recipient's name in the fabric. Put NAME-ON on your Christmas list.

NAME-ON means your name and address worked right into the fabric of your **Beehler** Umbrella. Not conspicuously; not in view of passers-by, but always there identifying the umbrella as yours and bringing it back to you when you forget it or a borrowing friend takes it.

Beehler Suit-case Umbrellas are $1, $2, $3, $5 up to $25 depending on handle and fabric. For example:

$1 for a well finished tape-edged American taffeta [illegible] guaranteed waterproof. [illegible] the **Beehler** [illegible] As strong, weather-resisting and long-lasting as any umbrella at any price. Yet this folding umbrella is yours for only $1. Men's or women's.

$2 for a close-rolling, snappy **Beehler Suit-case** Umbrella. *Fabric,* a beautiful high lustre, [illegible] gloria silk that won't crack or split. *Frame,* the **Beehler** Standard that won't rust, come apart or turn inside out. Men's or women's.

$5 for a perfectly beautiful umbrella of finely [illegible] woven Milan silk; and with extra quality handle. **Beehler** [illegible] Detachable Handle and Folding Rod. Men's or women's.

How to get a Beehler Suit-case Umbrella

Your [illegible] NAME-ON [illegible]

Write for the Beehler Book today

[illegible] Also contains samples and special information on umbrella silks, which every umbrella purchaser should have.

Umbrella Hanger Free

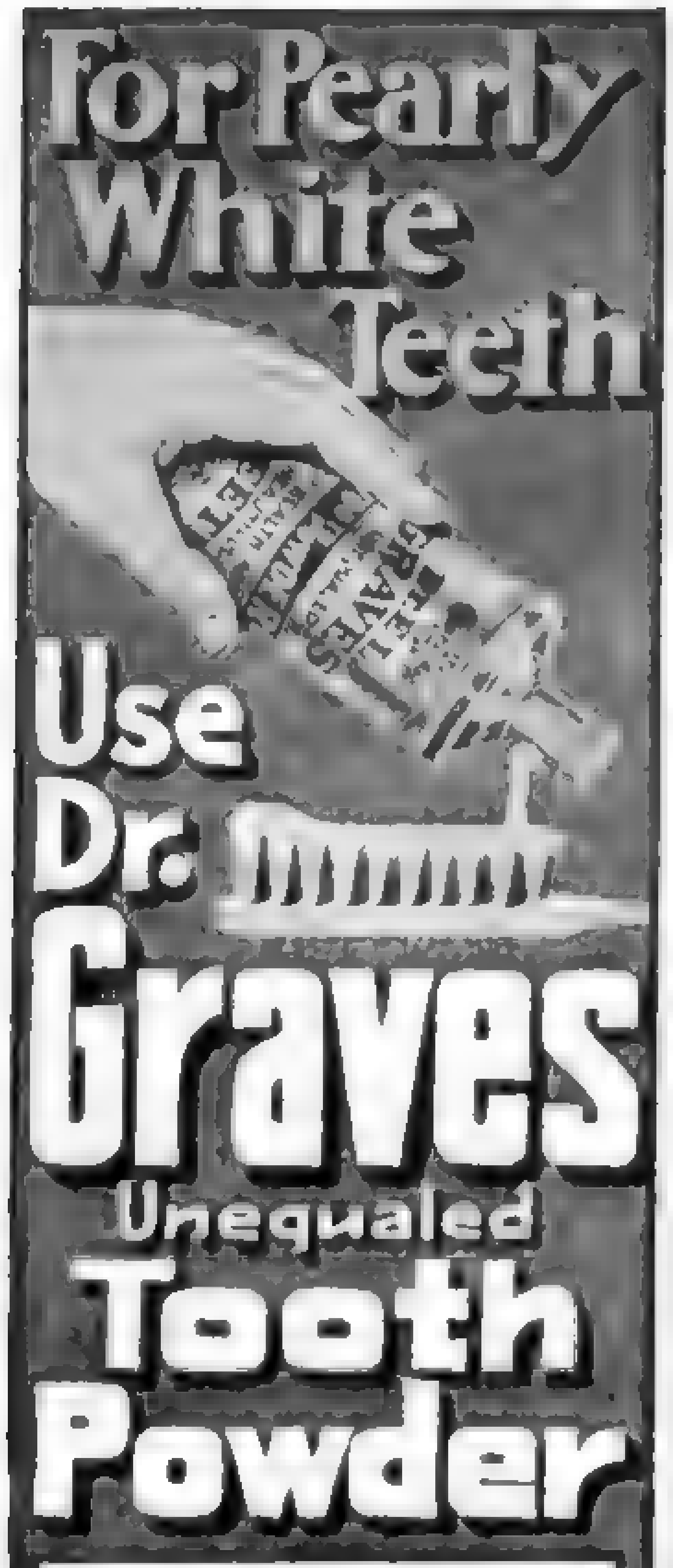
with catalog on receipt of 2c postage [illegible] coupon with 2c postage

Write for the Beehler Book of Umbrellas, Free.

William Beehler, Dept. P, Baltimore, Md.

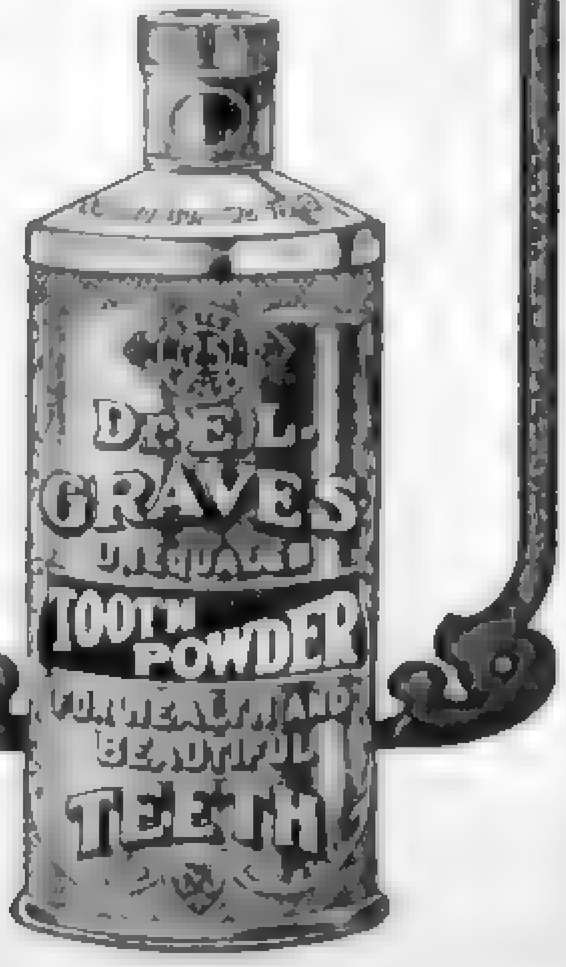
The Oldest Umbrella House in America. Founded 1828

COUPON
William Beehler, Dept. P, Baltimore, Md.
[illegible]
My name is
Address


For Pearly White Teeth
Use Dr. Graves Unequaled Tooth Powder

It will keep your teeth white and sound and your breath sweet until old age—enhancing your main assets for good looks and youth. Its antiseptic, cleansing power penetrates every crevice, beautifying, polishing and preserving the teeth, preventing tartar. Its gratifying flavor makes it delightful to use and it will not scratch the enamel or irritate the gums.

All Druggists
25c—50c



Earnings of Aviators

By JOHN MITCHELL

HUBERT LATHAM fortunately is pretty well off and can afford to fly without any great returns. For a man who has made such a worldwide reputation he has won fewer prizes than any other aviator in the business. He had a dingdong contest with Paulhan for the height record since it was 508 feet, a mark set by himself at Rheims, when he won three thousand dollars by the feat. He and the little Frenchman pushed each other until Paulhan set the mark at 4165 feet during the Los Angeles meet, and there it stayed for months till Walter Brookins, of the Wright team, made it 6175 feet at Atlantic City. Now Latham has again raised the record to 6450 feet, but he has gained nothing except fame by the performance. He made two unsuccessful attempts to fly the English Channel about the time that Blériot made his successful flight, but did not capture the five-thousand-dollar prize.

Next to Blériot there have been more records broken and money made by Henri Farman than by any other French aviator. Farman is a native-born French citizen, and when he first began experimenting, and before he made a name for himself, the English papers were content to let his nationality rest in France. But after he became a world figure they adopted him on the strength of his English descent, and he was referred to fraternally as "Henry Farman, the English aviator."

He was the first man to make any long flights in public. Santos-Dumont had flown a heavier-than-air machine two hundred and forty yards at Bagatelle, France, in November of 1906, and the Wrights had actually been flying two years before that; but their flights were made in private. Then Farman made a flight of eight hundred and forty-three yards at Issy, in November of 1907, and from that time was the central figure on the aviation stage. His first big prize was for doing the closed kilometer on the parade ground at Issy, January 13, 1908. For this he was given the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize of ten thousand dollars. His time was one minute and twenty-eight seconds. It was reckoned a wonderful performance at the time; and it was, for it was the first time in public that a man had ever negotiated a complete turn in the air. Events had moved rapidly in aviation, however, and in October of the next year Wilbur Wright did the closed kilometer at College Park, outside of Washington, in the presence of two army officers and half a dozen correspondents and countrymen. His time was fifty-eight seconds, still a world's record, but he got nothing for it. It was just mentioned incidentally in the story of the day's work.

The Deutsch Award

In March of 1908 Farman flew a mile and four hundred and thirty-one yards. This also was a world's record as a public performance, but the title was wrested from him the next month by Leon Delagrange, who was killed at Bordeaux, January 10, 1910. Farman, however, was a world-renowned figure and was brought to America by a syndicate under a contract for thirty flights at one thousand dollars a flight. He appeared but twice in New York and then went home disgusted, saying that the contract had not been fulfilled.

Farman began building flying machines in France soon after his reputation was made as an aviator. His next big prize was won at Rheims in August, 1909, when he did one hundred and forty-four miles in the endurance flight. This netted him ten thousand dollars and also stood as the record for the year, winning him the Michelin Trophy and its accompanying five thousand dollars.

Two of the Frenchmen who have made fortunes out of flying machines without ever flying are the Voisin brothers. They had the advantage of the splendid polytechnic education of the French system in the first place, and about four years ago entered the employ of Ernest Archdeacon, one of the wealthy patrons of aeronautics in France. Archdeacon and Henry Deutsch are both very wealthy, and they have given more substantial prizes for aeronautics than any other two men, living or dead.

Henry Deutsch gave the prize of ten thousand dollars that Santos-Dumont won by his first flight around the Eiffel Tower. This was a rather curious affair and showed that Deutsch is a good deal of a latitudinarian. The flying experiments with the dirigible balloon of Dumont were being made at the racetrack of the Jockey Club, at Longchamps. The conditions for the prize were that a round trip was to be made to the Eiffel Tower and return in half an hour.

The flight was made, but it took a little over half an hour. The committee of the Aero Club considered the case seriously, but Deutsch said that it was a good trip and Santos-Dumont had come near enough to the time limit; so the prize was paid him. Santos thanked Deutsch and the committee for their decision, distributed a third of the prize among the workmen in his employ and gave the rest to charity; so everybody was happy.

Deutsch and Archdeacon, between them, gave the prize of ten thousand dollars that Henri Farman won by first doing the closed kilometer, and Deutsch has declared his intention of establishing a chair of aeronautics at some recognized university. Archdeacon was interviewed recently on his views of mechanical flight, and—remarkable for a man who has done so much for aeroplaning—he said that he could see no commercial future for the machine. He said that it had its place in sport and probably would be useful in war where risks were not considered, but that he saw no probability of its commercial development. At the same time the Voisins, who first worked as mechanics for Archdeacon, have made a comfortable fortune out of the commercial side of the business.

The Future of Aviators

Another of the men who has made a fortune by manufacturing rather than by flying is Roger Sommers. He was the first aviator to fly over an hour in a monoplane. He is popular in France, though little known elsewhere. He is turning out a machine of his own type, and has sold over fifty at five thousand dollars each. Altogether there are now eight hundred aeroplanes flying in France, to say nothing of the immense number for which great things were hoped but not realized. There has already been expended two million five hundred thousand dollars in France for machines alone, and this does not count the cost of operating them, repairs and the payment of workmen.

There are still a few big prizes to be won but the chances are that the day of enormous earnings, if not already gone, will pass as quickly as it came.

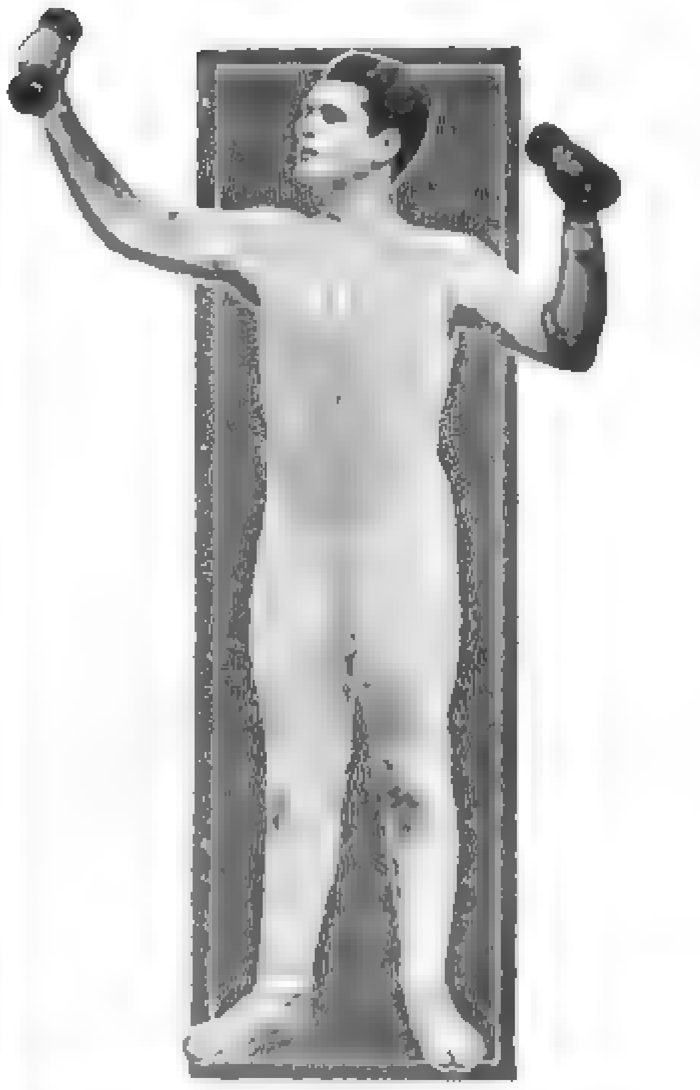
There is a prize of fifty thousand dollars offered by the London Daily Mail for a flight from London to Edinburgh, a distance of four hundred miles.

In America there is a prize of thirty thousand dollars for a flight from New York to St. Louis, and there has been talk, though nothing definite settled, of a prize of twenty thousand dollars for a flight between New York and Chicago.

But most of the aero clubs are now either buying aeroplanes of their own or preparing to do so. The idea is that an aviator can be engaged to give exhibitions or to teach the members much as professional golfers are retained by various golf clubs. In fact everything points to getting flights on a more economical basis, and the prospect is that the aerial chauffeur soon will be like the driver of a racing automobile or a successful jockey, a man to be paid by a big firm to demonstrate a particular make of machine.

As the matter now stands flying exhibitions are about seventy-five per cent man and twenty-five per cent machine, so that the personal equation enters largely into the value of any flying show. It is likely that the skill of the man will be the controlling factor for a long time to come, and that aerial records will be made and held by men more than by machines. In all probability the exceptionally skillful aviator will command large wages for a long time to come, but they will be wages and not fortunes suddenly acquired.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by John Mitchell on the Earnings of Aviators



MENTOR
Comfort Union Suits
FOR MEN

THE comfort of Mentor Union Suits applies to *every* feature which gives comfort—not to fabric alone, to fit alone, to absorbency alone or to proportions alone.

In Mentor Comfort Union Suits you get underwear which is so in sympathy with *every demand of the body* that you never think of the underwear except to delight in its *comfort.*

The vexing problem of choosing Winter Underwear which will keep you warm without too much weight, and absolutely without irritation, is correctly solved by wearing Mentor Comfort Union Suits. No drawers to slip down, no shirt to crawl up—a perfect flap in the seat. Mentor Comfort Union Suits are

Worn by a Half Million Wearers Throughout the Union

Each one an Enthusiast over *Mentor* Comfort. Some one has called it "unconscious underwear." The only sensation it gives is one of complete comfort. Try one suit and see.

Mentor Comfort Union Suits for Men—$1.00 a Suit Upwards

Ask the most progressive merchant in your town to show you Mentor Comfort Union Suits for winter. Prepare now for comfort in the cold season. Should your dealer be out of Mentor Underwear, write us and we will see that you are supplied promptly.

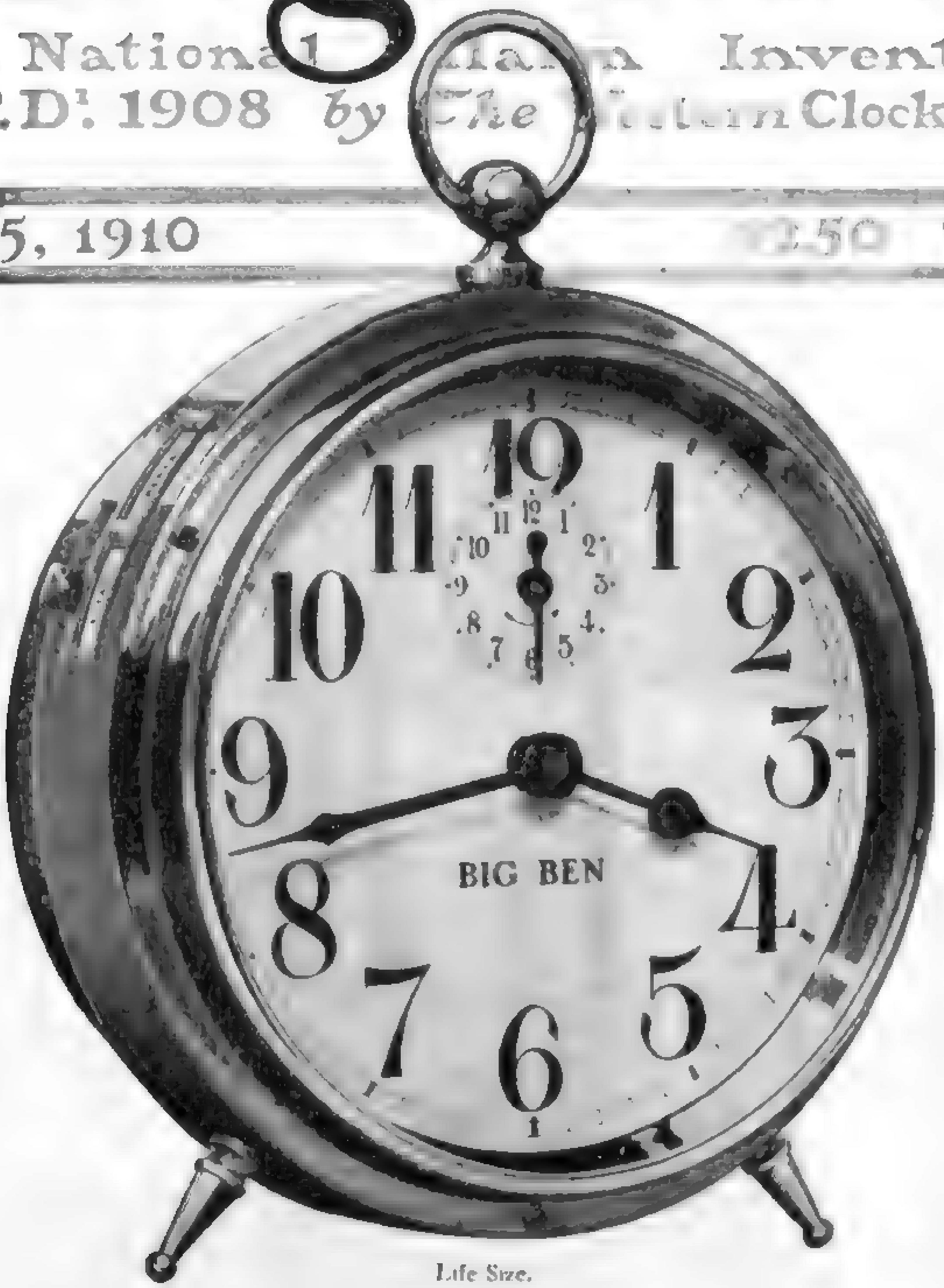
Write us for samples of fabrics and our complete and novel book on Mentor Comfort Union Suits (winter weight).

MENTOR KNITTING MILLS
MENTOR, OHIO

Big Ben

A National Alarm Invented
A°. D¹. 1908 by The Western Clock Co.

OCTOBER 15, 1910 $2.50 THE COPY



Life Size.

THERE exists in La Salle, Illinois, a community of clockmakers who under the name of Western Clock Company, have for two generations been devoting their skill to the designing of alarm clocks.

And after months of quiet preparation, these people have at last disclosed their life-work's achievement—BIG BEN—an alarm masterpiece.

Big Ben is a beautiful, punctual and watch shaped sleepmeter with a mellow, restful tick that will not annoy you on your lie-awake nights—a cheerful, deep toned voice that will call you on your drowsiest mornings.—Big Ben stands 7 inches tall, slender, handsome, well set, with a great refined open face and clean cut well shaped hands distinctly visible in the dim morning light.

Big Ben is dressed in a richly finished, heavy, dust-proof case, with large, strong easy winding keys and a double set of selective alarm calls that ring continuously for five minutes—intermittently for ten.

Big Ben is carefully inspected, six times factory timed and tested. If he is oiled every other year there's no telling how long he will last.

$2.50

Sold by Jewelers only. Three Dollars in Canada.

Individual Libraries

To make the home beautiful - this is the laudable desire of every one who enjoys, or hopes to enjoy the civilizing influence of home life.

This love of beauty, according to Emerson, is taste, and the creation of beauty is art.

Where the life of the household is, there especially should good taste predominate. Let the environments be of such a character as to promote contentment and satisfaction, rather than a restless desire for change.

If careful in the selection of books, be also discriminating in the choice of your library furniture. Both should blend their influence in producing an atmosphere of culture and refinement.

There is great pleasure to be derived in the contemplation of a library growing in beauty as it increases in size, and the Globe-Wernicke idea of unit or sectional construction therefore appeals with peculiar force to all book lovers who are also partial to good furniture.

Decorative Treatments

Many families make a practice of adding units on certain anniversary dates, keeping constantly in mind that choice books should continually find lodgment in choice quarters, and that the Globe-Wernicke unit system not only affords an opportunity for any desired classification of literature, but it also makes possible an artistic arrangement of units with due regard to windows, lights, doors, and given dimensions of the room—correct proportions can always be maintained.

Manufactured in the most complete woodworking plant in existence, Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases are recognized everywhere as the standard of excellence in design and construction.

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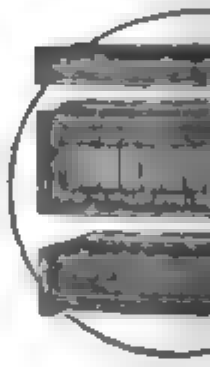

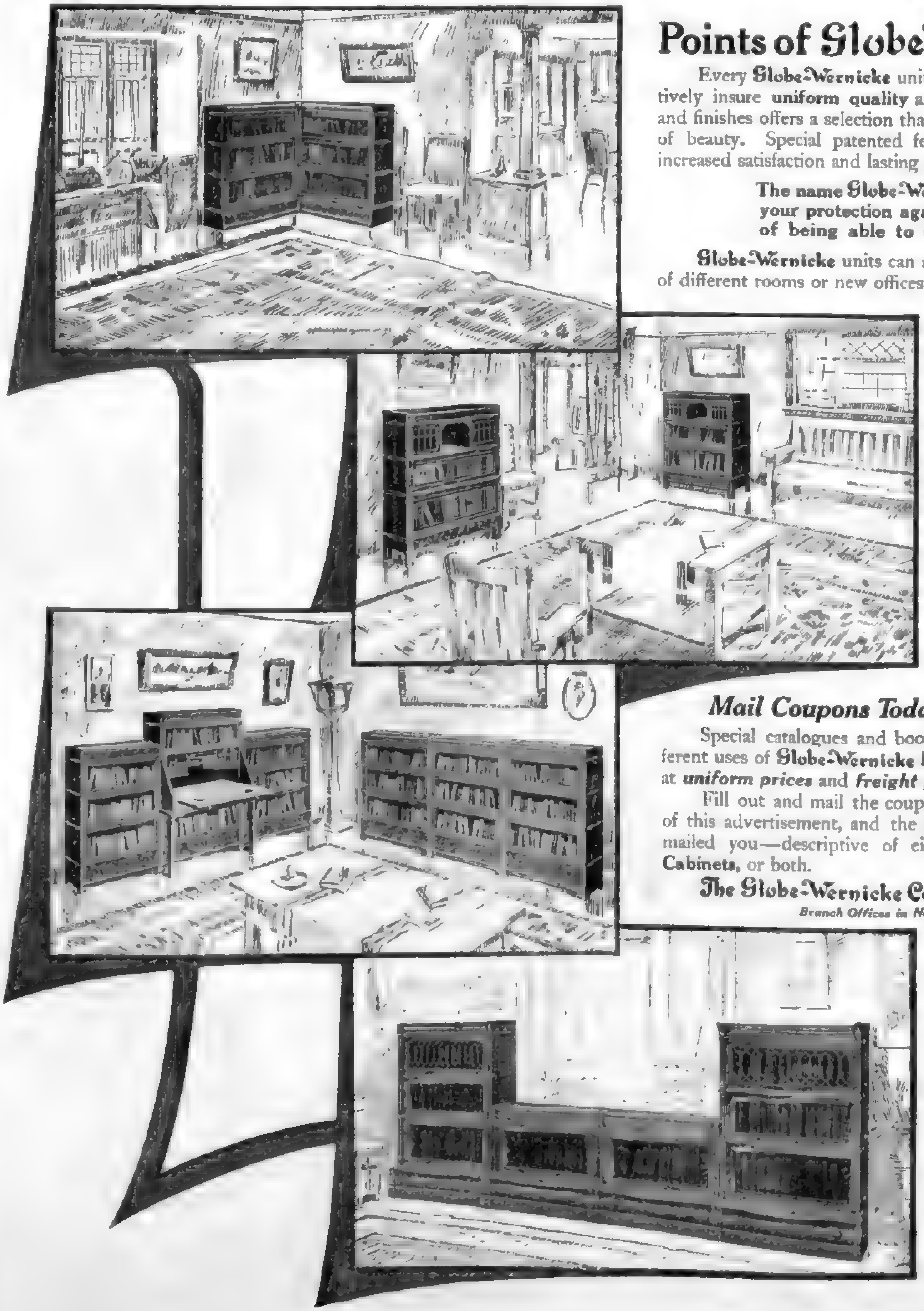

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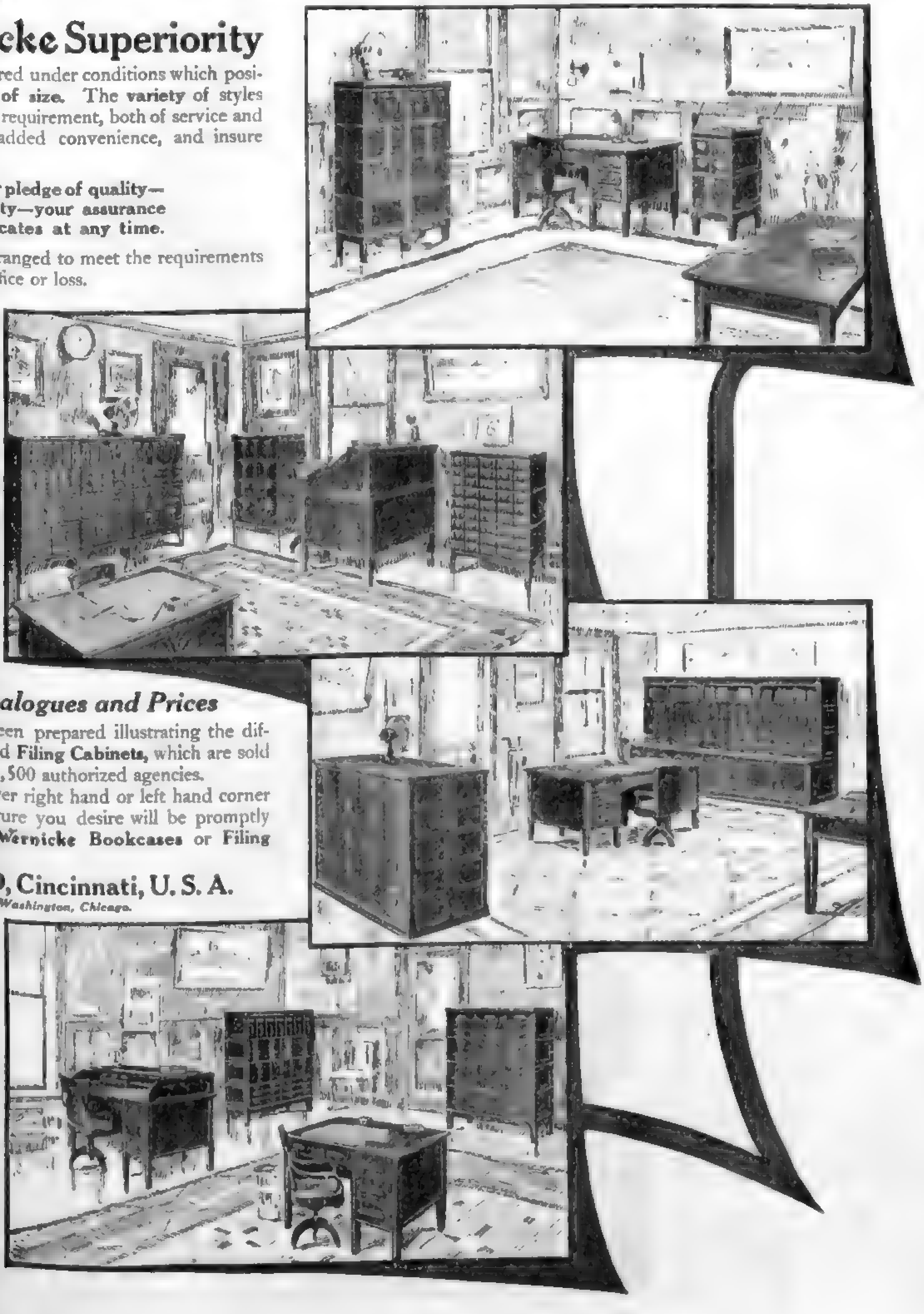

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Your Savings

The Lesson in Income Bonds

TWO comparatively recent court contests involving bonds serve to attract attention to a phase of investment that every man and woman with savings to invest ought to know about. These incidents concerned the failure of the Central Railroad of Georgia to pay the interest on its income bonds and the failure of the Wabash Railroad to pay the interest on its debentures, which were really income bonds. In each instance the road claimed that it had not earned sufficient money to pay the interest; while the bondholders contended that, by means of what practically amounted to adjustment of items and figures in bookkeeping, the company sidestepped the interest obligation. The former case is still in the courts, and in the latter instance the road compromised by taking up the debentures and issuing fixed interest bonds—that is, bonds whose interest was a regular charge—and stock in exchange.

Two very helpful and significant facts are emphasized by these episodes. One is the risk that is attached to a bond of which the interest is contingent upon earning power; the other and larger fact is that there are many kinds of bonds besides first-mortgage bonds, some of them having the word mortgage in their title, which frequently misleads the investor. With these bonds, as with human beings, there is nothing in a name. It is what lies behind them that gives them stability.

Let us take up the first fact and see just what an income bond is. The fathers of these bonds, like the hawkers of any merchandise, wanted to give their bond as attractive a name as possible; so they called it an income bond. Originally these bonds were issued in railroad reorganizations by clever financiers who did not want to increase the fixed charges of the road and yet desired to give the old security holders a bond. Sometimes a bond of this kind was called a preference bond. But in reality it was not a bond. In most bonds—that are bonds—the interest is a fixed charge—that is, a charge that must be paid regularly every six months. If this interest is defaulted the bondholders, if the bond is a mortgage bond, can foreclose and tie up the road. But in framing up the income bond the interest was not made a fixed charge, but was dependent upon earnings; in short, it was to be paid "if earned." Thus the interest was declared, like the dividend of a stock, by the board of directors.

The big question naturally arose: How was the bondholder to know if the interest was or was not earned? It became a matter of bookkeeping. Thus the bondholder was at the mercy of an institution which, before the dawn of publicity in corporate affairs and uniform railroad accounting, covered a multitude of sins, and to this day remains a mystery to many investors, especially those who own income bonds.

Fashions in Finance

The income bondholder is up against a difficult proposition. It is not difficult to find out the gross earnings of a railroad. Only deliberate falsification can distort them. But it is much more difficult to get at actual net earnings, because various items may be added to the list of expenses before the amount of money available for fixed charges and income-bond interest is obtained. Experience has shown that in many instances the question as to whether interest on income bonds was to be paid was a matter of the attitude of the officials toward the bonds rather than of the ability of the road to pay. The conditions under which most of the bonds have been issued have given the roads wide latitude. In the Central of Georgia case, for example, the deed provides "that renewals and reasonable betterments to the railroad equipment and property used by the railroad company for its economical and efficient operation" shall be deducted from income before payment of interest on income bonds. A wide field for expenditure is thus provided.

A fact of more vital importance to the average investor is that the income bond does not perform the real functions of a bond. In the first place, it is not a claim on anything and practically has no security; in the second place, as you have

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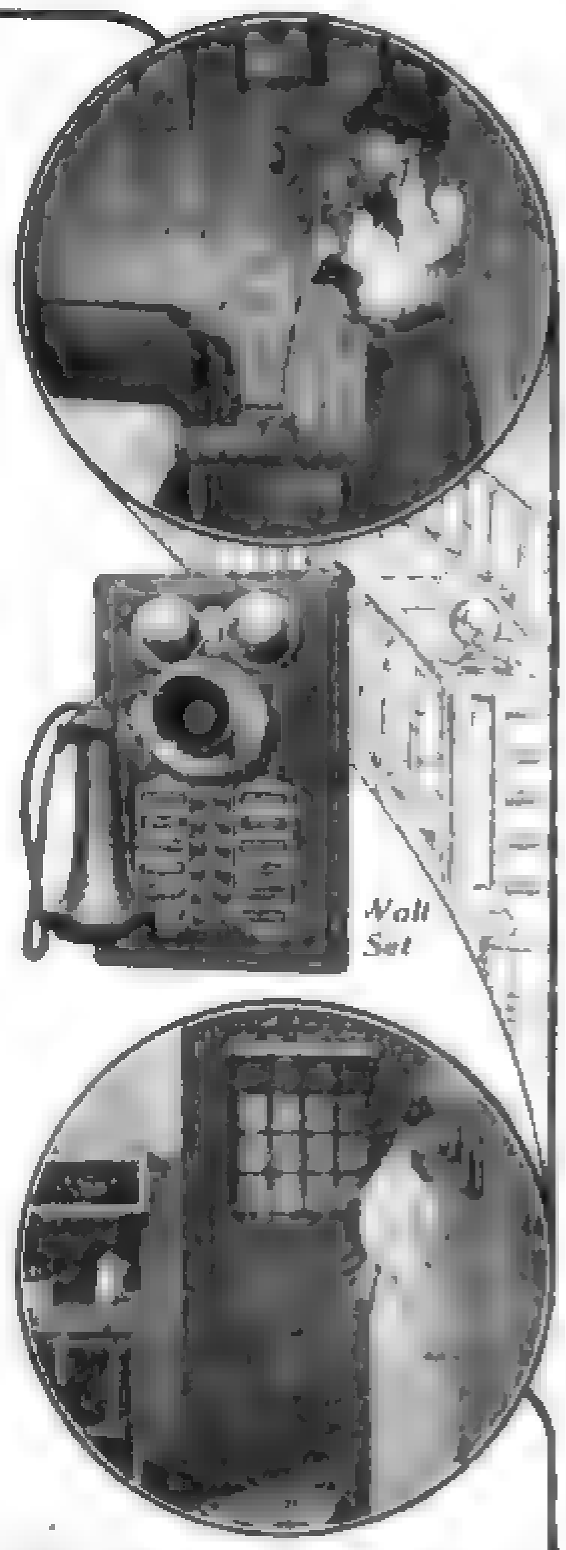

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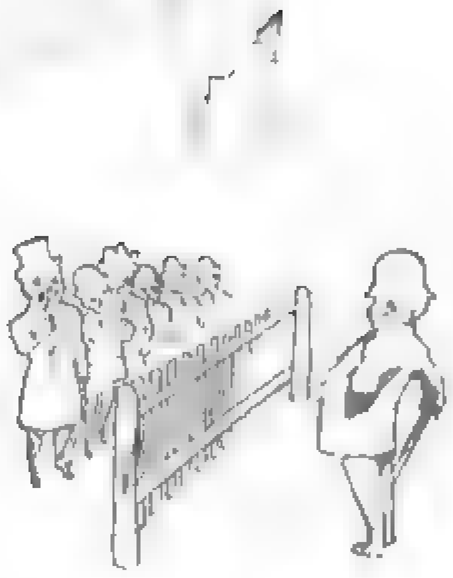

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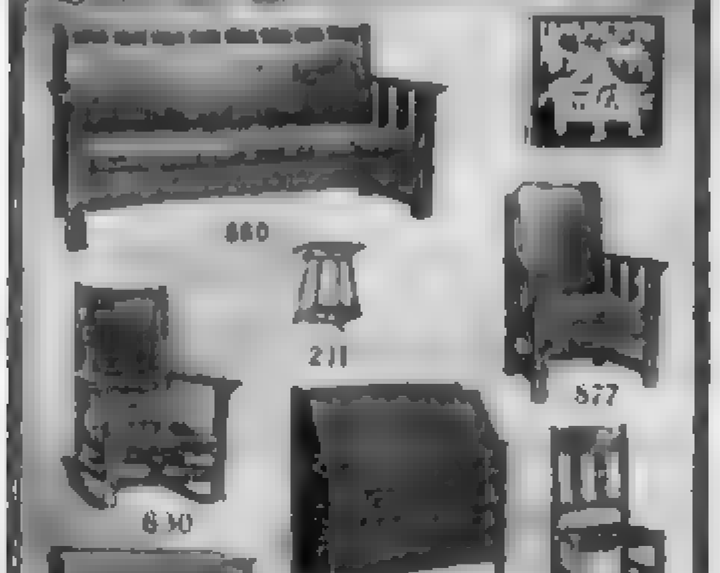

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already seen, it makes the holder simply a partner in the enterprise, like a stockholder, sharing in the profits or standing the losses. Now the bondbuyer is a lender of money and, like any other cautious lender, should have ample security, and interest that is paid regularly. He does not always obtain this with income bonds.

Fortunately income bonds are going out of fashion. One reason for this is that the public is being educated to know what a good bond is; another is that there has been a great deal of controversy and litigation over failure to pay the interest coupons. The lesson behind this brief explanation of them is that when a man buys a bond for income he should take no chances.

Now let us take up bonds other than first mortgage. The fact that a bond is not a first mortgage does not by any means put it outside the pale of safe investment. There are very high-class and stable securities in every type; but the investor should know specifically just what lies behind the bond he buys. Many people are so dazzled by seeing the word mortgage in the name of their bond that they do not take the trouble to investigate. A safe bond will stand the most rigid investigation, and when you investigate the security that you invest in you always learn something that aids you in your next investment.

A bond may be a first and refunding mortgage, a consolidated mortgage, or a general mortgage. A first-mortgage bond should be absolutely the first claim on the property. But a bond may be labeled first mortgage and yet not be one. Such is the case with the Toledo, St. Louis & Western first 4s, which are outranked in seniority by the prior lien 3½s. Thus it is good to watch for that phrase "prior lien," which in the minds of many means first mortgage. A bond to be a real first mortgage must have no other claim ahead of it.

A Model Mortgage

Thus many persons buy a first and refunding mortgage bond and think it is an absolute first mortgage. It may eventually become a first mortgage, as you will see later; but the bond that ordinarily has this name is not so at the start. It might be well to say in this connection that a refunding bond is one the proceeds of which are used to take up a maturing bond. Hence a first and refunding bond has two purposes: to improve the property, and to pay for old bonds. A concrete case will illustrate. Take the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific first and refunding 4s, due 1934. In most large bond issues all the bonds are not issued at once. It all depends upon the terms of the mortgage. This is why you see, as in this specific case, the phrase "authorized, $163,000,000; outstanding, $86,118,000." This means that there is a reserve supply yet to be brought out. A model mortgage will state just when these bonds are to be issued, and for what definite purpose the proceeds are to be used. In this particular issue the bonds are a first mortgage on terminal property at St. Paul and Minneapolis, on new equipment and shops at Moline, Illinois, and on railroad lines aggregating 1148 miles. They are a second mortgage or claim, subject to existing mortgages, on all the other mileage of the system, approximating 5708 miles.

The little phrase here, "subject to existing mortgages," is the key to the situation. It marks the border between the first and second mortgage domain. The Rock Island, like every other great system, is made up of a number of small roads. Each one of these roads has its own bonded debt, including a group of first-mortgage bonds. When the roads are merged these bonds maintain their integrity — that is, continue as absolute first claims on the property. They are technically known as the "underlying" bonds because, in the various layers of bonds that a system piles up, they lie closest to the property. Very often these underlying bonds are more desirable for the investor than the bonds of the big parent system, just as the bonds of a small community are sometimes preferable to those of a big city. Their bonded debt is smaller. The Rock Island first and refunding mortgage bond, which I am describing here, ranks after the underlying bonds. But, if you will read the terms of the mortgage, $52,207,000 has been reserved to take up the underlying bonds when they mature. It may take some time, but when the last one is paid off then this first and refunding bond will be a first

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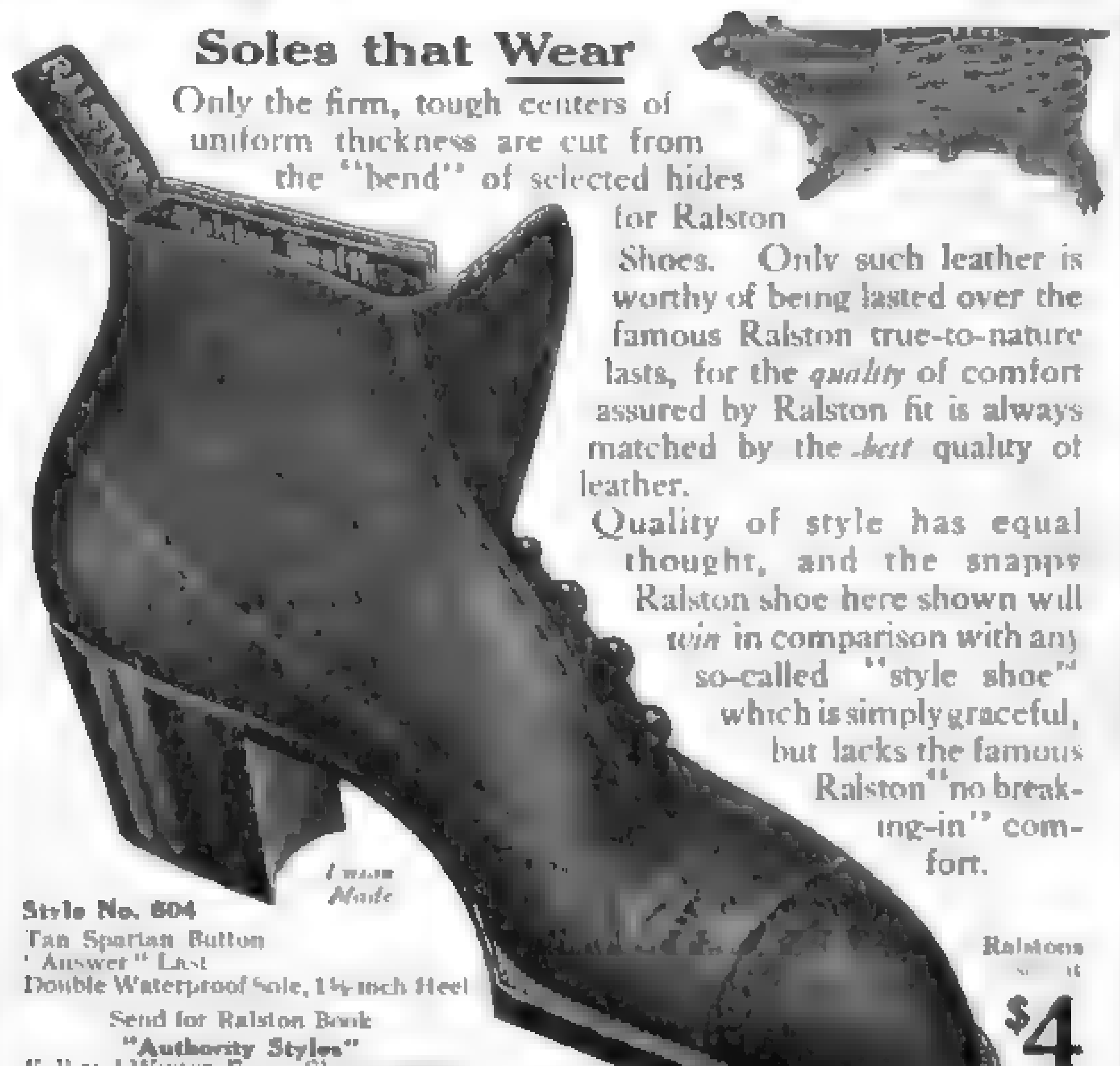

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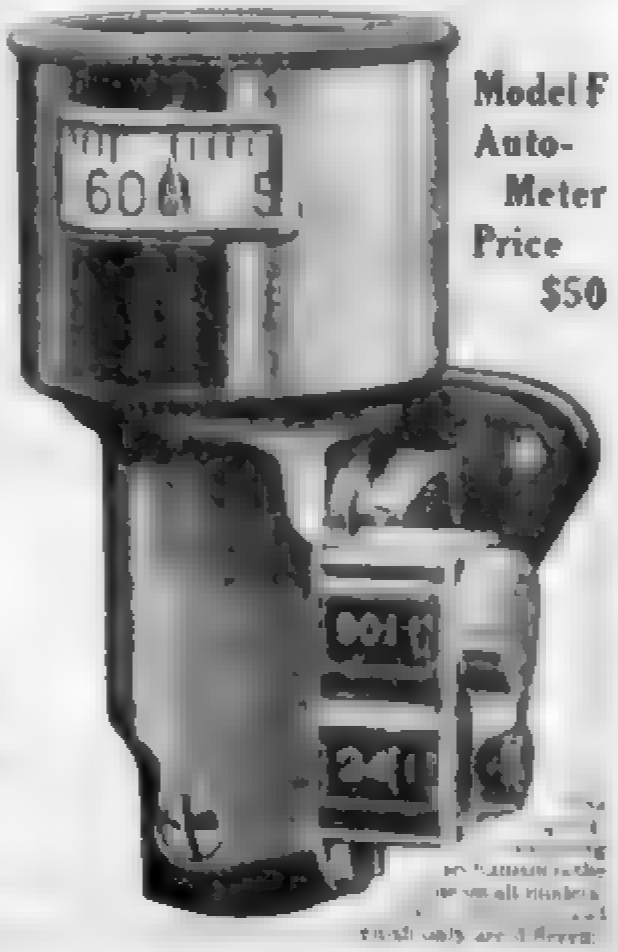
If the maker of your favorite car does not equip with the Warner Auto-Meter it will be wise judgment on your part [illegible] *pay the difference* [illegible] the trouble-proof satisfaction which goes with it.



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Ask a dealer to show them to you. We will tell you the nearest one. Dining Table Style Book mailed free on request.

Hastings Table Co., Hastings, Mich.

mortgage on the whole system. In this way, after many years, a bond that begins as a second mortgage ends as a first. There are many instances. The Chicago & Alton first and refunding 3s have become a first mortgage; likewise the New York Central refunding 3½s.

A consolidated mortgage bond is one on a group of consolidated roads. The phrase is used to distinguish the bonds of a system from those of its divisional lines. Like the refunding bond it may in time become a first. There are many types among them—the Chesapeake & Ohio first consolidated 5s and the Missouri Pacific consolidated 6s

A general mortgage bond operates the same way. It used to be known as a "blanket mortgage" bond because it was placed on a whole property. Some very desirable and standard investment bonds are debentures—among them the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe general 4s; Chicago & Northwestern general 3½s; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy general 4s; Reading general 4s; Chicago & Eastern Illinois general 6s.

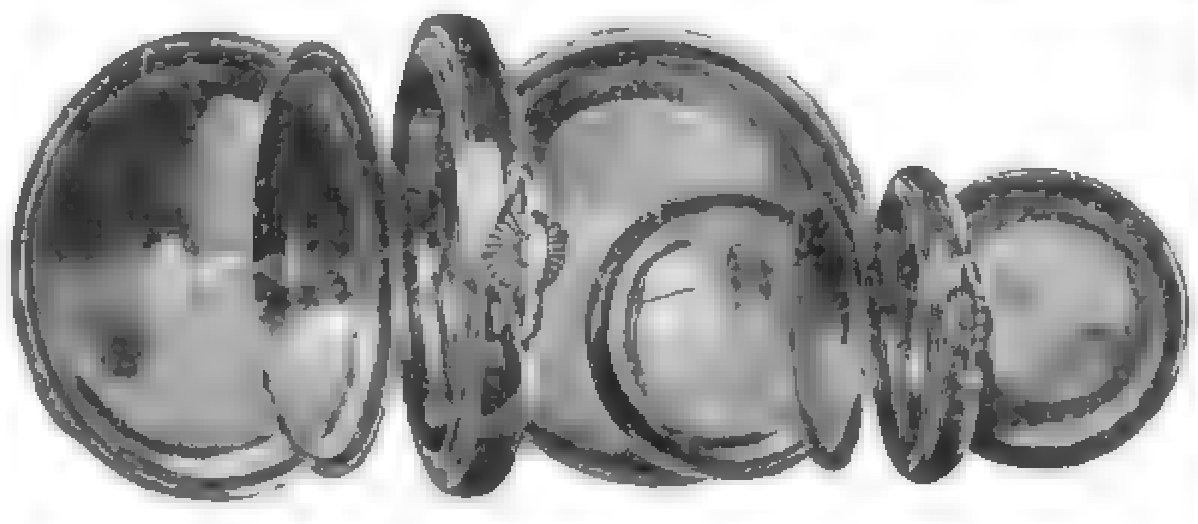
But railroad property, mileage and other holdings of a similar character are not the only things that may be pledged to secure bonds. Bonds may be secured by bonds, and the security issued is called a collateral trust bond. This means that a group of bonds is pledged with a trustee to secure the issue. These bonds are like a piece of mortgaged property. If the interest is defaulted the bondholders may foreclose and have the bonds sold to raise money. An illustration of this kind of bond, with the type of security deposited, is furnished by the Louisville & Nashville collateral trust gold 4s, due 1923. The amount outstanding is $23,000,000. These bonds are secured by a deposit of the following: $18,000,000 Louisville & Nashville unified 4s; $4,619,000 Louisville & Nashville—Paducah & Memphis Division—gold 4s; $500,000 Pensacola & Atlantic first 6s; $4,046,000 South and North Alabama consolidated 5s. When you buy a collateral trust bond be sure first to find out just what securities are pledged, what their market value is, and whether they are marketable. Beware generally of stock as security behind collateral trust bonds.

What Makes a Bond Secure

Still another kind of bond that represents a claim on something is the equipment bond, also known as the equipment trust certificate. It is almost exclusively issued by railroads. It is brought out to obtain new equipment, such as engines or cars. Since this equipment is absolutely necessary to the operation of the road, it follows that a railway company will take good care of these bonds almost ahead of anything else. The value of the equipment pledged should be considerably more than the amount of the bonds issued, because of the wear and tear on the rolling stock and its constant depreciation. An illustration of this kind of bond is the Southern Railway Equipment gold trust 4s, due 1921. They are secured by ten passenger cars, thirty-five switching cars, fifty-five freight locomotives and ten thousand freight cars.

Then there is the debenture bond, which is not a mortgage or claim on anything, but a promise to pay. Therefore the best bond of this type is that of a road or corporation that has a good record at keeping its promises. The best index to this is the story of its earnings over a considerable period of years. Among well-known investment bonds you find many debentures. Here are some types: New York Central debenture 4s; Michigan Central debenture 4s; New York, New Haven & Hartford debenture 4s and the Lake Shore debenture 4s.

There are various other bonds, such as extension bonds or refunding and improvement bonds. In the summing up, however, you find that there is very little in the name. The big thing to know is just what lies behind the name in the shape of good marketable or valuable security. If the bond is a claim on anything, find out how close it is to the property pledged. The only way to discover this is to ask questions. The proper sort of investment banker will be glad to furnish this information. If he discovers that you want to know how the bond is secured, and just what its mortgage position is, he will try to sell you only the type of bond that will bear the closest scrutiny.



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You know how it is in buying anything: if you take things for granted and don't know what to ask for you get an adulterated article—a substitute said to be "just as good" as the genuine.

The trade marks illustrated on this page are your safeguard. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade, and have been for 50 years. They mean absolute integrity in bullion value, in assay, in construction of a watch case. Be sure to find them. Every good jeweler in this country knows the marks and carries the cases. They are made for ladies' and men's watches—plain, engine-turned, engraved or enameled. All sizes, all patterns.

The Keystone Watch Case Co.
Philadelphia

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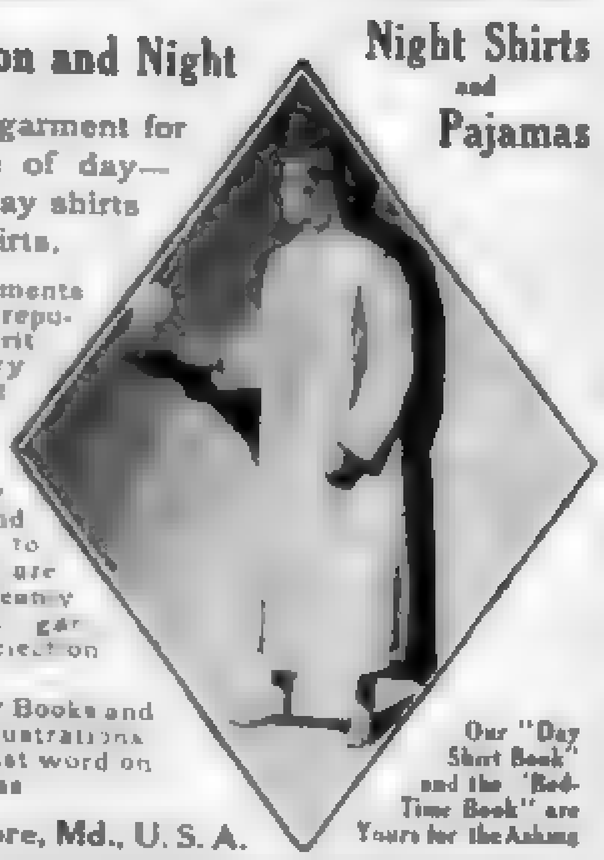

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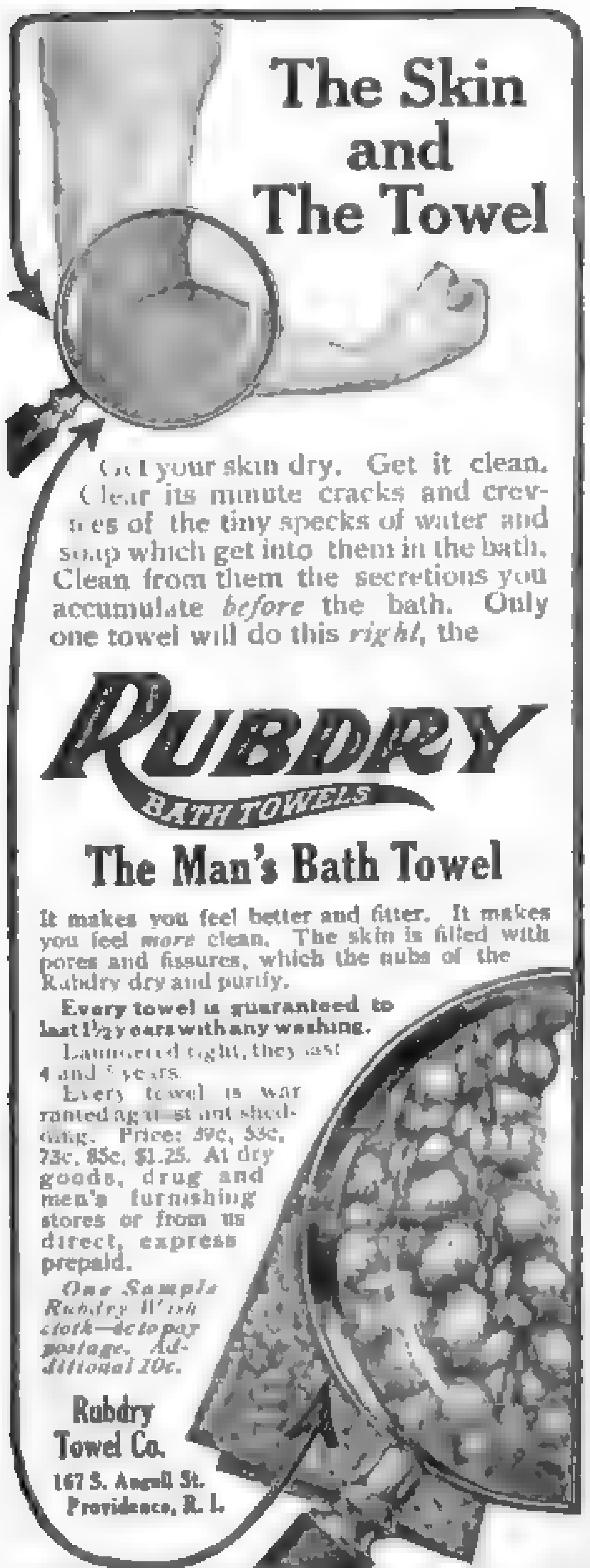

The Skin and The Towel

Get your skin dry. Get it clean. Clear its minute cracks and crevices of the tiny specks of water and soap which get into them in the bath. Clean from them the secretions you accumulate *before* the bath. Only one towel will do this *right*, the

RUBDRY BATH TOWELS

The Man's Bath Towel

It makes you feel better and fitter. It makes you feel *more* clean. The skin is filled with pores and fissures, which the nubs of the Rubdry dry and purify.

Every towel is guaranteed to last 1½ years with any washing. Laundered right, they last 4 and 5 years.

Every towel is warranted against lint shedding. Price: 39c, 55c, 73c, 85c, $1.25. At dry goods, drug and men's furnishing stores or from us direct, express prepaid.

One Sample Rubdry Wash cloth—4c to pay postage. Additional 10c.

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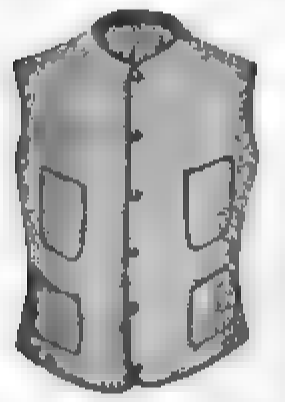

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It is made of a specially knit woolen cloth of handsome dark blue with gray stripes, is reinforced with specially prepared cold-proof lining, has strongest button fasteners, is braid-bound to prevent wearing. You can wear it over your vest and under your coat, or in place of an overcoat.

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It is furnished without sleeves at $2.00; a coat without collar, $3.25; a coat with collar, $3.50.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will ship prepaid upon receipt of price. Address Dept. B for our catalog.

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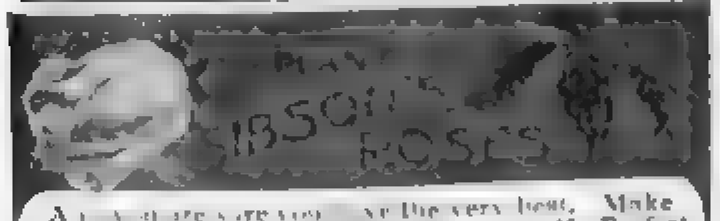

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A [illegible] are sure you [illegible] the very best. Make your Rose Garden individual. Give yourself Perfect Roses [illegible] Perfect Bushes. The Sibson Rose Nurseries grow Perfect Roses. So, when you buy your Rose Bushes here you can bank on the fact that you are getting Roses that are absolutely true to their name. Bushes that are strong and healthy and have an abundance of fibrous roots. Portland Roses are famous throughout the world, and the Sibson Rose Nurseries have contributed [illegible] Portland's official rose is the "Mme. Caroline Testout." We [illegible] We want our complete catalog in your hands if you are interested in the finer qualities of roses. The catalog is free. Send your name and address to

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Registered in U. S. Patent [illegible]

Healthful for bed [illegible] bath and [illegible] Warm [illegible] made of knitted fabric, lined with soft white wool fleece. Sold in all sizes by dealers or by mail, 25c a pair. Parker pays postage. Catalogue free. Look for Parker's name in every pair. J. H. Parker Co., Dept. 57, 25 James St., Malden, Mass.

THE TEDDYSEE

(Continued from Page 12)

"War to the knife!" Tim Woodruff hissed.
"Aye!" thundered Ted, "and to the teeth!"
His good right hand he crooked and drew his Liar Killer from its sheath;
But, even as he paused to strike, a wireless wave him thus addressed:
"Drop the Small Game and come to help the Woolly but Progressive West."

His Killer in his belt he stuck,
And this impromptu speech spake he:
"Fate cannot change the Teddyluck—
Prepare a future jolt to buck,
Bill Barnes—anon you'll hear from me!"

IV. TEDYSSES SWINGETH THE SQUARE DEAL IN THE BIG CIRCLE

"East is East and West is West, and never the two shall meet,"
As Rudyard K. exclaimed in a way, which is putting it rather neat;
Now the Voice of the East has a nasal twang, but the West, when her Voice she blows,
She lets out a yell like the Pipes o' Hell—and the fellow she calls for goes.

So into the West went Teddy
On the swiftest he could procure,
For a Conservational,
Conversational,
Radical lecture tour,
On matters of urgency
Boosting Insurgency,
Patting the Elba Clubs,
Praising the fighters,
Alarming State-Righters
And chumming with Governor Stubbs.

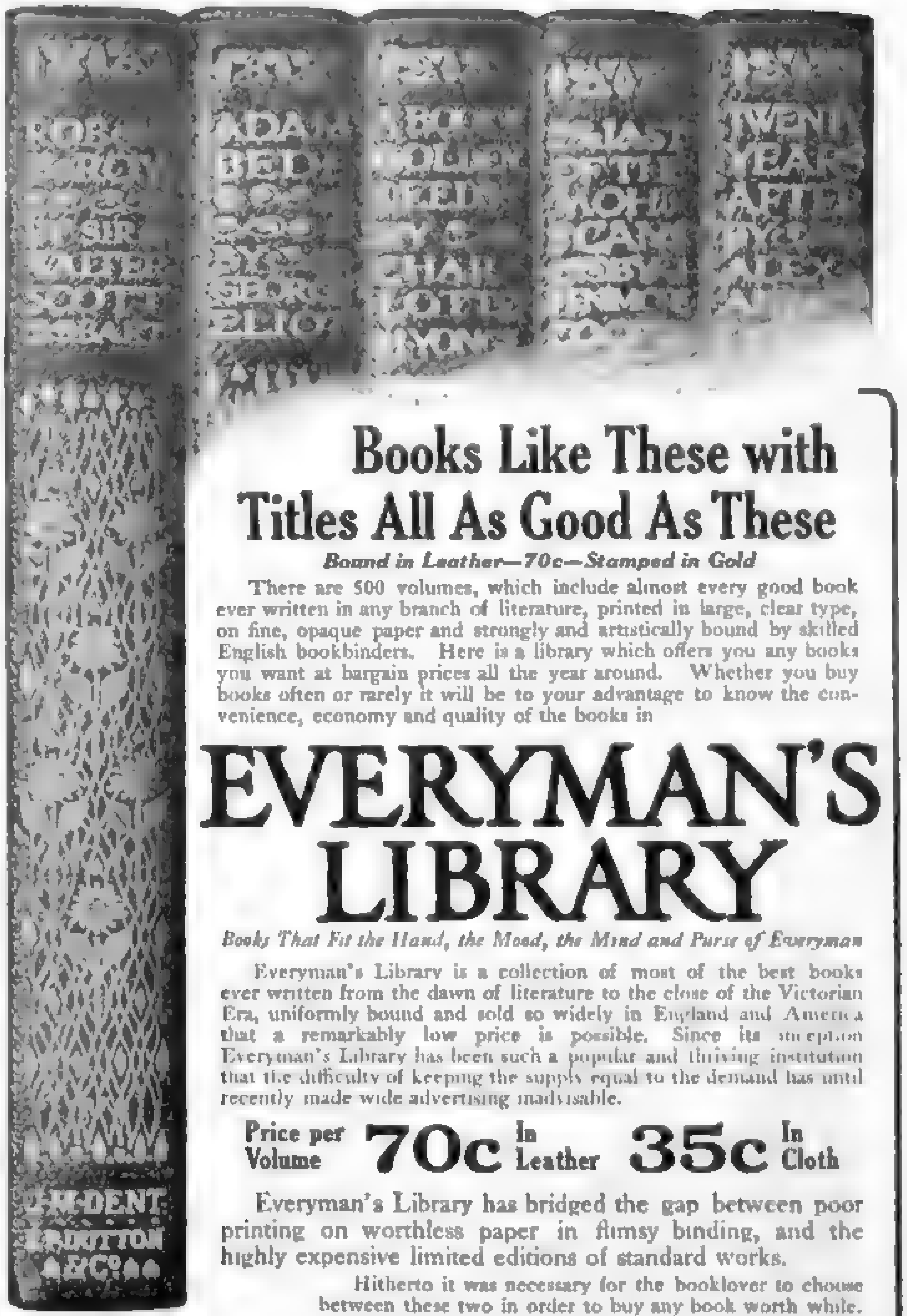
With a phonograph
And the Outlook staff,
And Dolliver vocally sweet,
And Garf and Giff
All ready to biff
Achilles from off his seat,
Each hour of the day
With something to say
And something to drink and eat—
A galaxy gallant
Of popular talent
Which Four of a Kind can't beat!

Among the tall burdocks
With Bristows and Murdocks
He hunted the Trust to its lair;
A fist broad and brawny
He shook after Tawney,
And shouted: "Come out, if you dare!"
To crossroads and sidings
He brought the good tidings
Of "Boost my New Policies strong!"
He praised little mothers
And slammed the weak brothers
Who didn't know Virtue from Wrong.

At every station
There stood an Ovation,
With banzais so lusty and salvos so swinging
That the welkin, in fact,
Got outrageously cracked
After several weeks of continuous ringing.

Shall I mention Cheyenne, with its busy corrals,
Where the cattlemen told him, "You bet we are sta'nch!"
How he talked upon "Waterways, fleets and canals"
To the dry-farming boys of the Alkali Ranch?
Shall I tell how he burst upon Denver's plateau
To the Third Term Enthusiast's usual cheer?
How he stood on the platform, looked round and said, "No—
I won't speak a word till Ben Lindsey is here!"
How he slammed the Supreme Court's supremer banalities,
Cross-eyed decisions and "high technicalities"?

Then on to the land of Insurgent Bonanzas—
Muse, tie your hat on; we're going to Kansas:
Wichita, Ottawa, Lebo, Eureka,
Delphos, Eudora, Chetopa, Topeka;
Then on through the sunflowers where summers are balmy;
Beautiful meadows of Osawatomie,
Where the soul of great John,
Whose last name was Brown,
Goes marching right on
Through the cute little town.



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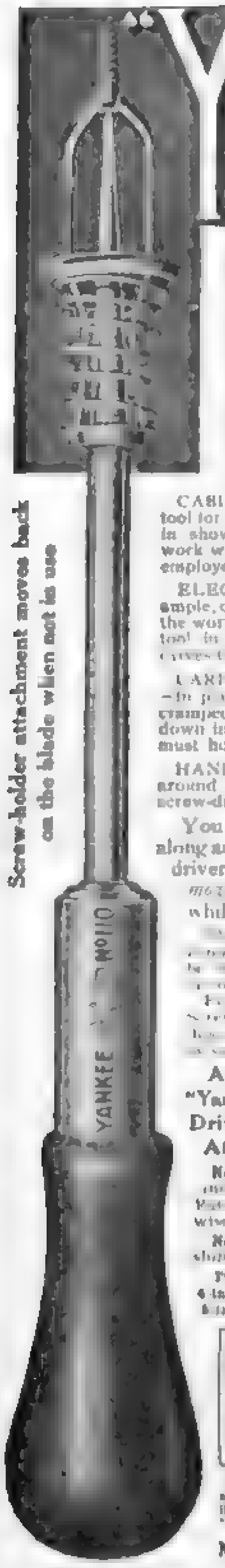
"Yankee" Tools


Screw-holder attachment moves back on the blade when not in use
YANKEE
No 110

Here's a simple, practical and successful screw-holder and driver: A pair of steel jaws, fastened to a spring, and fitted to blade of driver. At a thumb push, the jaws open and grip screw; and when the screw is driven in, they *release automatically.*

CABINET MAKERS use this tool for *placing* and driving screws in show-cases and other "inside" work where both hands cannot be employed.

ELECTRICIANS use it, for example, on switchboards supporting the work with one hand, while the tool in the other, *holds, places* and drives the screw.

CARPENTERS find many uses—in [illegible] screws in cramped corners, high overhead; down in holes, in work where they must hold on with one hand, etc.

HANDY-MEN like it in working around home, because it makes screw-driving so easy.

You can use this tool right along as a regular ratchet screw-driver—with the screw-holder *moved back* on the blade while not needed.

The screw-holder attachment [illegible] must be fitted to the blade at the factory.

For use on "Yankee" Spiral Screw-Drivers [illegible] attachment can be supplied [illegible] dealer.

Ask Your Dealer for "Yankee" Ratchet Screw-Driver with Screw-Holder Attachment.

No. 110. As illustrated. Right [illegible] hand and rigid. [illegible] shifter working length wise with the tool.

No. 111. Same, except Ratchet-shifter moves across the tool.

Five sizes 1 in. [illegible]
4 in. Blade 70 cts 6 in. Blade 85 cts
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Free Tool Book for [illegible] illustrating 66 kinds and sizes of "Yankee" tools. Write to

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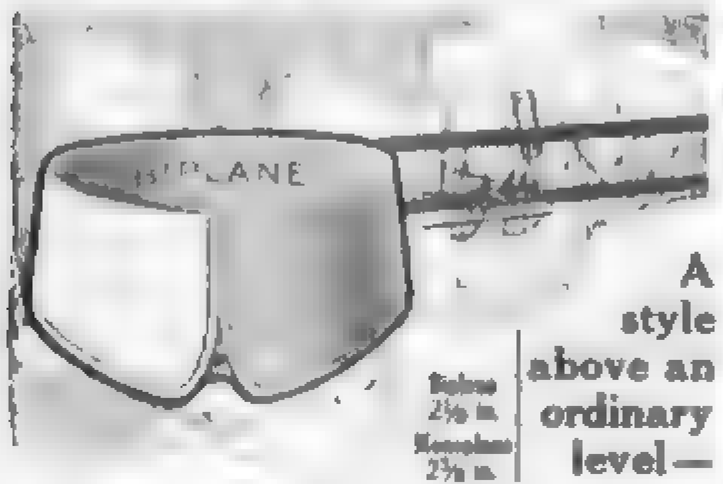

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IDE SHIRTS—$1.00 and upward

LINOCORD Buttonholes

Here the Teddy Train stopped with a toot that was rollicking;
Whole population of Kansas came frolicking:
Mothers and fathers and grizzled old Vets
  Thronged from the farms
  As they bore in their arms
The hardiest crop that young Kansas begets—
Infantile Bristows and wee La Follettes.
"Tonight is the night!"
  Said Governor Stubbs
To Will Allen White,
  Who was up to the hubs
In a trance of delight
As forth in his might
Strode the Soul of Progressive Republican Clubs.
Oh, how can I focus my mind's feeble prism
On that wonderful speech on New Nationalism,
  Where a Platform was built,
  Some Trust-blood was spilt
And Wrong got the javelin up to the hilt?

Next he praised Kansas City's Missourian forces,
Then stopped at Sioux Falls, where, in thrilling discourses,
He spoke on "Notorious Party Divorces."
  Then a stop-off at Fargo
  To let on a cargo
Of deputy sheriffs and cowpunching boys
  Who were eager with praise
  Of "them hell-splittin' days
On the Little Missouri—wow! Let's make a noise!"
  Next he dropped at St. Paul
  On the Governors all
And handed State-Rights a most serious "call";
  Then an afternoon talky
  He spent at Milwaukee,
Where he gave Mayor Seidel a gall-coated pill.
Then on to Chicago flew Ted with a will,
Where the Hamilton Club sat prepared for a thrill,
  As, with hard, vacant stare
  Stood a hard Vacant Chair
Marked "Lorimer"—faith, it is standing there still. . . . .

So thus and etcetera Theodore pressed
  A Garland of Speeches three thousand miles long
Like a barbwire fence round the heart of the West,
  Till the West yelled "I'm yourn!" and took after him strong.
But Marse Henry Watterson spoke from his heart:
"The Slayer of Lions is now being lionized;
And the Colonel, of course, will continue his part
  Till the dear old Republican Party is Bryanized."

V. OUR MUSE TAKETH THE EXPRESS ELEVATOR TO OLYMPUS

Muse, here's our elevator waiting. "Going up!"
Up to Olympus, where, with twitching beard,
Great Jove sits at his desk and, with a pin,
Traces across the map of U. S. A.
The latest zigzag of the Teddy Tour.
Around him sit the Council of the Gods,
Each looking anxious as the scratching pin
Passes from Kansas eastward to New York.

"O tell me, Uncle Jupe," fair Venus speaks,
Brushing the star-dust from her perfect nose,
"What ticket will you give your Favorite now?
What will Tedysses be adoing next?"
Nine thunder-sneezes sneezed the Cloud-compeller;
Then thus to Venus: "Pretty pinky one,
I'm merely hired to boss the Universe—
Then how can I control this Teddy, pray?
For there are things of which the gods themselves
Can simply speak the Delphic phrase, 'Search me!'
But, since you ask me what's my guess, I'll say
Tedysses may, within a week or so,
Fly angry to his ruined Party Home,
Where his Penelope of Taft-like face
Doth entertain his enemies at lunch."

"O bully!" Venus cried; "then I foretell
There'll be the loudest crash, the maddest yell
Since Vulcan through the heavenly skylight fell."

Editor's Note—The next Book of Mr. Irwin's Teddyssee will appear next week.

FOR YOUR FIGURE

The New Richelieu Union Suit

NOTE ABSENCE OF SEAMS

THERE is comfort and fashion in the New Richelieu fine-ribbed union suit that is knitted to fit and not like inferior garments, seamed to shape. Of gauze-like fineness about the waistline, where it is glove-fitting, it cannot bunch or wrinkle, as there are absolutely no side seams to rub, rip or ravel, or to be ground into the flesh.

It is perfect in fabric, fit and finish, and costs no more than others.

If your dealer cannot supply you, give us his name and address; send your height, weight and bust measurement, and we will see that you are served.

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At the leading stores. Priced from One Dollar to One Dollar and a Quarter.

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You'll know them by their snugly fitting coat collars, by their shapely shoulders, by the air of aristocracy they carry. Unconsciously, perhaps, you've noted and approved them many times.

ADLER-ROCHESTER-CLOTHES

Now, why not see how such clothes will look on your own person. Our Book of Men's Fashions for Fall and Winter, 1910—brings with it the address of our dealer in your town, who'll be glad to show you. Write us today for Edition A.

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You go to your dealer and present him the certificate printed herewith, which authorizes him to deliver at your home, free of charge, for one week's trial, a Reznor Heater.

If he has the Reznor in stock he will not hesitate to comply with your request at once.

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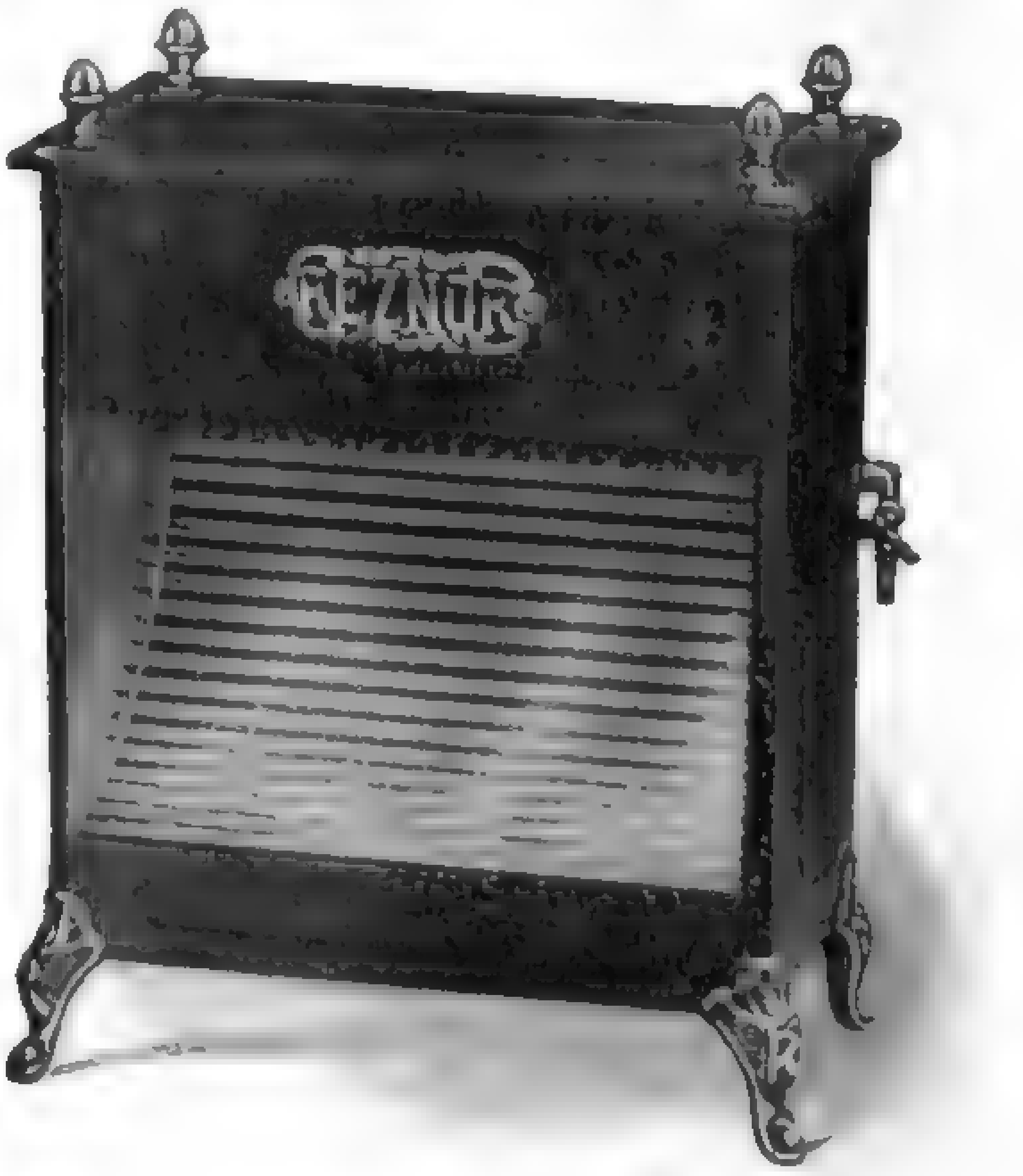

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For Artificial or Natural Gas

In order that we may show to the dealer and to you our confidence in the Reznor, we will accept the dealer's order for one dozen Reznor Reflectors and bill them to him to be paid for at the expiration of thirty days.

In the meanwhile you will have the opportunity of satisfying yourself, in your own home, that the Reznor is all we say it is.

When you are satisfied with it, you can pay the dealer, in accordance with the terms of the certificate; so he will collect for every stove before his account with us is due.

We make this remarkable offer, because we know precisely what the results will be.

Once you get a Reznor Heater in the house, you will never let it go out again.

In the past year 50,000 people have bought Reznor Heaters with the understanding that the dealer would give their money back if they were not enthusiastic after a full week's trial.

We have pursued this same plan ever since this wonderful heater was first put on the market and there are more than a half million Reznors in use today.

Now we are going a long step farther.

We are absolutely removing all restrictions, so that our army of 10,000 dealers can be increased to three times that number.

Every store in the United States that sells stoves, no matter how large or how small it may be nor where it is located, ought to have the Reznor in stock, not only because of its quick salability but in the interests of its customers.

There is no heater in the world like the Reznor.

It is the most economical conservator of gas and heat units that has ever been devised.

It is the only gas heating stove that actually does reflect heat.

Its enormous success is due to the fact that it incorporates an absolutely scientific idea which eliminates waste by insuring perfect combustion.

Having proved all these things to more than half a million people, we see no reason why we should not prove them to a million more.

We trust to the people of America to keep faith with their dealers, and it is that feeling of confidence in their integrity, as well as our positive knowledge of the merits of our product, that inspires us to make this wonderful offer.

Go to your nearest or customary dealer. If you can conveniently do so, present to him not only the certificate, but this entire advertisement.

It will inspire him with confidence to place an immediate order, if he fully understands the generous character of our offer.

If you do not care to present the entire advertisement to him, cut out the certificate, sign it, and have him send the Reznor Heater to your home at once.

He can be quickly supplied with Reznors from one of our branch warehouses and you can have the stove in your home almost immediately.

If by any chance you do not care to buy the Reznor through your dealer, write us and we will tell you how to get one.

Bear in mind that the Reznor is the original reflector heater; that there are other heaters which are called reflectors; and that the genuine Reznor—the only heater produced by this company—always bears the Reznor trademark or the name Reznor stamped in the metal of the back.

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The thing which has always impelled you to shy at gas stoves was the fear of filling the room with noxious fumes—either burnt or unburnt gas.

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It gives you 100 per cent. heat from every foot of gas that passes through it.

This powerful heat the Reznor Reflector casts far out into the room—*right down on the floor first*—producing a comfortable temperature where you live and where you want it.

We could go on indefinitely enumerating Reznor advantages, but we want you to learn them and know them first hand.

No matter whether you have artificial or natural gas. You can burn either in the Reznor.

So go to the dealer today, choose the Reznor you want, and have it sent home.

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To the Reznor Dealer:

This authorizes you to deliver to the home of the undersigned one (1) Reznor Reflector Gas Heater for one (1) week's free trial.

The undersigned agrees at the expiration of the week, either to pay you the purchase price, or, if not perfectly satisfied, to notify you to call and remove the heater.

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THE PILOT-FISH

(Continued from Page 21)

lurking near, then turned with a fierce Norse oath and shook his head in the direction of the Daffodil.

"That Bilot-vish!" he growled. "I t'ink I oonderstand! Ven I saw his jellow eyes blinking at me from der sea I knew dere vas no goot behind dem. It vas like—like anodder face I vonce knew—to my gr-rief!"

For a moment he stood stiff and silent, staring in the direction of the Daffodil. He cursed again.

Suddenly he raised his voice and hailed the quartermaster.

"Der gig at der gangvay," said he.

The order was quickly executed. Heldstrom got into the boat and gave the order to "gif vay." The fog was as thick as ever and at the end of a few moments he commanded, "Oars."

The boat glided silently through the still water. Heldstrom turned his massive head slightly to one side and listened intently. On the starboard bow there came the sound of voices. All at once he heard the somewhat peculiar remark; in Danish, which is to say, Norwegian, although a Dane would put it the other way about:

"Yes. Two days in every month you may get drunk. Between these periods, not a drop."

"Gif vay; poort," growled Heldstrom.

As he drew near the yawl there came the sound of a rich, musical voice suddenly muffled, and Heldstrom knew that the speaker had gone below while still talking. There was an excited note to this voice that suggested the babble of a fever patient. Heldstrom saw his bow oar furtively cross himself. This man had one day encountered the Finn when both were the worse for drink; and the warlock had opened his lips and delivered himself of informations that had sobered the Irishman as a sluicing with ice water might have done.

Close aboard the yawl Heldstrom gave the order: "Vay enough!" As the gig shot alongside Heldstrom saw Applebo standing in the cockpit staring down at him. The face of the old man grew stiff and cold as glacial ice.

Applebo's features were like a clay death-mask and the only live quality was in the eyes, and these were barely visible between the double fringe of dark lashes.

"Good morning," said he, in a voice as expressionless as his face. "Captain Heldstrom of the Shark, I believe."

"Der same," answered Heldstrom, and added: "I haf come to pay a visit. I am curious to see der little yawl vich haf followed me for so many miles of sea."

"Pray come aboard," said Applebo. "There is really not much to see. I am about to breakfast. Perhaps you will do me the honor to join me."

"T'anks," said Heldstrom. He stepped aboard, then turned to the stroke oar who was shifting aft to take the yoke lines."

"Go back aboord," said Heldstrom. "I vill ask you"—he turned to Applebo—"to set me back on my ship."

"Certainly."

The gig slid off into the fog. Heldstrom, standing by the main rigging, stared under lowered brows at Applebo.

"We have t'ings to say to each odder," he remarked in a heavy voice. "Dis fella of yours—does he oonderstand English?"

"Yes," answered Applebo. He motioned to the Finn, who was eying the two with his shaggy head at its curious slant.

"Get in the dingey and hang off and on," said Applebo in Danish. "When I want you I will whistle. Keep away. I do not wish to be interrupted."

The Finn appeared to hesitate.

"Go!" said Applebo. "At once!"

The Finn tugged at his cap. Without a word he stepped into the dingey and pulled off into the fog. As soon as he was lost to sight Applebo turned to Heldstrom.

"Come below," said he in Danish, and led the way.

In the cabin of the yawl Applebo motioned his guest to a seat. For a minute the two eyed each other in silence. Heldstrom was breathing heavily; Applebo was as pale as it was possible for his peculiar ivory tint to become, but aside from the singular glow of his eyes his manner was free of all emotion.

Heldstrom spoke first, in English.

"I know you," he said. "You are my son."

Applebo slightly inclined his head.

Heldstrom gave him another piercing look. "You haf all of your mudder, and more!" he said. "You haf also somet'ing of me—der vorst of me."

Applebo's brows came lower. He did not reply.

"I haf never said it to anybody," continued Heldstrom, "und I vould kill der man vat said it to me. But I vill say it to you. Your mudder vas royalty, but she vas no goot, und you are like her."

Applebo raised his eyebrows.

"If you were not my father," he said, "I would knock your brains out. But after all, when one stops to think, you are throwing mud principally at yourself."

Heldstrom's expression became terrible.

"I t'row mud at nobody!" he cried, and leaned forward, gripping the gravity table until his great finger-joints cracked. "I tell you only vat you ar-re!"

Applebo hunched up his shoulders, leaned back, crossed his strong hands in front of one upraised knee, and eyed his father through half-opened lids.

"When did you discover my identity?" he asked.

"That is my affair! I knew alvays dere vas a son—all my life, since your mudder left me."

"I beg your pardon—since you left my mother."

"Since your mudder left me for ——"

"Since you left my mother!" interrupted Applebo, in a voice that for all of its silky tone sheared its way through that of Heldstrom.

Heldstrom struck the gravity table a blow with his great fist.

"Since your mudder left me!"

"Please don't break my furniture! I need it. I don't need a father particularly." Applebo's voice was smooth and yet appeared to overtone and undertone that of Heldstrom. "But I do need my table. I need certain ideals, also, which you are trying your best to break down, like any other coarse brute of a Scandinavian sailorman! *You!*—you lived a whole lifetime in a few weeks, didn't you? Didn't you? Don't begin to glare! And now you come over here aboard of my little boat to kick about the bill!"

Few men would have cared to face Christian Heldstrom at that moment, but the one facing him was of the same fierce, viking breed. Applebo guessed at the motive for the visit, which was very far from being one of parental interest. There was no doubt in his mind that it had to do with Hermione, but of that, later. At present it had to do with himself and his father, whom for weeks he had followed through a deep-seated filial instinct of affection. He was very glad that he had waited before declaring himself. Applebo felt shame and a hot resentment in his heart that this father, about whom he had built so many splendid ideals, should thus prove himself merely a harsh and violent Norwegian sailor.

Heldstrom was glowering at him across the table.

"Pay der bill!" he rasped. "Vat do you mean?"

"Just that," answered Applebo. "You might have known what to expect if you were not altogether a fool. My mother was a young and beautiful woman, the only daughter of rich and noble parents, a favorite of the King. You were the son of a poor but respectable farmer, at the time engaged in the trade of boatbuilding. Is that not true?"

Heldstrom's lips moved, but no sound came from them. A terrible rage was gathering on his heavily bearded face. Applebo saw it, but continued in the same dispassionate tone:

"You were years older than she and you should have known better. You sold her uncle a yacht and sailed her one season for your client. My mother was aboard the boat a good deal, and so you met and became infatuated with one another. Then you eloped and were married, and you brought her to America as a poor immigrant. Do you consider that to have been an act of affection?"

"Stop!" Heldstrom's voice was choked and strangling. "Not anodder vord! Dis is not your affair."

"Pardon me, it is very much my affair, seeing that I was the result of the folly—of your blind selfishness! Do you think that I have had a happy life? It has been

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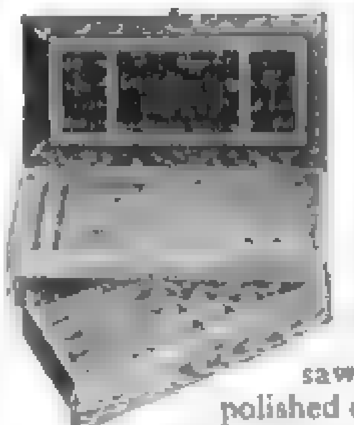

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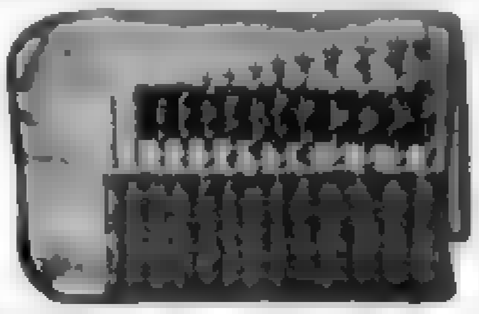

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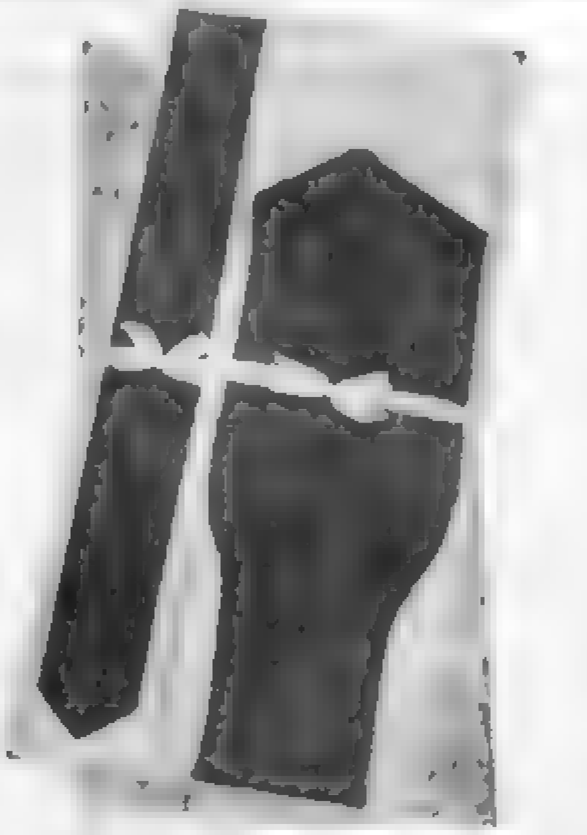

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one long record of loneliness, for I am not of the sort to make friends readily! And there has been a good deal of terrible monotony about it too! Not until Harold Applebo died and left me a small income, four years ago, did I commence really to live."

Heldstrom's face was livid, but the devastating rage had left it. He swallowed once or twice

"Und you say I kick about der bill!" he growled. "Vat you vant, den? Somet'ing froom me?"

A fierce gleam shot from the pale eyes of Applebo. Leaning forward he struck the table a blow with his fist.

"No! I want nothing from you, now that I know the sort of man you are! I did want a little paternal sympathy and interest, and to feel that I was not entirely a stray spar washed from the wreck of two lives and left to drift where the current carried me! Now that I know you, I want nothing! Formerly, I thought that you might possibly contain a spark of paternal instinct. I thought, also, that you might welcome the thought of one of your own blood to be the companion of your declining years. It was for this that I have been following your schooner all summer long."

Heldstrom raised his massive head, which had been slightly drooping, and stared intently at his son

"You tell me it vas for me that you haf followed der Shark?" he demanded harshly.

"Yes. I wanted to learn precisely what I have learned this morning, but not exactly in this way." Applebo smiled ironically. "That was my whole object in trailing you about."

Heldstrom thrust himself suddenly forward and shook his fist in the young man's face

"You are a liar!" he almost shouted.

Applebo slightly recoiled. For an instant it seemed as though the older man were about to hurl himself upon him.

"That is vat you are—yoost like all your mudder's kinfolk! Dey vas liars all! Und you inherit from dem; not froom me, t'ank God! You haf learned but a little part of dis history, und dat wr-rong! I took your mudder avay because her fadder vas going to marry her mit a man dot vas known to be der vor-rst blackguard in Europe, und she hated him too. But I make me no excuses."

"Then," Applebo interrupted, "suppose you make me one for having so far forgotten yourself as to call me a liar. Otherwise this interview must come to an end."

Cried Heldstrom, in his great bull-whale voice. "Dis interview vill coom to an end ven I haf said my say! Do not enr-rage me, yoong man, or, son or no son, you may haf cause to be sorry. I call you a liar, and you are that! If you follow de Shark because of me, vy do you not coom forward like a man, long ago, and say, 'You are my fadder, I am your son.' I do not say that I vould be glad, but at least I vould do my duty and you vould do yours. Vy do you follow und watch and look und peer und pr-ry like a jellow cat vatching der cage of a bird? Vy do you anchor off und neffer coom aboard, der more so ven you vas invited by Captain Bell und Mr. Vood? Vy do you send dose sickening werses to my yoong ladies?—for I learn yesterday you do. Answer me, you fella! Vy do you do all dis if it is for me dot you follow der Shark?"

All of the color faded from Applebo's face. He began to understand. But though he caught the ugly reflection of what was in the mind of Heldstrom, he did not see how he was to answer him. How was he to make this rough sailor understand his silly sentimentality? And how could he explain his own sensitiveness in approaching him on the subject of their relationship. He hesitated, and Heldstrom of course took this hesitation as a sign of guilt and the endeavor to search for some explanatory lie. His face grew black, and in contrast the piercing blue eyes appeared to pale. Perhaps they did actually pale as a consuming wrath contracted the pupils. He leaned forward and shook his heavy forefinger so close to Applebo's face that it almost struck him.

"I tell you vy! Now I oonderstand! It vas because of my little gir-rl, Miss Hermione! Dot mor-rning at Shoal Harbor! Dis morning in der fog! Und how many mornings besides I do not know."

"Silence!" Applebo sprang to his feet. Notwithstanding his height there was headroom in the yawl's cabin to permit him to

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stand erect. The face that he turned to his father was that of a lion, exasperated by its trainer to the point of frenzy. It was an appalling visage, flaming-eyed, bloodless, tense, with white teeth bared to the molars, while the heavy cords and muscle-bands of his neck stood out under the ivory skin.

Heldstrom, too, hove himself upon his feet, and for an instant the two big men faced each other across the little table. Then Applebo sank back to his seat.

"You are my father," he said, "and you are aboard my boat. Also, you are in the wrong, as you will discover when you talk with the lady in question. I have seen her but twice: once by accident at Shoal Harbor; once this morning, when she came to ask me to follow you no longer. She will tell you the rest. As soon as the weather clears I shall sail for New York to lay up the yawl. This is all the explanation that you will get from me; in fact, there is nothing more to be said." He arose and stepping up into the cockpit blew a wailing note on a siren boat-call. Almost immediately there came the sound of oars and the Finn appeared, propelling the dingey over the flat, gray surface of the water. It was apparent that the man had not been far from the yawl.

Applebo turned to Heldstrom.

"Here is the boat," he said.

Heldstrom gave him a fierce, questioning look which Applebo did not appear to see. The face of the older man was haggard as he came up through the hatch. For an instant he appeared to hesitate, as if on the point of speech. Applebo gave him no opportunity.

"Set Captain Heldstrom aboard the Shark," he said to the Finn, who vigorously nodded his wild, disheveled head.

Heldstrom glanced down at the boat, then at his son. The old sailor had the expression of a very aged man who has overtaxed his waning strength and is about to bend beneath the weight of years and trouble. Again he hesitated, as if trying to speak.

"Good morning," said Applebo curtly.

The words acted like a bucket of cold water on Heldstrom. His great frame appeared to stiffen. He stepped down into the dingey and seated himself heavily in the stern. Applebo raised his hand in salute. Heldstrom ignored it.

"Gif vay," he growled at the Finn.

The warlock dipped his oars. The boat glided off into the fog, which appeared to have suddenly darkened. A damp air was fanning in from the sea.

XV

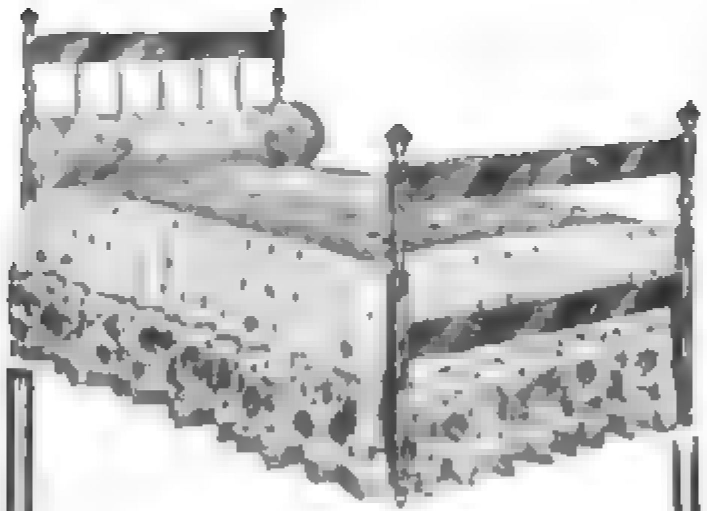
FOR several minutes Applebo stood erect, arms folded across his chest, staring into the fog. Presently he shrugged, smiled cynically to himself, and turning on his heel went below, where he seated himself on the edge of his bunk.

"An interesting morning," he observed aloud. "I am richer by one Ideal and poorer by the loss of another. On the whole, however, I am 'way ahead on the break! If my father is a rough old brute of a pig-headed Scandinavian sailor, my sweetheart is the darlingest and loveliest of women, although she is scarcely more than a child in years, though mature of mind and body. Nothing shall keep me from marrying her! I am mad about her! I would like to write her fathoms on fathoms of verse, but I will not."

He opened the locker at the head of his bunk, took therefrom a large pile of manuscripts which he proceeded to tear into small fragments.

"I have sung my swansong as a bard," Applebo observed. "Poetry can make a fool of a man. 'Sickening werses,' quoth my paternal. I shall write no more 'sickening werse.'" He stared absently at the yellow bulkhead, then as absently set about steeping some tea. "Perhaps, when I get something in my tummy, I shall look with a less saddened retrospect upon my 'family quarrel.' What an old brute! I wonder why Hermione is so fond of him? There is a jolt coming to him when he learns that his accusations were all creatures of his prejudiced and unreasonable imagination. The old beast actually thought that I had been putting her up to secret rendezvous, when, as a matter of fact, upon the only two occasions when we have met I have been the one to bring the interview to a close and send her home. Shucks!"

A quart or two of tea with some dozen and odd macaroons had a decidedly cheering influence upon the spirits of Mr.



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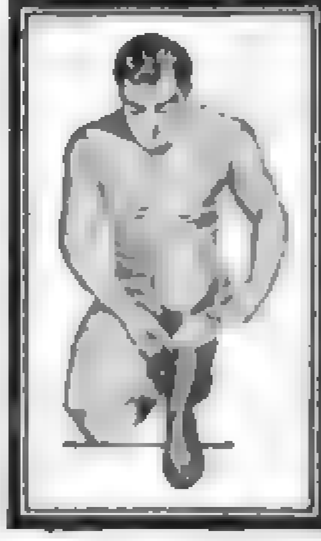

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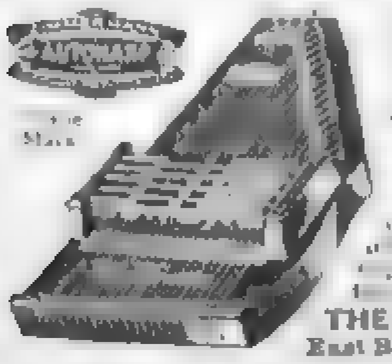

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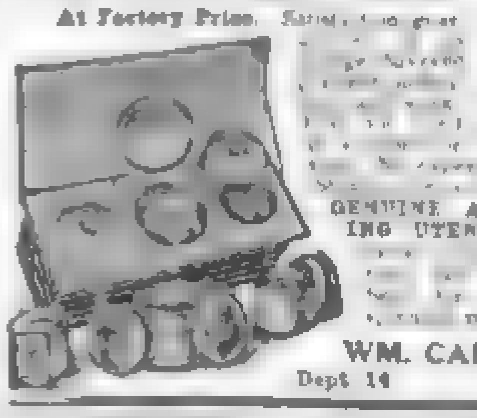

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Applebo. This breakfast achieved, he wrote a letter to Hermione, telling her of his unfortunate interview with his father. After this he took the Finn and went ashore in quest of certain things needed for the run to New York. Most important of these was a fresh supply of macaroons.

At noon the fog had slightly thinned and there was a little air from the northeast. Nobody but Applebo would have thought of putting to sea in such weather, but he had an idea that his father, after interviewing Hermione, might return to express his regret at certain things that he had said, and Applebo had for the time being completely changed his views in regard to the desirability of a paternal parent in the scheme of his careless life. Not only had the romantic anticipations of the poet been dealt a severe blow by this brutal introduction to his father, but, what was worse, his hypersensitive susceptibilities had almost immediately parodied it, so that even while smarting from the interview he was cynically laughing at it. Like many poetic natures, Applebo's had its keen appreciation of the ridiculous, and it was because he was conscious that his sentimentality often enticed him out upon the thin ice of the absurd that he had, as a sort of self-protection, acquired the veiled, mocking pose that left the unsympathetic world in doubt as to whether he was making a fool of himself or of it.

In his interview with Heldstrom, Applebo had been quick to appreciate the futility of a pose of any sort. The sturdy Norwegian would have torn through it like a shark through a gill-net. Applebo had found himself always quite well equipped to meet force with force, and so when his father had brought to the onslaught sheer weight of personality his son had met him with the same backing. The issue had been a draw, and Applebo felt that if he had frankly won he would be far less content.

Half an hour later he was feeling a secret admiration for his sturdy, one-ideaed old father, and wishing that they had parted friends.

"After all," said Applebo to his barometer, "the old coot was only carried into breaking water by his devotion to Hermione. What he thought I'm sure I don't know; nothing very bad or he would not have left me alive. Apparently it was that I had been enticing her from the path of conventional behavior. I wish I knew what he really did think. I'll go to sea and dope it out under way. The narrow environs of this puddle constrict my intellectual flights." He raised his voice and the Finn came squattering aft.

"Make sail and get up the anchor," said Applebo. "We are going to sea."

Twenty minutes later the Daffodil stole wraithlike through the entrance and laid a course across Massachusetts Bay for Cape Cod. The wind was steady if light, and its direction enabled Applebo to make a broad reach for the cape. In the middle of the afternoon the fog blew off while the breeze freshened, hauling steadily to east, then east by south. At dark Applebo sighted the Highlands Light and soon afterward Race Point, and as the wind was beginning to haul ahead and the general aspect of the weather was unpromising he decided to run into Provincetown. This he did, dropping anchor in the midst of a fleet of fishermen who were trailing in, one after the other, as the night advanced.

At two o'clock in the morning Applebo was awakened by the hum of his main rigging, the hiss of driving rain and the short, angry slapping of little waves against the bow of the yawl.

"Good thing we ran in," he thought contentedly, and went to sleep again. Two hours later he was again awakened, this time by a clanking and clattering up forward.

"The Finn is giving her the other anchor," he thought. "Must be blowing up."

At seven in the morning, when he awoke, Applebo shoved his tawny head up through the hatch to find that it was blowing a southeasterly gale. Crowded close on all sides was the fishing fleet, many other vessels having run in for shelter during the night. Fine, staunch schooners they were, with the big spars and sleek lines of yachts.

Applebo slipped on his bathing-suit and took a dive overboard, to the unconcealed amusement of the crew of an adjacent smack. Finding himself the target for many witticisms, Applebo decided to shorten the range and swam alongside, when, finding a sea-ladder down, he climbed sleepily aboard and blinked at the jovial crew.

"How's fishing?" asked Applebo, hauling his long, wet body over the rail.

The men regarded him with that swift yet searching scrutiny peculiar to their kind. Finding him a "college feller" and locating him at once aboard the Daffodil, there seemed to be nothing strange in his wandering half naked through the wind and rain.

"Fishin's all right," replied an elderly man who appeared to be the captain of the vessel, "but the weathure ain't. You off'n the ketch yander?"

"Yes. She may not look it, but she is my yacht."

The captain gave her a keen assaying glance.

"Say," he observed, "that thing looks like the critter we see last week at Hampton Roads. We was in there ketchin' crabs."

"I was there too," said Applebo. "I sneaked back up here inside in that easter."

The men looked at him with interest. The captain, a lean, lanky citizen of Maine, shifted his tobacco. He was politely dressed in a nautical costume befitting his rank and consisting of a derby hat with a dent in the left side, a rather tired-looking "biled shirt," a black vest—for he wore no coat despite the drizzle—a heavy gold-plated watch-chain, black trousers and patent-leather shoes, whereof the "patent" was putting up a losing fight against the salt water. This costume would have identified him anywhere along the coast as the captain of something, at first guess a coasting schooner. The men called him "Dave" despite the fact that he was captain and old enough to have fathered any of them.

"That boat o' your'n looks like a swordfisher," said he.

"She was built for that," said Applebo.

"She won't never drown ye. Might starve ye, though."

"She won't do that, either," said Applebo. "You will find a lot of yachts that are duller than that yawl of mine."

"I know one that's duller," said the skipper, "'n' that's the old Shark. We come in abaout daylight this mornin'. It was blowin' tol'ble fresh. M'yeah—not so peart as what it is now, but there was wind aplenty. Jibin' raound the Stellwagen Bank we nigh pitched on to that 'ere old wagon."

"The Shark?" cried Applebo.

"It was her. They wa-an't much light, but I seen that stern o' hern wallowin' off into the muck. There ain't no mistakin' that critter! She's been bangin' raound this coast most as long as what I hev, 'n' that's consid'able time."

One of the crew, an Irishman, spoke up.

"'Twas the Shark," said he. "She was waddlin' out around the cape like an ould duck. Pwhat she was doin' in shwill like this I dunno."

"We wa-an't lookin' fer nothin' goin' that way," said the captain. "Mercy o' hell we didn't spile her paint. Tearin' chunks offen the sea, we was."

"Funny that the Shark should have been out there," said Applebo. "I left her in Marblehead yesterday noon."

"'Twas her," said the Irishman. "There's no mistakin' the nose-pole av her. 'Tis like a pugnosed girl wid a slatepencil in her mout'. She was flounderin' to sea like a cow in a bog—just as graceful, sor. There was a big man wid whuskers standin' be the wheel. I knaw him. 'Tis ould Heldstrom."

"Who's the owner o' the Shark?" asked one of the men.

"'Tis a navy man—wan Bell."

"Wa-al," said the captain, "likely he knowed what he was adoin' on. Chances air he put into Chatham when he see what was goin' on. Ye ca-an't tell nothin' 'baout the weathure this time o' year. The day start's in ca-am and peaceful, in the glass nailed tha-ar, 'n' afore sundaown it's blowin' the paint offen her. Got a heap o' respec' fer saou'easters this time o' year."

Applebo chatted for a while with the old man, the crew regarding with much curiosity the nearly nude, beautifully muscled figure standing by the rail apparently indifferent to the gusty wind and the drizzle driving against his gleaming limbs. It was the end of August and not cold, but a gale off Cape Cod is never really tropical in temperature and the fishermen wore heavy oilskins over their working-clothes.

Applebo finally wished them good day, then made a clean dive off the rail and

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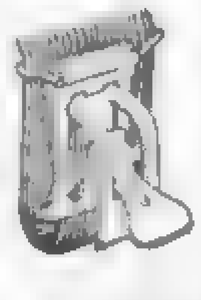

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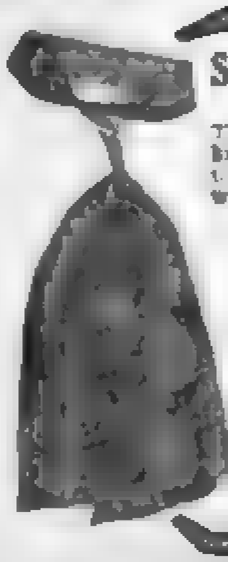

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swam back to the yawl. He found the Finn squatting on the forward deck, staring straight into the wind's eye. A gale always excited this peculiar individual. The dangers of fog, tide and reef had no apparent effect on the Finn, but as soon as it began to blow he underwent a notable change. It made no difference whether the yawl was hove-to in a squall, riding to a sea-anchor, or safely moored in a snug, landlocked harbor; the result upon the Finn was the same. During a storm he had always the intent, expectant air of one awaiting some momentous event. Often he would pause in what he was doing as though to peer and listen, always watching the direction from which the wind came, sometimes talking to himself, nodding his head and at times bursting into strange, wild little snatches of song, chanted in a beautiful tenor voice. Applebo once asked him what he heard in the wind, and he answered, "The voices of the newly dead." This, and the peculiar and uncanny way the man had of cocking his head and peering suddenly with one of his divergent eyes at some object either in the sea or sky, might have affected some people most disagreeably. Applebo was merely amused and found his crew's behavior rather entertaining.

As he swam alongside, the Finn did not appear to see him. The man was squatting like a frog against the windlass. He had on an old oilskin overcoat, but his head was bare, the long black hair tossing in the wind and the fine drizzle beating into a face that was of the pale drab of the belly of a fish. The lips were muttering a steady patter.

"What are you doing there?" Applebo demanded.

The beautiful, lustrous eyes turned to him slowly.

"Praying, master," came the soft-voiced answer.

"For whom are you praying?"

"For those about to die."

Applebo dressed and was refreshing himself with tea and macaroons when he heard a roaring sound close aboard, and poked his head up through the hatch to see a fisherman foaming in, her foresail in rags. Behind her came another, and a little later still another.

In the afternoon he wrote a letter to Hermione and went ashore to mail it. The gale was harder than ever and he wondered how the Shark was getting along; but he felt no anxiety, and decided that she had undoubtedly put into Chatham.

He went to bed early that night in a mood of deep depression. About midnight he was awakened by a pressure on his chest, and as his eyes flashed open, for he was a light sleeper, he saw a dark figure leaning over him and felt the disagreeable trickle of water on his face and neck. Springing up, he thrust at the dark shape and that so violently as to send the Finn, for it was he, staggering back against the table.

"What do you mean by dripping water over me like that, you fool?" cried Applebo, thinking that the Finn had roused him to say that they were dragging or something of the sort. A little standing-light was burning and Applebo saw by its feeble flame that the face of the Finn was working spasmodically and his manner was peculiar and wild.

"Master," he cried, "I have had a vision!"

"What sort of vision?"

"I saw a white vessel, dismasted and sinking. Her people were clinging about the decks and the sea was washing over them."

Applebo leaned forward, gripping the edge of his bunk.

"What was this vessel?" he cried.

The Finn shook his wet, shaggy head and again the drops sprinkled Applebo's face and neck.

"I cannot say, master. She was buried in the smother and the vision was not a clear one. It was like when I saw my father clinging to the bottom of his fishing-boat in the Finsku Zalif."

"What happened then?"

"He was never heard of again."

Applebo moved uneasily. He had full belief in many of the phenomena not to be explained by known physical laws, and therefore dubbed "superstition." That night he had gone to sleep in a most unusual state of depression, and once or twice he had awakened to listen to the gale humming through the rigging. His first thought had been of the Shark, and he had been disquieted, even though his reason told him that to be so was absurd. Wherefore, awakened by the Finn with this lugubrious

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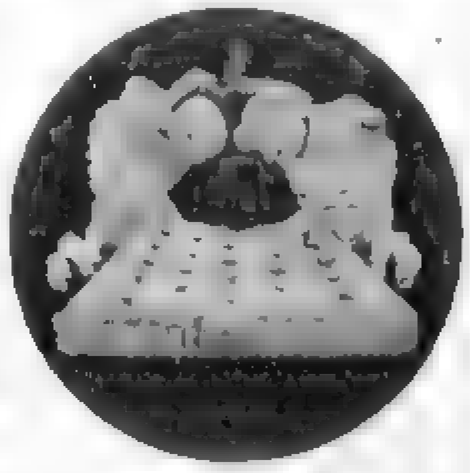

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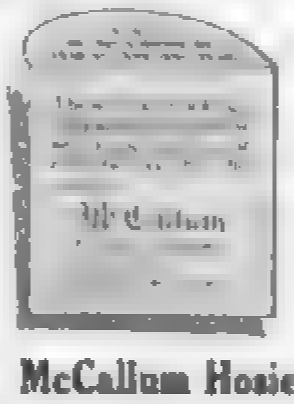

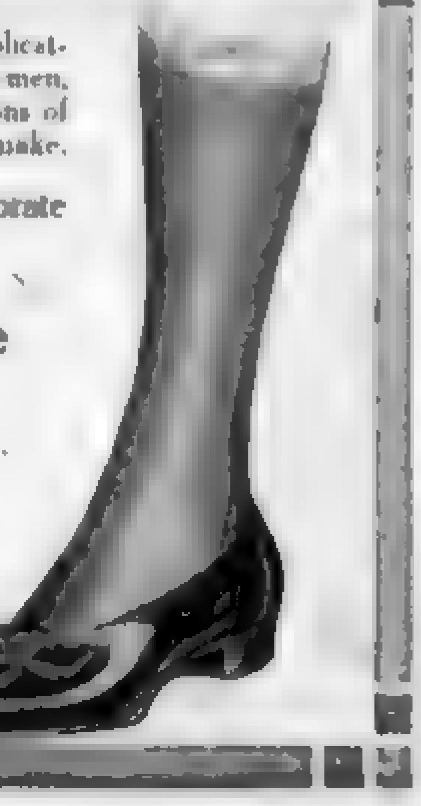

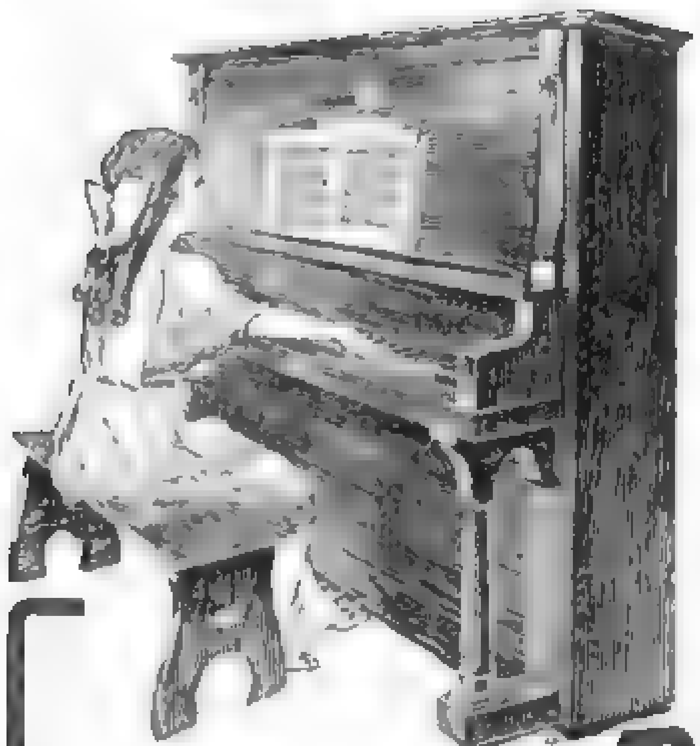

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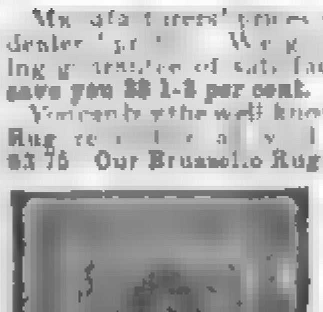

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tale of a vision of shipwreck, his first thought was naturally of the Shark.

"What do you think this vessel was, and where?" he demanded impatiently.

"I could not say, master."

"Then why do you come here and waken me and spatter me with cold water to tell me about it?" Applebo demanded of him angrily.

"I thought that I ought to do so," the Finn replied.

"But why?"

"God does not give us these visions for nothing, master."

"Then what do you want me to do—go to sea and wait for an angel to take the wheel?"

The Finn did not answer. He knew quite well that were the Daffodil at sea she would be hove-to under a storm trysail or riding to a sea-anchor.

"Well," snapped Applebo, "what do you advise?"

The man pushed back his dank hair and shook his head vigorously. Applebo lost his patience.

"Any fool might dream of shipwreck on a night like this," he said. "Now, clear out and let me sleep."

The Finn muttered some excuse and hove himself up through the companionway. Applebo turned over and tried to sleep, but it was a vain effort. The Finn had quite banished all drowsiness for the time, and his little ship's clock had struck two bells, then three, then four and five before he lost consciousness again.

At eight bells four o'clock in the morning—he awoke with a start. Turning up his lamp he reached for his barometer and found that it had risen two tenths. He slid out of his bunk and shoved his head up through the hatch, to discover that the wind had hauled southerly.

"Wind's going around," he said to himself. "It'll be westerly in the morning and clear, with a hard nor'wester. If it's any way possible we'll go out about eight."

For several minutes he hung through the hatch, staring into the murk. Some hard puffs struck the yawl, swinging her a trifle on her hawsers.

"Wind's getting westerly now," said Applebo. "It's not such an awful blow, anyway. We've been out in worse."

The rain had stopped and the air was comparatively clear. Applebo breathed it deeply. He cocked his head and stood for a moment listening to the roar of the surf on the beach across the neck.

"Some sea out there, this wind is hauling right along."

All at once he sprang up through the hatch and started forward along the deck. The forehatch was open and he saw the shoulders of the Finn halfway through it. Then the man's pallid face was turned up to him in the vague light.

"Heave in your chain," said Applebo. "We are going out."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Their Trip Abroad

What They Remembered

SHE: *We paused in Venice, spot divine!*
We drifted on the Great Lagoon;
The lines of Byron ran like wine
When quoted 'neath the drooping moon.
The thought of former vanished years,
When this was Glory's fav'rite seat,
Inflamed the heart and called up tears—
HE: *Ah, that's the place we had cold feet!*

SHE: *The Koelner Dom soared in the blue,*
Like souls that seek to rise on high;
And there we stood, just I and you,
And thought how sweet it were to die.
The mighty Rhine flowed silent on,
The town lay silent all about;
We summoned back the dead and gone—
HE: *Do you recall that sauerkraut?*

SHE: *Beneath the Pyramids we stood,*
And felt how small, how mean, is man;
How weak his boasted strength for good,
How short his life's enfevered span!
Napoleon's shadow here was cast;
He here, perhaps, in prayer had knelt;
A breath seemed wafted from the past—
HE: *Gee-whiz! but how those camels smelt!*

—William Wallace Whitelock.

WE wouldn't advertise unless we had something *good* to offer. Nine men out of ten who read this will find the fabrics, styles and tailoring in our clothes that will *please* them. Our dealer in your town will explain *why*. Or, send for our Style Book—"The Measure of a Man."

MICHAELS, STERN & CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

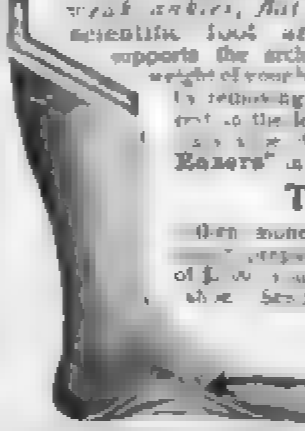
GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES
The World's Best

Something You Should Know

For 38 years GARLAND Stoves and Ranges have had the greatest sale of any stoves and ranges in the world. The line comprises Stoves and Ranges, Furnaces, Gas Ranges and Appliances. The GARLAND [illegible] of [illegible] stoves and ranges of inferior grade. Secure the World's Best.

Write us for Free book and [illegible] recipes which will be mailed to you on receipt of your request. Ask your dealer to show you

GARLAND Stoves and Ranges
BAKE WELL! COOK WELL! HEAT WELL! THEREFORE, ALL'S WELL!
Furnaces, Gas Ranges and Appliances
Sold by Leading Dealers All Over the World
The Michigan Stove Company
Detroit Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World Chicago



Do Your Feet Ache?

THE Scholl "Foot-Eazer" instantly relieves foot ailments, such as *tired aching feet, weak ankles, flat foot, etc.,* because it is a scientific foot arch cushion which firmly supports the arch of the foot, where the entire weight of your body is carried. "Foot Eazers" by removing the cause of the trouble bring rest to the feet, body and nerves. Any shoe dealer will [illegible] "Foot-Eazers" in your old or new shoes on

Ten Days Trial

Get money back if you want it. Or send [illegible], prepaid, on the same terms upon receipt of $[illegible] [illegible] size of shoe. Send for FREE illustrated book.

THE B SCHOLL MFG. CO
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PATENTS Send sketch or model for FREE SEARCH. Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions wanted
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We stand back of every Sun Lamp because we know it to be the brightest, steadiest, cleanest, cheapest, most effective artificial light.

We guarantee every "Sun" [illegible] to be the simplest, safest, most convenient [illegible] of all [illegible] lighting systems. Write for full information and catalog showing [illegible] styles from $2.25 up. [illegible] agents wanted.
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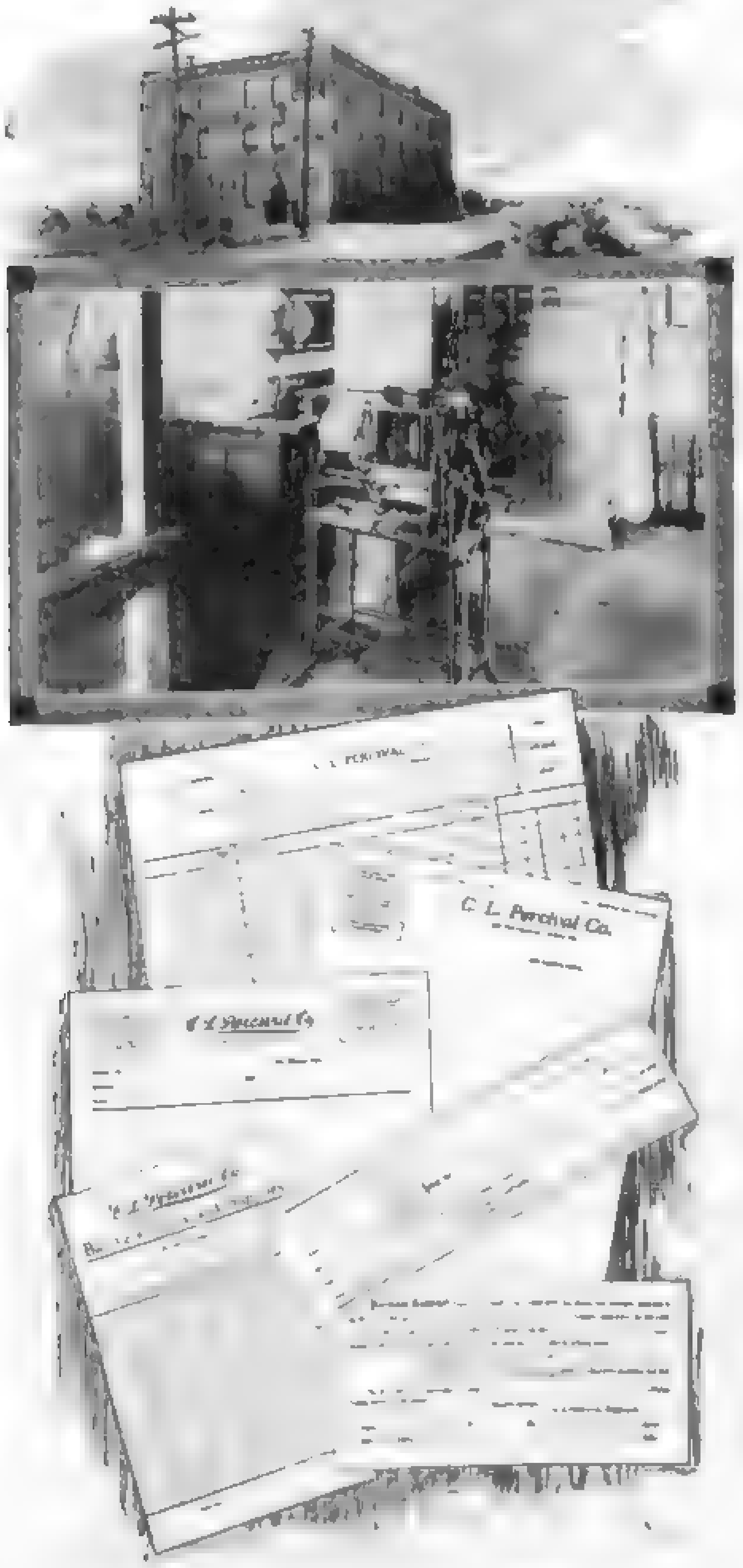
ROOSEVELT LIFE-STORY New book on his marvelous career, [illegible] his policies, great speeches. Price $1.50. Agents wanted [illegible] outfit free.
INTERNATIONAL BIBLE HOUSE, Dept. S-B, Philadelphia

No matter how large or how modest your business, there is always a strong probability that its profits can be increased by using the

MULTIGRAPH



Printing produced on the Multigraph by C. L. PERCIVAL CO., Dealers in Hides and Butchers' Tools, Des Moines

IN almost every business, no matter what its size may be, the Multigraph can increase profits in two ways:

(1) By getting more business;
(2) By reducing printing-costs.

It affords a quick, handy means of reaching present and prospective customers with direct, convincing advertising-matter produced in the privacy of your own office, in about the space occupied by an ordinary typewriter desk.

It affords a quick, inexpensive means of producing the various office and factory forms required in your accounting—when you want them, and in quantities as large or as small as you require.

THE Multigraph is a multiple typewriter and rapid rotary printing-press combined in one machine that weighs, with all its improvements, about 175 pounds.

As a multiple typewriter it produces form letters at the rate of 2000 to 6000 an hour—each a perfect specimen of actual typewriting, matched to the ribbon of your correspondence machine and to the touch of the operator who fills in the superscriptions.

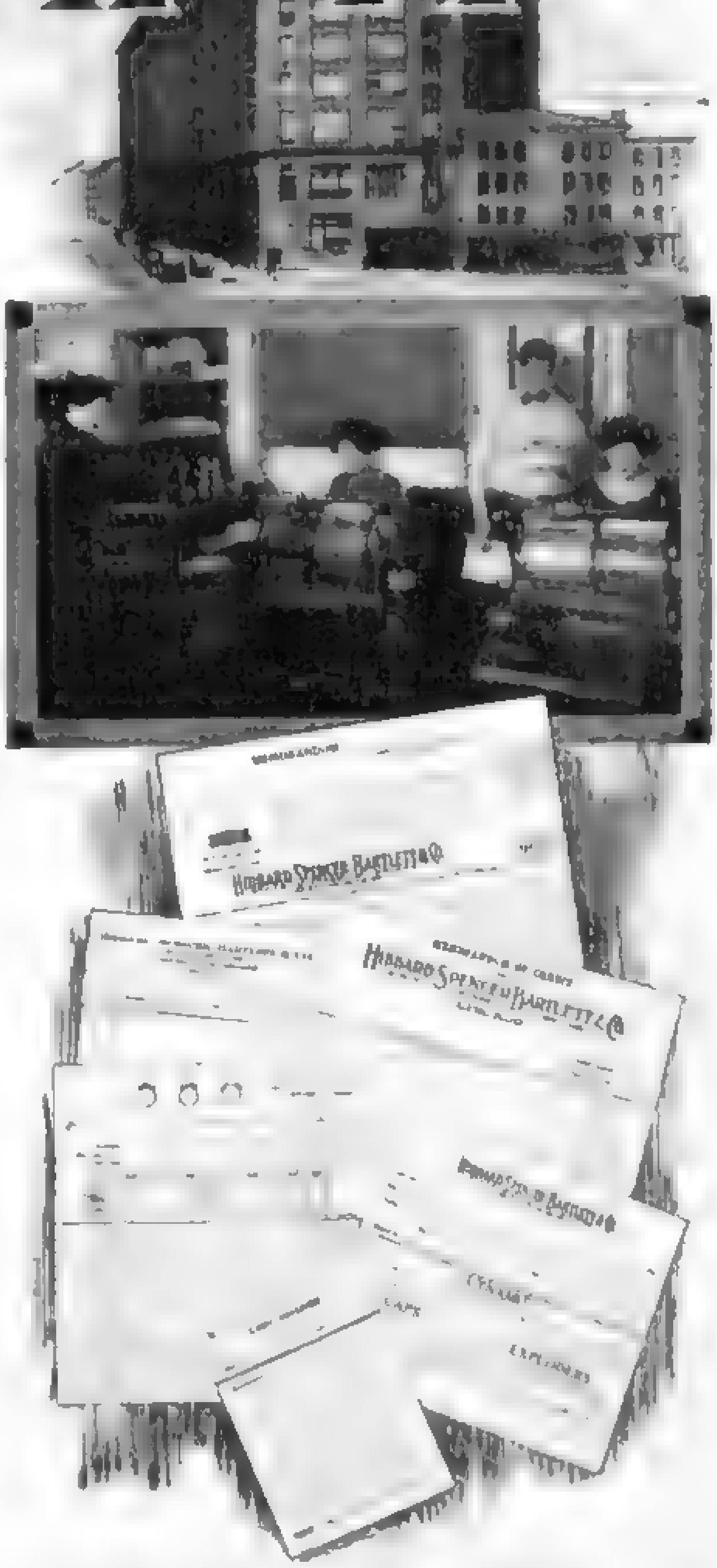
As an office printing-press it produces printing that would do credit to the average master printer—with real printing-ink and (by the use of curved electrotypes) with any style or size of type desired.

Actual experience of many users shows that the Multigraph can save from 25% to 75% of the annual printing-cost.

If you are interested to know in dollars and cents just what the Multigraph can do for your business, write today for the interesting booklet, "More Profit with the Multigraph," using the letter-head of your firm or corporation.

You CAN'T buy a Multigraph unless there is a profitable use for it in your business. Somewhere near you we have a representative skilled in figuring printing-costs, and in the application of the Multigraph to various business needs. If you wish it, we will study your business, and determine if you can profitably use the Multigraph. But his report must prove to our satisfaction, as well as his demonstration does to yours, that you need the Multigraph.

You can increase your saving by using our Universal Folding Machine. It makes all customary folds in letters, circulars, booklets, etc., at a cost of 2c or 3c a thousand as against printers', binders' or hand-folding cost of 10c to 40c.



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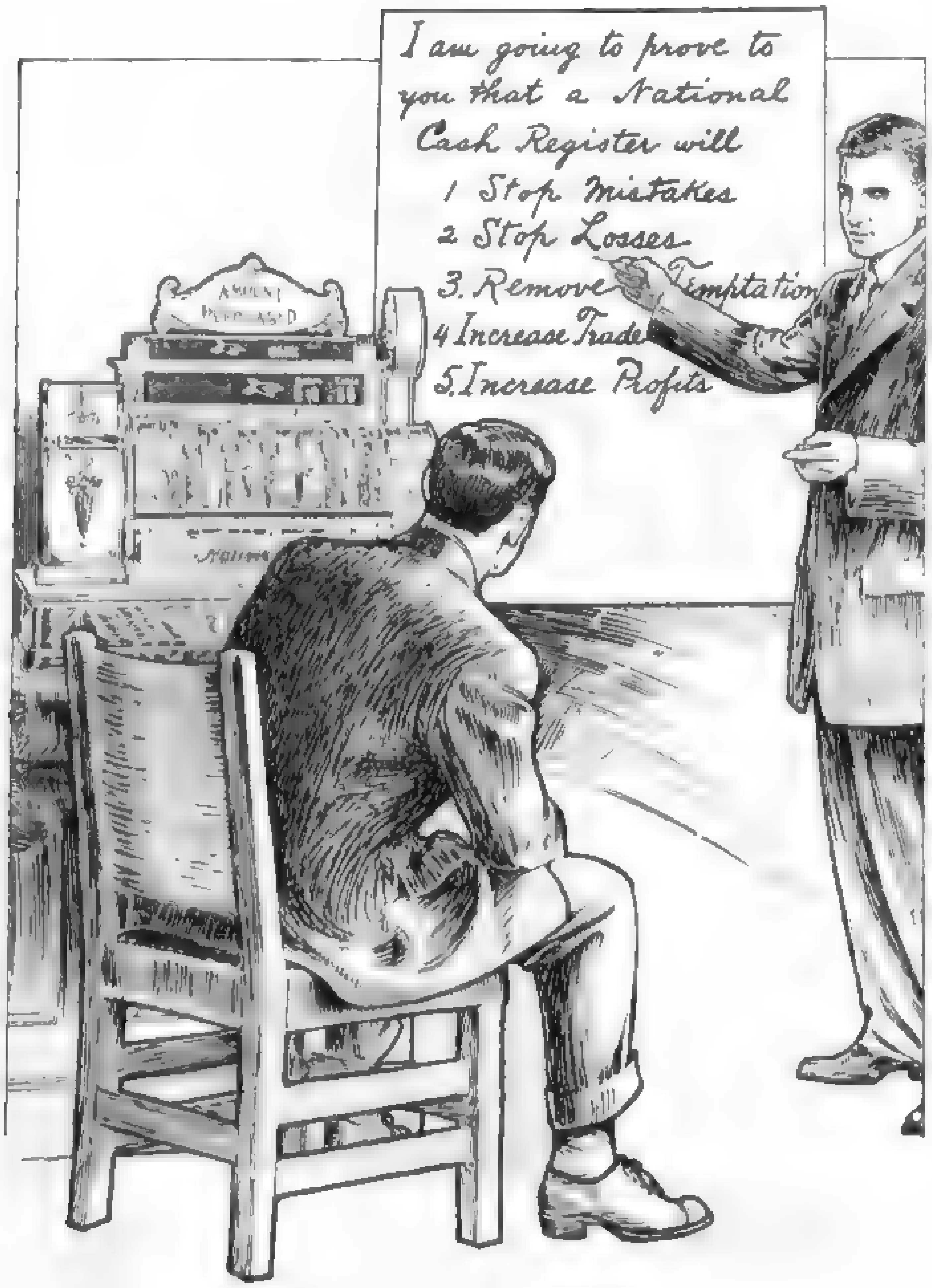
THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

Executive Offices and Factory, 1800 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

European Representatives:
The International Multigraph Co., 79 Queen Street, London, E. C., England

BRANCH OFFICES—where the Multigraph may be seen in operation: Akron, Ohio; Albany, N. Y.; Atlanta, Ga.; Baltimore, Md.; Birmingham, Ala.; Boston, Mass.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Cleveland, Ohio; Columbus, Ohio; Dallas, Texas; Denver, Colo.; Des Moines, Ia.; Detroit, Mich.; Fresno, Cal.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Hartford, Conn.; Houston, Texas; Indianapolis, Ind.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Kansas City, Mo.; Lincoln, Neb.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Louisville, Ky.; Memphis, Tenn.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Montreal, Que.; Muncie, Ind.; Nashville, Tenn.; Newark, N. J.; New Orleans, La.; New York, N. Y.; Norfolk, Va.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Omaha, Neb.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Portland, Ore.; Providence, R. I.; Richmond, Va.; Rochester, N. Y.; Sacramento, Cal.; Salt Lake City, Utah; San Antonio, Texas; San Francisco, Cal.; Savannah, Ga.; Seattle, Wash.; Spokane, Wash.; Springfield, Mass.; Springfield, [illegible]; St. Louis, Mo.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Toledo, Ohio; Toronto, Ont.; Vancouver, B. C.; Washington, D. C.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Wichita, Kans.; Winnipeg, Man.



Storekeepers

Let our salesman talk with you about these five things—the way you handle your

1—Cash Sales

2—Credit Sales

3—Money Received on Account

4—Money Paid Out

5—Making Change

EVERY one of our cash registers is perfection itself, in the quality of material, in the highest class of workmanship, and beauty of design. They ought to be, for every possible means in the way of expert knowledge, most modern equipment, and all the skill and ingenuity that the highest-priced labor affords, is exerted in their production.

HE will tell you of the experience of merchants in your line of business who are increasing their profit by using our new model National Cash Registers.

It will pay you to talk with him and find out if it will increase your profit.

A National Cash Register combines an adding machine, a printing press, a locked cash drawer, and gives a complete record of every transaction that takes place between your clerks and customers.

We have reduced our prices because we have reduced our expenses. Storekeepers can now buy our registers for less money than ever before.

The National Cash Register Co.
DAYTON, OHIO

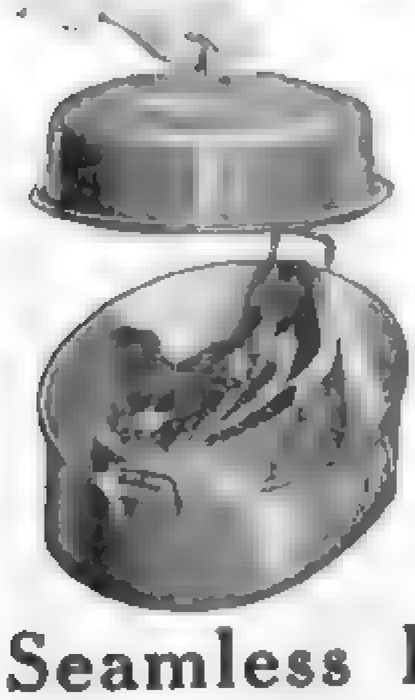
Please have your Agent call on me the next time he is in this vicinity.

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
Business __________ *No. of Clerks* ______

Over 890,000 National Cash Registers are now in use. 11,000 progressive merchants are now adopting our system every month. If it has paid these merchants to buy our registers it ought to pay you to investigate, which costs you nothing.

Mail this coupon today. This puts you under no obligation whatever

The National Cash Register Company
DAYTON, OHIO
OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES



Make Your Meats Cost Less than 15 Years Ago

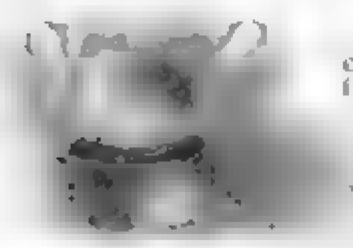
You can do it with a

SAVORY Seamless Roaster

A 60c. chuck roast cooked in a Savory will have the flavor and tenderness of a $1 sirloin. The Savory is air-tight and cooks the meat sweet and tender in its own pure natural juices. This is what gives meat a sweet flavor.

This self-basting, self-browning Savory Seamless Roaster saves money, time and labor and not only prepares meat better, but in a score of new ways—also vegetables. Holds a big roast, but goes into a small oven.

We guarantee the Savory Seamless Roaster absolutely. Your money back if not satisfied. $1.00 up.



Cooked by steam in a **Savory Double Boiler** cereals, vegetables and fruits have the sweetness and tenderness of the freshest and finest grown. Needs no attention whatever. Food can't burn in a Savory. Far better than an ordinary double boiler. **75c up.**

Coffee made in a

Savory Coffee Percolator

has the real coffee flavor and you get it every time—there's no guessing if it will be all right. Besides, it saves ⅓ the coffee you are now using. **$2.00 to $2.50.**

Ask your dealer for these "Savory" articles or write us about them. With every Savory Roaster we give our

Savory Prize Recipe Book

It represents 50 prize recipes selected from hundreds sent us in a $100 competition by users of the "Savory" and is by far the best list of recipes of this kind ever published.

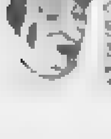
We will send it to any one for two 2c. stamps.

THE REPUBLIC METALWARE CO., Manufacturers
91 Republic Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

$6 Express Prepaid, for this Genuine Imported Austrian Velour Hat, actual $8.00 value.

Austrian Velour Hats are the rage this season. The hat [illegible] a regular $8 value. [illegible] extra quality genuine imported Austrian Velour. It [illegible] years. Order at once.

Houston Hat Co., Dept. A, Houston, Texas



Great for Hallowe'en and Masquerades
A Stockinette Hood completely covering head. Several different characters with hair on. $1.00, plain painted, 75c. Send 5c stamp for our large catalogue of Wigs, Make-Up Material, and "The Art of Making Up."
The Tradesmore Co., Dept. 8, Jersey City, N. J.

MAKING MERCHANTS

(Continued from Page 15)

have risen from clerkships to directorships. Each one is a compact sermon in the right kind of salesmanship. Take the case of the vice-president. Fifteen years ago he was a clerk in a cigar store in Syracuse. It was run in the old-fashioned slipshod way; there were chairs for people who wanted to sit and gossip and thus clog up business. One day this boy went on a visit to a cousin in Buffalo, and while there he saw a clean, brilliantly lighted cigar store. He stepped in and bought a cigar, and was impressed by the way the proprietor handled the shop—he was frank, courteous, and yet swift and businesslike. He made some inquiries and found that he made an inventory every thirty days and always knew just where his business stood. There were no chairs to encourage loafing. The boy said, "Here is a model for me to watch." Every Saturday for six months he went to Buffalo to watch that proprietor. He knew the conductor on the midnight train and paid his fare in cigars that he bought at cost. He was willing to sit up two nights in succession on a train to learn a good man's methods. He reorganized the store where he was employed, and the result is that today he is hailed as the finest exponent of retail cigar salesmanship in the United States; and yet the rule that he lays down is very simple. Here it is:

"Whenever possible let an ambitious boy or young clerk find an example and follow it. It is like retailing. People will believe what they see; not what they are told. You can learn best when you see the thing properly done. With observation should go courtesy. There is no substitute for courtesy. If so it has not yet been discovered."

Wherever you turn in the study of retail training you find batteries trained against complaints. They are the undoing of any business. The universal antidote is accuracy. In this connection it might be interesting to quote the following letter sent recently by the head of a great retail concern to every one of its clerks:

"I feel sure that, if you knew just how much it costs the company to take care of a complaint, you would never give any of your customers reason, real or fancied, to register a complaint against you at this office.

"I don't think it is exaggerating a bit when I say that the average complaint costs us not less than twenty-five dollars to straighten out.

"There is the time of the head of the complaint and service department; the time of the general superintendent, the district inspector and the offending clerk; and, in addition, the time of the office clerks and stenographers, telephone operators and various other employees. You see it doesn't take long to run the cost above twenty-five dollars at that rate.

"Bear these things in mind the next time it looks as though a customer might have cause for complaint, and you will see that your customer is put in the right frame of mind before he leaves your store."

The Gem Seller's Education

It is the traditional "far cry" from selling shoes to selling one-hundred-thousand-dollar pearl necklaces; but let us see, at a glance, how the most famous Fifth Avenue jeweler trains his salespeople. There is no school; no organized instruction. Selling precious stones is an art to be mastered, like music. It takes a lifetime of study and application, and the only teacher is experience. The most eminent of our gem experts—who, by the way, is employed by this house—began his training as a boy; he is fifty-three years old now and he is still studying. His case is typical. Such a house as his only employs people who expect to devote their lives to this particular job. As a result, it now has on its payroll grandsons of clerks in the original store, founded seventy years ago. The reason for such continuous study in the selling of jewels is quite obvious. An error of judgment in a sale is more costly than dishonesty. You can bond a clerk who absconds or steals, but there is no liability for mistakes.

The training in this great jewelry house illustrates a very significant fact. Many people believe that the more luxurious and exclusive the business the more complicated its methods.

The exact reverse is true: the greater the house, the more simple its methods. You find a parallel in the human being. In the last analysis you see that in the selling of diamonds two things are required: knowledge and courtesy; while in the selling of dress goods the clerk must often run the whole range of human nature.

It only remains to describe one other kind of training—for the selling of something that may be regarded as either a luxury or a necessity. It depends upon the kind of experience you have had with it. I mean the selling of securities, and more particularly bonds. Like all salesmanship it has undergone a tremendous change, and the reasons for the revolution are worth explaining briefly.

Up to as late as six or seven years ago there was very little organized training of bond salesmen. A young man entered a banking house fresh from college and, like the young lawyer who goes into a big office, got a stipend and acted as a high-class messenger boy. He picked up his knowledge of bonds at the start by reading the Financial and Commercial Chronicle and Poor's Manual. It took a long time. When he could tell the difference between a first-mortgage bond and a debenture he was sometimes sent on the road to see the "country" trade. One reason why there was so little need of definite training was the fact that for many years the big bond buyer was the bank, the institution, the trustee or the capitalist who bought good-sized blocks, and who usually knew more about the bonds than the young man who went to sell them.

Schools of Finance

Then began the era of the small investor, who not only had savings or other funds to invest but also some knowledge of bonds, which he had gained from reading simple and helpful financial articles in the magazines. The result is that it takes intelligence and knowledge to sell to him. The keenest competition today among conservative banking houses is for his business, for he has succeeded the capitalist or the institution as the big and permanent bond buyer, and will grow in importance in the investment world.

The average boy who wants to be a bond salesman, and who must start to work early, cannot afford to go to an institution like the Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania, or the School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance at the New York University. Even the very helpful Young Men's Christian Association courses in finance cost something. How is he to be trained and yet earn money at the same time? One great Wall Street investment house has solved the problem by devising an elementary course in stock-exchange business and an elementary bond course for its young employees.

The stock-exchange course will show how the work is done. In the preface to the course is this paragraph, which any boy may read with profit:

"If you wish to get along in business life train yourself for the higher positions, so that when opportunities come you will be ready to embrace them. Spend your money and your time in business education. It will be an investment which will return enormous dividends, and will also be one that nobody can take away from you. In our own organization numerous good jobs in the past few years have gone to outsiders simply because we have had no one in our own employ ready to take them when the vacancies occurred."

There is a chapter in the course on How to Study, which advises the boys "not to skim," but to "read and reread." It states that one of the objects of the course "is to explain to customers clearly and intelligently the various practices in connection with stock brokerage." The course is simple. The textbooks at the start are The Work of Wall Street and The Real Wall Street. The first lesson is devoted to the first chapter of the former, which is called Evolution of Wall Street. With this chapter are typewritten sheets, with explanations, emphasizing the important

Does Coffee Keep You Awake Nights?

The *occasion* of coffee restlessness may be the cup or two at dinner. But the *real cause* is the month-after-month drinking of ordinary coffee. Try

Barrington Hall The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

Baker-izing improves coffee in three distinct ways.

First, the coffee berries are split open by a special machine and the chaff is blown away as waste.

Coffee chaff can be seen in any coffee when ground. It is an impurity and contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter and weedy—and will actually tan leather. It doesn't help the coffee flavor, and is not good for the human system.

Baker-ized
Barrington Hall
Coffee
Sealed by us
Opened by you

The coffee then passes through steel-cutters in order to secure pieces of as nearly uniform size as possible—without dust. You can brew uniform pieces uniformly to the exact strength desired. No small particles to be over-steeped and give up bitterness and tannin. No large grains to be wasted by under-steeping.

Therefore, a pound of coffee *Baker-ized* will make 15 to 20 cups more than a pound of ordinary coffee—because you get all the flavor from every grain.

Coffee dust is the result of grinding—crushing in a mill. You can see it in the cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody, and it is indigestible. You won't find this dust in *Baker-ized* Coffee.

Trial can free

Don't take our word for it—or the word of the thousands who drink it regularly without harm or nervousness.

Try it yourself! A trial can free. A pound at your grocer's [illegible] cents, according to locality.

Baker Importing Company
New York
Minneapolis

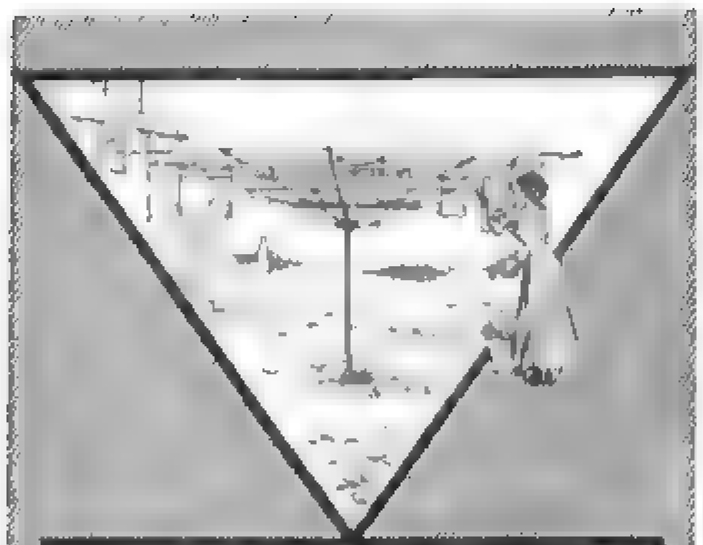
BAKER IMPORTING CO.
116 Hudson Street
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free sample can enough to make [illegible] cups of Barrington Hall [illegible] free and booklet "The Coffee Without A Regret." In consideration I give my grocer's name on the margin.

Name

Address

BH BH BH BH



HILL'S FAMOUS CLOTHES DRYER

lessens the day's work and keeps the lawn clear. Put up or taken down in a minute. Holds 150 feet of line, all of which comes to you. Send for free descriptive folder 1-D.

HILL'S "HUSTLER" ASH SIFTER

There is big money in ashes if you sift them—50% of ashes is good burning coal. Sifts a day's ashes in a minute—no dust. Sifter fits any iron or wooden barrel. Ashes drop into barrel—*good coal* into scuttle.

Write for full descriptive folder 1-S.

HILL DRYER COMPANY
901 Park Ave., WORCESTER, MASS.

Sold by dealers everywhere.

HILL'S HUSTLER ASH SIFTER

Anyone can Solder with

TINOL THE NEW PASTE SOLDER

"Just put it on the spot and heat it."

No rosin or acid needed. Makes tight, perfect joints. Mends pots, pans, machines, toys, leaky pipes, tin roofs etc. Quick work for electricians, plumbers, machinists, chauffeurs, farmers, housekeepers. Used by big electric companies. Approved by U. S. and German Governments. 25 and 50 cents a can.

The **Tinol Torch** (shown above) melts solder, heats glue pot, water, food, anything. Very hot, pointed flame, no smoke. Holds alcohol to burn two hours, yet goes in vest pocket. Price 50c.

TINOL and torch sold at hardware stores, or sent postpaid, with full directions, on receipt of price, by

HESS & SON, 1215 Filbert St., Philadelphia.

FRENCH POCKET HAT

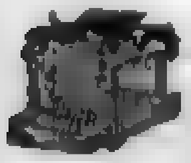
$2.00 Postpaid

Everybody Admires the QUALITY of the French Pocket Hat—its Serviceability, Lightness, Style, Distinctive Colors. Made of finest felt, [illegible] all silk sweat band—[illegible] You shape the **French Pocket Hat** to [illegible] different ways. **College Boys telescope them to 2½ or 3 inch crown.** Colors: Black, White, Pearl, Cream, Oxford Mixed and [illegible] Brown. **Sizes 6½ to 7⅞—What is Yours?** Small heads fitted. Large heads fitted.

With Fancy Bands 50 and 75c extra

French Pocket Hat Co.
11 South 8th St
Philadelphia

Money Refunded If Unsatisfactory



TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

[illegible] makes **sold or rented anywhere** at ¼ to ½ mfrs. prices [illegible] **Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago**

details. Here is one: "Legislation to prevent speculation is exceedingly old." Likewise there are sheets that bring the chapter up to date. When the boys have studied a chapter they are required to pass a written examination. And so on through the books. Later there are lessons in stocks, with the actual certificates; talks on values in the customers' room, where there is a board with all the quotations on active stocks, and visits to the stock exchange while it is in action. At the end of each lesson is a paragraph summing up the practical application of it. Here is the significance of the first lesson, as printed in the course:

"The knowledge which you will gain from this first lesson will be of considerable practical value. There are many new customers coming into Wall Street for the first time who will be much interested in being taken around the Wall Street district and having the various buildings explained to them, as well as a brief history of the district itself. A man in the business who is able to render this service to a customer will naturally create a better impression than if it is clear that the Wall Street employee himself is ignorant of such matters."

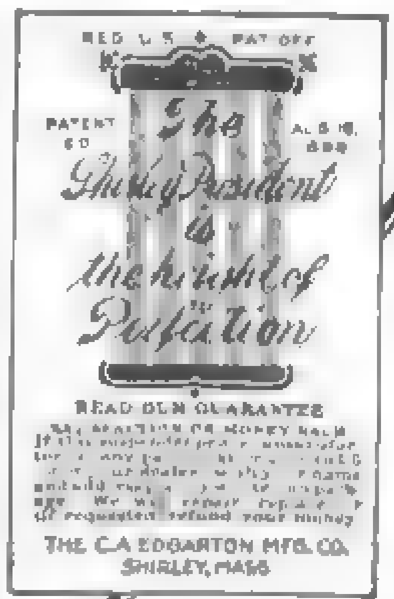
More salesmanship is required in the selling of bonds because the careful and discreet buyer of them wants to know all about the railroad, corporation or community issuing them, particularly the earning record or taxable resources over a long period of years. Hence, after a systematic study of all the different kinds of bonds, which is gained from the reading of books, the course includes a comprehensive reading of the financial stories of all the great railway systems and industrial corporations whose securities are traded in. Special attention is given to the analyses of reports of earnings, for these are the best index to securities. The significance of this part of the course is simply that, when a bond salesman offers a man a Pennsylvania convertible three-and-a-half-per-cent bond, for example, he can tell not only just what part it plays in the railroad's funded debt but all about the stock for which it may be exchanged, and its price and dividend rate for years.

Thus, in Wall Street, or in any other street, there is no excuse for a man's failure as a salesman, because the opportunity to learn, as you have now seen, is his in every calling. Behind all this elaborate and organized system of training men to know their jobs is the larger fact that out of the ranks of its worthiest recruits will step the master merchants of tomorrow—the field-marshals of the battleground of business.

Bright Irish Girls

TWO sisters landed in this country seventeen years ago from Dublin. They had been well educated, but brought with them little money. Their first enterprise was teaching music, one giving vocal lessons and the other piano instruction. This was such uphill work, however, that they looked around for something better. Stenography was at that time just developing along lines that gave employment to women. They arranged with one of their pupils to exchange music lessons for shorthand, and in a year were able to take in considerable typewriting to be done at home in combination with their teaching.

As they grew more skillful, however, music fell behind stenography, was abandoned, and they took a small office downtown and began building practice among lawyers. Soon they were able to put away a few dollars monthly and started separate savings accounts. Then one of the sisters undertook to do all the stenographic work for an attorney at fifteen hundred dollars a year, and two assistants were hired. They continued saving. Eventually their reputation for accuracy led to commissions for reporting conventions and conferences. Today they have a business that occupies a large suite of offices and brings in good profits. At a building society one of these sisters has six thousand dollars on deposit, and the other four thousand dollars, the difference being due, it is said, to the latter's greater love of nice gowns. They are also known to have money elsewhere, and by steadily saving from the time that there was anything to spare, and by keeping their savings out of speculation, they have amassed a fortune of at least twenty-five thousand dollars, as well as built up a productive business.


REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PATENT
The Shirley President is the height of Perfection
READ OUR GUARANTEE
THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
SHIRLEY, MASS.

Please read this Guarantee

It's our pledge to make good to *you* personally if Shirley President Suspenders fail to give satisfactory comfort and service. A guarantee ticket like this is attached to every pair of

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

It is the ***sliding cord back*** that makes SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS so comfortable that millions of men will wear no other kind. The Illustration shows why there is instant response to every movement.

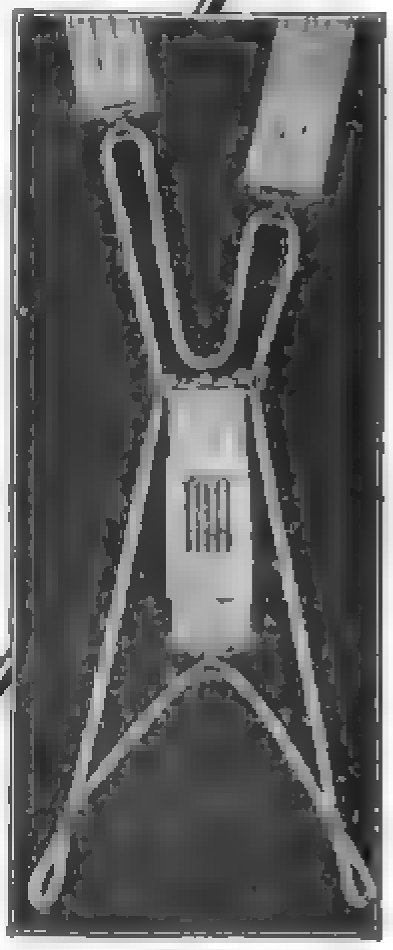
No matter what your occupation, there is a suitable weight of "Presidents" for you. Light weight (2 ounces) for dress and business wear. Medium weight for ordinary wear. Extra heavy for strenuous work.

Wear "Presidents" and forget you have suspenders on.

Price 50 cents from dealer or factory

Buy a pair today for each suit and enjoy the convenience of not having to shift when you change your trousers.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg Co.
SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS
1717 Main Street Shirley, Mass.



The Postal Life Insurance Company dispenses with agents: it thus saves for policyholders where others spend

When you come to think it over—

Why should it be necessary for a life insurance agent to *persuade* a man to insure his life?

* * *

Why should a man have to be *argued* into making provision for his family in case his chair becomes vacant?

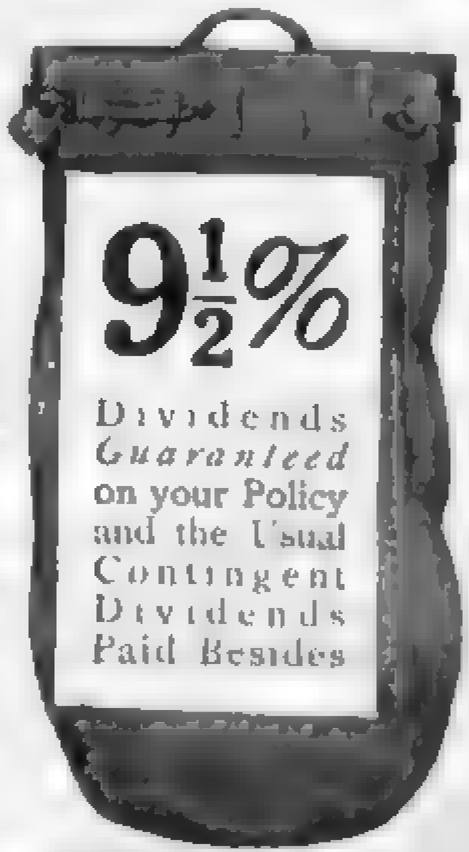
* * *

And finally, having been *persuaded* and *argued* into taking out a policy, *why* should he allow his premium money to be split up and a part of it handed over to the agent?

* * *

Why should the man pay the middleman?

He *does* pay him, not only out of the *first* premium but out of every *renewal* premium for years after and he pays collection fees, too—for collecting from *himself*.



9½%
Dividends *Guaranteed* on your Policy and the Usual Contingent Dividends Paid Besides

If you're buying a staple like life-insurance, isn't it *good business* to avoid companies, however large, that maintain middlemen at the expense of policy-holders?

* * *

Isn't it *sensible* to deal *direct* with a sound, progressive *non-agency* company?

Why not write to the POSTAL?

It has ample resources to meet every demand *now* and *in the future*; it issues all the standard forms of legal reserve policies, only it issues them *direct*, thus effecting important economies of which its policyholders get the benefit.

* * *

Here are four features that strongly commend the POSTAL LIFE:

1. **GUARANTEED DIVIDENDS:** 9½% paid to policyholders annually from savings because of the elimination of agents' commissions, and agency expenses.
2. **CONTINGENT DIVIDENDS:** Made up and paid annually from other sources, these contingent dividends being in *addition* to the guaranteed dividends and larger than other companies pay.
3. **LIBERAL OPTIONS AND VALUES:** Enabling you, among other things, to add to the face-value of your policy a larger amount of *paid-up* insurance than is possible in any other company.
4. **OPTIONAL PREMIUM PRIVILEGE:** Permitting policyholders to deposit premiums monthly, quarterly, semi-annually or annually as desired and without consulting the Company.

It will pay you to find out what the Company will do for you *PERSONALLY*. Just write and say: *"Mail me particulars about insurance in the POSTAL LIFE as per The Saturday Evening Post advertisement,"* and be sure to state:

1. Your occupation
2. The exact date of your birth

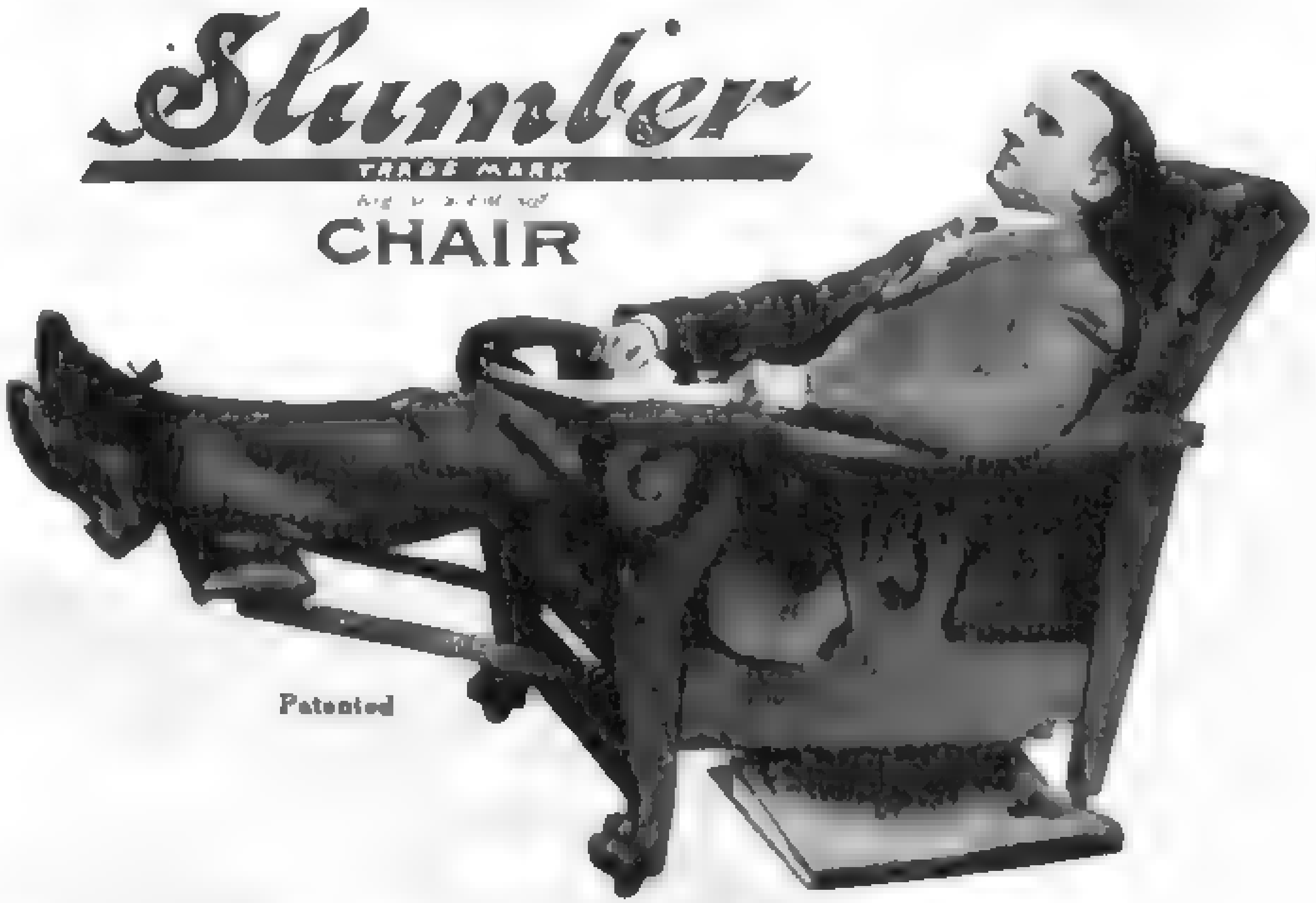
NO AGENT WILL BE SENT TO VISIT YOU

Postal Life Insurance Company
525-527 Fifth Avenue, New York

The idea that made a chair famous in a day

THE
Slumber
TRADE MARK
CHAIR

The idea of the Slumber Chair appealed to men on the instant. It seemed obvious that both the back and seat of a reclining chair should tilt together—because that is the position you naturally take to rest your body. And the public response was immediate and overwhelming.



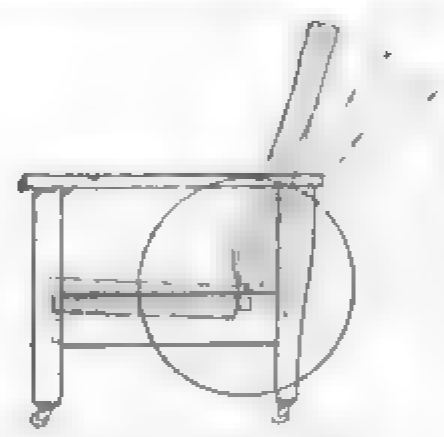
Patented

Thousands of men, as soon as they heard of this chair—from their neighbors or through our announcements—went to their dealer to investigate. As soon as they sat in it, they were astonished at its extreme ease and restfulness.

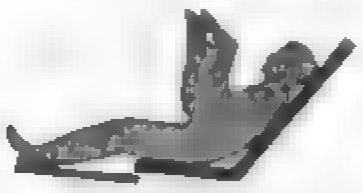
And of all who tried it—under our thirty day offer—not one has been found who would willingly give it up.

The comfort of the Slumber Chair is not the result of cushions—but the way it holds your body. See the four diagrams to the left.

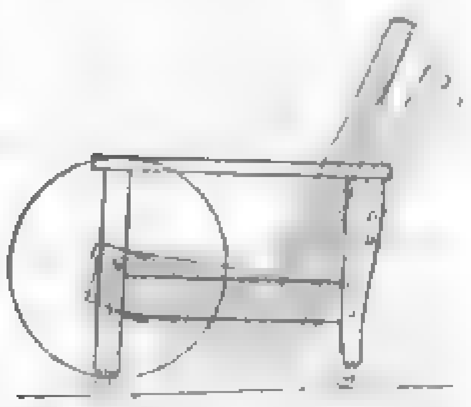
There is none of that slipping forward that you find in a Morris Chair—*no concentration of weight at base of spine*—you can sit as long as you like in perfect comfort



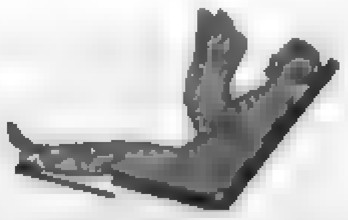
In the old style Morris Chairs only the back tilts—



Your weight is concentrated on the base of your spine like this



But in the new Slumber Chair back and seat are built in one piece—pivoted at front—thus—



and hold you in the natural position for rest—like this

30 Days' Free Trial in Your Own Home

We don't want to sell you the Slumber Chair—we want the chair to sell *itself*—and so we make this offer: Get our catalog—and the name of the nearest Streit dealer. Select the chair you want—have it sent home—try it in your own library or sitting-room for 30 days. If at the end of that time you are not satisfied—if you are willing to part with your chair—your money will be refunded.

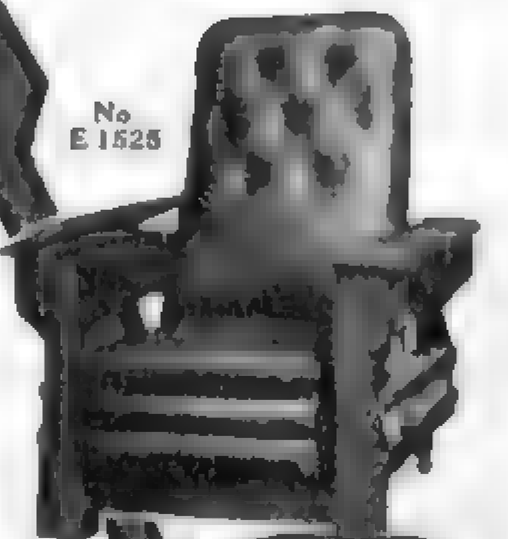
152 Styles to Select From

The Slumber Chair is made in all styles, all leathers, all finishes—to suit all tastes and pocketbooks. But **any style you choose** will feel more restful to you than the most comfortable chair you have ever known—because your whole body is supported evenly and easily in just the **attitude you naturally want to take**—for rest and relaxation

Send us your name on the attached coupon or on a postal. We will send you the Streit catalog showing the 152 styles—at prices ranging from $13.00 to $75.00—and the name of a nearby dealer who will sell you this unique chair on 30 days' trial in your own home.

Send today and learn for yourself the extreme comfort that has won this new kind of chair so many friends.

No E 1525



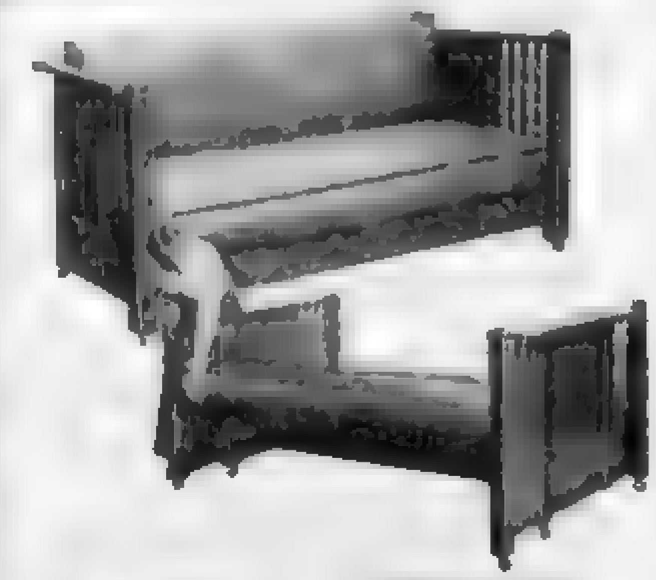
No. E 1514

No. S 1531

The *Streit* Davenport-Bed

TRADE MARK

changes instantly from a deep-luxurious davenport to a real bed—the really satisfactory solution of the small room problem.



Davenport-Bed No. 108

In the Streit Davenport-Bed the back lets down and with the seat forms a full size bed, with the head and foot boards the *full width* of the mattress. This keeps covers and pillows on the bed and prevents draughts.

As a davenport, the Streit is massive and luxurious, superbly upholstered, an added attraction to any room

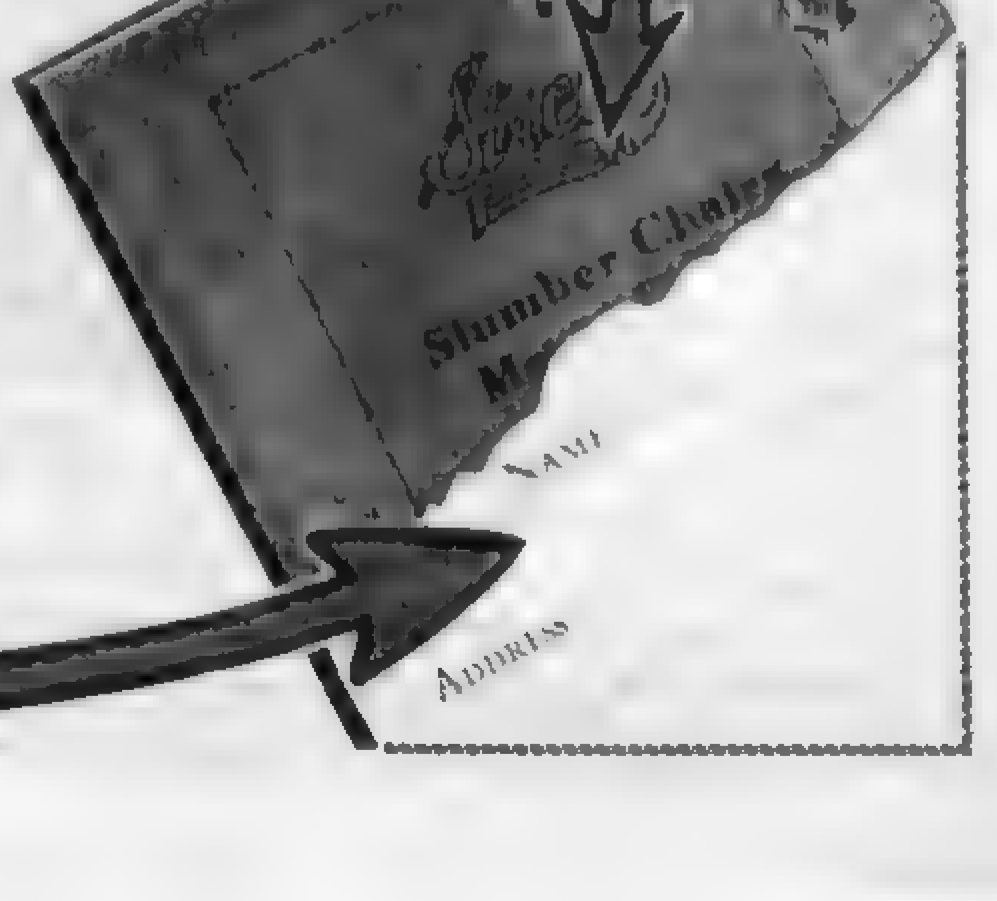
It is absolutely sanitary; mattress is always in the light and air, keeps sweet and clean, free from dust, dirt and vermin. Dust proof wardrobe under the seat.

There is no mechanism whatever in the Streit nothing to get out of order. It is simple and therefore durable.

There are thirty styles to choose from—to suit every purse and every taste. Write today for catalog and name of Streit dealer in your city. If there is no dealer near you, we will supply you direct.

Try the Streit for 30 days right in your own home. If it is not all you anticipated and more, your money will be refunded at once ***Send for our 90 page catalog showing and describing in full all the styles.*** Write at once and learn how easy it is to solve the small room problem. Use the mailing slip for convenience.

THE C. F. STREIT MFG. CO., 1050 KENNER STREET
CINCINNATI, O.



Not a dealer in the country can get as many CADILLACS as he could sell

Everyone points, today, to the high standing of the Cadillac "Thirty."

It is a fact so obvious that, as soon as the word Cadillac is spoken, you know that a eulogistic comment will follow.

Few realize, however, the plain, practical, homespun philosophy which has brought the

Cadillac "Thirty"

to its present unique position. It can be told in a phrase,—a phrase so elemental that you must study to understand it,—and that phrase is: "Only the good endures."

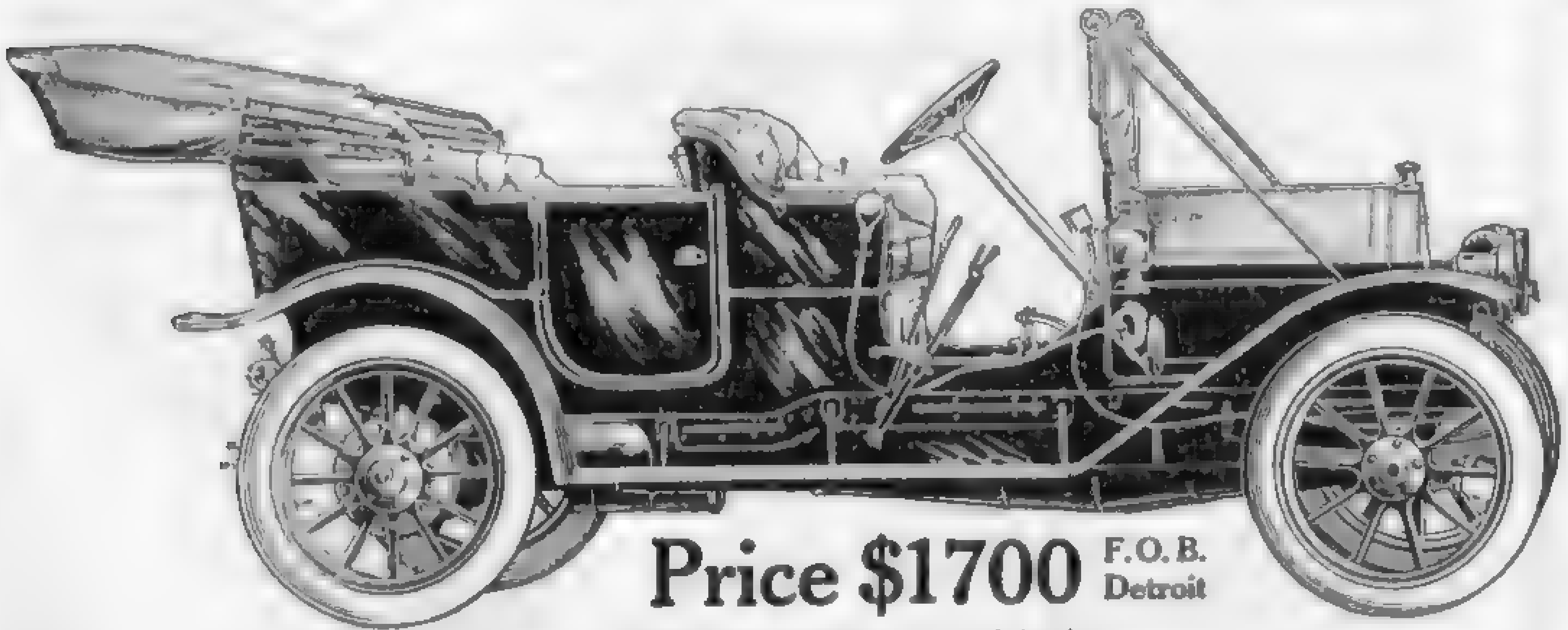
Time was—not so long ago—when a huge volume of orders meant little or nothing.

The Cadillac Company knew that it meant nothing. We were not deceived. We were not swerved from our ideals.

But, today, the fact that not a dealer in the country can get as many Cadillacs as he can sell—in spite of an increase of 50 per cent in the production—is surcharged with significance. The increase of 50 per cent is in itself significant and the inability of the dealers to get enough cars, in spite of this increase, is still more significant.

The sifting process—the process of selection and elimination—has been going on steadily, in the face of a fevered demand which no facilities could supply.

Never for one moment did the sales organization of the Cadillac Company forget that its highest mission was to find people everywhere who wanted a good car; that the quality of Cadillac sales was vitally more significant than the volume.



Price $1700 F.O.B. Detroit

Touring Car, Demi-Tonneau and Roadster

(Fore-door Touring Car, $1,800; Torpedo, $1,850; Coupé, $2,250; Limousine, $3,000)

Prices include the following equipment—Bosch magneto and Delco ignition systems. One pair gas lamps and generator. One pair side oil lamps and tail lamp One horn and set of tools. Pump and repair kit for tires. 60-mile season and trip Standard speedometer, robe rail, full foot rail in tonneau and half foot rail in front. Tire holders

City by city, a stone at a time, this organization built a solid sales structure, based on the simple idea of supplying a good car to people who wanted one—and making that the first, the last, and the only consideration.

The initial inspiration came, of course, from the car itself—from the manufacturing genius which conceived and executed it.

We speak of it as genius, and it was. But, again, you will be surprised to know, perhaps, that this great car and the wonderful success which came to it, had its origin in the same plain and simple notion of manufacturing integrity.

It has never entered the minds of the men who conceived the Cadillac, even tho' they have been continuously distracted by a demand greater than they could supply, to build any but the best and the most honest car they could.

That is the real reason why not a dealer in the country can get as many Cadillacs as he can sell.

That is the real reason why the Cadillac is so firmly entrenched in the good opinion of the discriminating public that it is practically impervious to conditions which might affect any other car.

This is the real reason why, in the sifting process, the process of selection and elimination, the Cadillac has steadily and persistently risen to the top.

"Only the good endures"
—in motor cars as in men.

"Only the good endures"
and, as long as the Cadillac Company adheres, as it always will, in principle and practice, to that high ideal, just so long will it enjoy its present high estate.

Cadillac Motor Car Co.
DETROIT, MICH.
Licensed under Selden Patent

GORTON
CODFISH
CAKE

Higher Cost of Living Doesn't Worry Housewives Who Buy

Gorton's Codfish

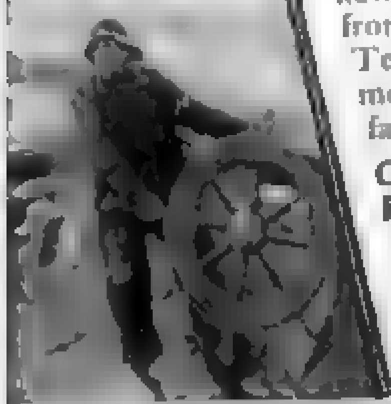
"No Bones"

Why should it? — their butcher's bills are cut in two. They have learned that a pound of Gorton's Codfish contains more real solid nutriment than an equal weight of beef. They know how to make tempting, appetizing, nutritious dishes at half the cost of steaks and chops.

15c
for a pound of wholesome solid food.

Write for our free book
"True Food Economy"
It will show you how it's done. Contains many new, inexpensive dishes from the rich, tender cod. Tells you all about the most wonderful sea-food factory in the world.

GORTON-PEW FISHERIES CO
Gloucester, Mass.



BARNEY & BERRY
ICE SKATES ROLLER

At Any Season

You can enjoy the pleasant and healthful exercise of skating. Roller Skates for autumn and Ice Skates for the freezing weather; but always

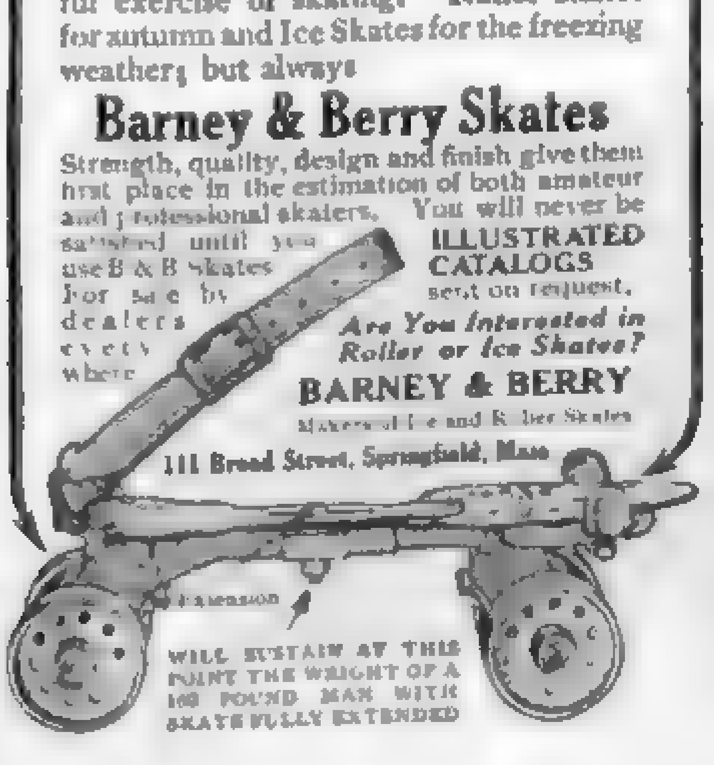
Barney & Berry Skates

Strength, quality, design and finish give them first place in the estimation of both amateur and professional skaters. You will never be satisfied until you use B & B skates. For sale by dealers everywhere

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGS sent on request.

Are You Interested in Roller or Ice Skates?

BARNEY & BERRY
Makers of Ice and Roller Skates
111 Broad Street, Springfield, Mass


Extension
WILL SUSTAIN AT THIS POINT THE WEIGHT OF A 160 POUND MAN WITH SKATE FULLY EXTENDED

HIS OWN COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 11)

He meant to tell Mary Daggett the next day, but when she appeared suddenly over a little rise, with her boyish, understanding smile, and tossed him, done up in a bit of newspaper, some candy she had made, the words wouldn't come. After all, the surveys might be wrong and the change might never be made. Then one day she did not meet him. He rode clear to the cañon rim and there she sat, holding her pony's bridle and looking down at the ranch.

Mary stood up and barred the way—pale and defiant, her father's own daughter now.

"So you're going to drown us out, are you?" she flung at him. "You might have let us know!"

"Don't!" said Hawkins in a low voice, swinging off his horse. "You don't understand. I didn't hear until last week and then I wasn't sure—it seemed as if there might be a way out."

"Wasn't there enough desert going to waste without"—the girl stopped and bit her lip and looked away, and then, throwing up her head, cried brokenly: "What did we ever do to you? What—why did you ever come into our country?"

"Mary!" begged the young man, and he would have seized her arm, but she drew back.

"You'd better turn round," she said in a low voice; "this is our land back of me, and we're a little old-fashioned."

Young Hawkins met her eyes steadily.

"It's not your land," he said, "if people need it. I'd give anything I have to make things different. But you can't make 'em different any more than you can turn that river back, or the people."

The girl turned and flung out her arms impatiently. "You came in here to take it away from us and make money. Well, go back and make your money. I don't know anything about your people—I'll stay with my own people. And build your old dam a thousand feet deep—I'll stay by my father!"

So Mary Daggett rode down to her father's ranch and young Hawkins back to his dam. And that was the end of the rides together and the supper fires. Once Hawkins tried to see her, but only once. The Daggetts stuck to their sunken ranch, like a deserted garrison in a forgotten fort, and the work went on.

And he did work now—at the dam, along the two hundred miles of canals and laterals, as an unofficial claim-locater, soil-expert and court of justice to the incoming homeseekers. They progressed amazingly. In spite of the heavy snows in the mountains scarcely a day was lost at the dam site—it was a remarkable winter along the Little Windy. Young Hawkins was everywhere; he fairly burrowed into his work. His grave face grew graver, he said little, and over the desert tan settled a sort of grayness that old Thompson delighted to see. He liked to see a man stand the gaff, he said.

The canal was to be opened on a Thursday afternoon in early August. There was to be a special train—the railroad had just run a forty-mile spur down to tap the Little Windy country—and speeches and champagne. For the week the resident engineer scarcely slept. There were scores of loose threads to catch up, and all sorts of unexpected details, from preparing typewritten copies of the "story" of the project—the L. W. I. P. bonds were still on the market—to scouring the valley for adventurous homesteaders who had managed to charm a few vegetables from the virgin dust. Even now the valley's products must make some sort of showing.

The Little Windy was high that summer, and on Tuesday, with a hot wind blowing from the southwest, the dam gates were closed to lift the water to the high-line. The river, tawny and turgid, licked the fresh cement and rock hungrily as it met the barrier and was thrown back. From a homesteader who had crossed at the ford came the usual word that old Daggett still held the fort. Hawkins sent a messenger up the river warning him to pack up and leave—no one could tell what might happen with that hot wind working on the mountain snows.

All day Wednesday the hot wind blew. Spirals of sand whirled over the sagebrush, and on the Little Windy's headwaters, far northward, hung a black pall of cloud, back and forth across which played the lightning. Occasionally there was the rumble of distant thunder, like artillery fired below the horizon.

Hawkins paced from office to dam and back again, nervously watching the climbing river. Late that afternoon some one saw a moving cloud of dust far upstream—the Daggetts were on the round-up again. The sun went down in a murk of boiling clouds, and as they ate supper a few drops of rain—the first in months—sprinkled the sheet-iron roof. From the porch afterward Hawkins and the old contractor looked out beyond their own still dusty sagebrush to a northern horizon hung with the gray, trailing skirts of showers, and farther yet, in the mountains where the Little Windy gathered its strength, the cloudbank, shot through and through with crinkling lightning, was black as ink.

The contractor grinned. "She'll sure be comin' down here before morning. Look a' that!"—he pointed his pipe at a particularly snaky streak of lightning. "Well, I see this river on a rampage once—first season we came in here. If old Daggett's got any stock down there he'd better get 'em out, and himself out too."

The contractor went to his quarters, but young Hawkins sat on the porch while the light lasted, watching the lightning, and listening, in the hush, to the distant thunder. The camp lamps went out, but he held his vigil, striding over from time to time to look at the river. It was after midnight when he suddenly saddled his pony and started northward.

The night was black, but the clever bronco loped steadily along the winding trail. Halfway to the ranch—at the little butte round where he had so many times come in sight of Mary Daggett—the rain caught him. He slipped his poncho over his head, pulled down his hat and pushed ahead. From a warm patter, welcome almost after the months of dryness, it changed to a deluge, to sheets of water that flung themselves at and wrapped about horse and rider, while the thunder split the plain's vast emptiness and the whole landscape blazed into incandescence. The muddy trail flickered in and out of view with the lightning flashes, and scarcely touching his bridle he let the pony pick its way.

All at once, more suddenly than it had dropped away the first time he saw it, Daggett's valley, gray-green in the lightning, fell away from his horse's feet. And then, as blackness clapped about him again, he caught the wild bellowing of cattle far below and the twinkle of lights.

They slid and scrambled down the twisting trail. In the lightning flashes Hawkins could see the tossing heads of the cattle, and behind them the Daggett boys yelling and throwing their ponies against the closely packed herd.

The river, rising as they slept, had already reached the corral.

As he splashed up to the ranchhouse door he caught a glimpse of the old man himself—a goblin-like figure in the lightning and rain, howling against the general turmoil and jabbing with a pitchfork at the frightened cattle. He flung himself off his horse and came face to face with Mary Daggett in the dining-room door.

As she saw him she gave a quick cry and then as suddenly drew back and faced him, pale as stone.

"Yes, you've won!" she cried. A lightning flash blinded both of them and the thunder-clap that followed seemed to split the house. "It's the last of us!"

But Hawkins seized her by the arm roughly. "Get everything together," he commanded; "we'll save what we can!"

Again he plunged into the storm. The twisted herd shouldered back and forth in the smother, while the boys, splashing on their flanks and rear, hammered them forward. All that he had heard of the treacherous cañon river had not prepared him for anything like this. For an instant he thought of pelting back to the dam and throwing open the gates. But another lightning flash told that it was quite too late.

The Little Windy would settle things for herself now. She came pouring down into that pocket in the hills swift and hungry as a prairie fire. Thrown back from the choked outlet, driven ahead by the melted snow from innumerable southern slopes and the rain that had rushed down miles of

Marion Harland
Joins the Duntley Crusade
for Cleaner, Happier, Healthier Homes

I Want you to help me accomplish a mission that is very near and dear to my heart.

It is a great crusade for every woman who has a home and I want you to work with me, both for your own sake and for the great good of the loved ones in your home.

When I first heard of the Vacuum Cleaner, that marvelous invention appealed to me instantly as the most wonderful benefit to women that had been produced in centuries. I have watched its development with unceasing interest for years but it was not until I saw and used the Duntley Vacuum Cleaner that I felt an irresistible impulse to tell you what it would do for you.

Acting on that impulse I wrote Mr. Duntley last May, telling him of my belief in his Vacuum Cleaner—telling him also that I wanted him to make it possible for every woman to have one in her home.

I asked him to make a Duntley Vacuum Cleaner which would do perfect work and still be light enough in weight for any woman to handle comfortably—to sell that Vacuum Cleaner at a price within reach of the woman who does her own housework and has to count her pennies, for she needs it most. I asked him to sell it on easy monthly payments so small that she could meet them out of her pin money.

To my delight Mr. Duntley replied that my plan was not only possible but practical—that he would at once get out a Vacuum Cleaner such as I suggested.

True to his word, he has perfected the new Duntley No. 6—just the size and kind I hoped he would make. It is only a trifle smaller than the famous No. 1 Duntley Cleaner, but weighs much less, and is exactly right for a snug, cosy home or apartment.

Mr. Duntley has also made it possible for you to pay for your Vacuum Cleaner out of your pin money, and never feel it a burden—just as I asked him to.

Best of all—he has set aside one hundred thousand dollars for me to spend in my own way to tell you how you can make use of the Vacuum Cleaner to escape the drudgery of house cleaning, how you can, to a great extent, insure the lives of your loved ones; and to tell you about his generous offer of a free trial, a special price and special terms on this new Duntley No. 6. I can tell you only a little of this here, so I want to write you a personal letter, telling you of the ways I have found for using this wonderful machine in my own home—ways which I believe are not usually known. How I have found that it is a sure escape from the terrible White Plague and from so many of the worrisome home problems. Write to me and give me this opportunity.

I want you to read here what Mr. Duntley so kindly calls the "Marion Harland Special Offer." Read how you can have his Vacuum Cleaner on trial in your own home for twenty-four hours without one cent of expense. If you do not want to keep it, you will be under no obligation whatever.

I know that you can depend upon what Mr. Duntley says. Accept his offer with perfect confidence. I ask you, for your own sake, to help me in my crusade by mailing the coupon to me in care of Mr. Duntley.

Won't you fill it in and mail it now!

Sincerely your friend,

Marion Harland
Domestic Director

Use the Duntley Vacuum Cleaner 24 Hours FREE

$3.00 Keeps it in Your Home

The new Duntley No. 6 will not only save money [illegible] your part.

Let Marion Harland Tell You How

[illegible] Payment plan. The No. 6 operates noiselessly, is light and easy to [illegible] to operate.

It is fully equipped with [illegible] entire home perfectly. Send the Coupon to Marion Harland. Use the address on the coupon and [illegible] Miss Harland without delay. J. W. DUNTLEY President

For MARION HARLAND, Domestic Director
Duntley Manufacturing Co.,
406 Harvester Bldg., Chicago Date

Dear Miss Harland: Please tell me how to get the Duntley Cleaner on Pin Money Payments, [illegible] for itself and produce an income.

Name

Address

I have electric current in home

polished rock cañon as down a tiled roof, she boiled down into the flat and enveloped them with incredible quickness.

By the almost continuous flickering he hitched the mules to the mess-wagon and swung it round to the door. The shouts of the boys jamming the herd upstream were outside the gate now, but the solid water was already creeping close to the sides of the ranchhouse. Dripping, dazed, the old man staggered under the shelter of the porch.

"She can't come no higher!" he shouted. "She's over high-water mark now."

"She's only begun!" yelled Hawkins. "She can't get through! Don't you understand—we've got her locked up! The whole river's pouring in here!"

"You locked her up?" shrilled the old man, stumping up and down the edge of the rain. "It'll take a bigger man than you. Where'll your dam be now?"

Hawkins hurried into the house. Mary Daggett, pale, catching her breath like a little child, was putting clothes into a trunk. He wrapped a flour-sack in a blanket, gathered an armful of kitchen things and dumped them into the wagon. Between them they gathered what they could. The girl followed him mechanically. "Here, take this," she would say, and hurry away.

"Come!" he commanded at last; "we've got to save ourselves now." She only stared at him. And then she began to hurry through the rooms, touching things as if in a dream. From the front room the piano chords suddenly jangled, and her voice raised hysterically and then trailed away.

"We'll take that too," said Hawkins, and together, with the old man's help, they dragged and somehow lifted it into the wagon.

The hungry river was licking the walls of the house now, and a tongue of black water crept across the porch floor. As Hawkins started to turn down the lamp on the dining-room table she caught his arm.

"No!" she whispered; "you'll not do that. We'll go down with lights burning!"

And so indeed they deserted the ship at last and, with Hawkins on his own horse splashing at the mules' heads, fought through the rising water to the coulée and, close on the heels of the driven herd, slowly upward to the cañon rim.

The storm wore itself out as they climbed, and the rain had all but ceased as they creaked over the edge of the plateau. Out of the deep behind came the frightened bellowing of the strayed cattle. The girl jumped down from the wagon and stood at the cañon edge. Far below, the dining-room light still twinkled bravely, but as the weakening lightning suddenly flooded the valley they saw the little log house submerged to the window-sills, a mere dot in that mirror of water.

"Gone!" cried Mary Daggett. The noise of the driven cattle retreated down the plateau, and suddenly they became conscious that the clouds were thinning and that the east had begun to gray. She looked wildly about her, at the black glimmer of the water far below, and covered her face with her hands.

"Gone—gone—gone!" she repeated brokenly.

Young Hawkins, standing beside her, a solid figure in the graying dark, caught his breath sharply. "Yes, and it had to go. We can't live forever." He turned upon her.

"Mary!" he cried suddenly, and he caught her in his arms.

At the touch of her drenched body all his months of loneliness and silence broke into words—crowded words of self-reproach and fondness and appeal. For an instant Mary Daggett thrust him from her, and then suddenly she leaned forward and clung to him with her face pressed against his wet coat.

And so they stood, while the old man stared down past them as if they were not there; for even the lamp had been snuffed out now and the house had all but disappeared in the roar of rising water.

The gray turned to amethyst, and the sun flung out across the level sage as the wagon, with the engineer's horse jogging beside it, crawled southward toward the dam. On the last slope the muddy path changed to dust again, and before them, gray and parched as it had ever been, stretched Antelope Flats. The camp was already astir, and close to the intake a little band of homesteaders—lanky husbands, wistful mothers with babies, and little children with tow hair bleached almost white by the desert sun—were waiting for the show.

A deep, portentous rumble reverberated in the still air, and high over the top of the dam the Little Windy poured in a wicked-looking, tawny flood.

Hawkins eyed it sharply. "She'll do," he said; "if she can stand that she'll stand till the cows come home. They can make their speeches with the gates up. We'll have a little celebration of our own."

The cranks on the cement intake revolved, a coffee-colored stream shot through beneath, spread out tentatively, and then went sloshing down the canal.

Everybody watched until the water swung round the curving high-line, and then they crowded over to the company's dining room. There was breakfast for all and a great deal of excitement, and nobody noticed the old man climb back into his wagon. He was far up the trail before even Hawkins and Mary Daggett saw him; and as the Governor's train pulled in the covered wagon, a mere speck, was crawling into the dark bank of clouds that still muttered on the northern horizon, toward another frontier and another new country.

In Pickling Time

ARE they pickling at home and preserving? Have they brought out the kettles and pans? Do they toil with an ardor unswerving to put the whole world up in cans? Have they cut up the old shoes in slices and packed them away in the brine? Is the air full of flavors and spices? Have they canned those old gaiters of mine? Have they cut my suspenders in pieces and pickled them, buckles and all? Have they folded my crush hat in creases and salted it down for the fall? Are the shoelacings shredded and bottled? Have they cubed and preserved my cravats? Have they made of them chowchow so mottled? Have they sliced up and spiced all my spats? Have they found all my white vests and yellow, and made them all over to tripe? Oh, say, have they boiled my umbrella? Pray tell, have they pickled my pipe? Is every jug, jar, keg or bottle poured full of spice, mustard and foam? Does vinegar sit at the throttle? Oh, say, are they pickling at home?

HAVE they boiled the doorknobs in sweet cider and set them away in big jars? Have they built out the pantry shelves wider? Pray tell, have they spiced my cigars? Have they cooked the cucumbers and forked them? Put tripe in the big jardinière? Have they filled all the inkwells and corked them to carry us over the year? Have they cubed, have they spiced, have they shredded, tried, tasted, cooled, jellied and set? Have they sealed, paraffined, waxed and leaded, gummed, labeled, marked, lidded them yet? Have the doormats been sliced up for pickles? Have they salted the lids of the stoves? Have you been where the vinegar trickles? Have they stuck all the brooms full of cloves? Do they can from the sun's first appearing? Do they stew from the dawn to the gloam? Are they slicing and shredding and shearing? Oh, say, are they pickling at home?

HAVE you been where the vinegar trickles—where everything's canned but ourselves? Oh, say, is the house full of pickles on tables, chairs, windowsills, shelves? Is life but a huge spoon and kettle?—the stream of domestic life dammed with jars of stuff put out to settle? Is everything jellied or jammed? Have they spiced all the rind of the melon? Preserved the rugs, blankets and shawls? Are Dora, Jane, Mary and Helen besprinkling the floors and the walls with vinegar spots and sweet cider, stripe, slices, cubes, shreds and débris? Has Aunt Anastasia Ann tried her grandmother's fruit punch recipe? Is everything boiling and wheezing, peeled, pared, washed, stripped, scrubbed, stewed and stirred? Is fruit juice all dripping and wheezing, splashed, sprayed, spilled, slopped, spotted and blurred? Are all of the big dishpans brimming with waste piles of pulp, seeds and mash, cores, eyes, leaves, stems, bruises and trimming, débris, refuse, skins, peel and trash? Is every cookbook duty serving—each volume, brief, print, sketch and tome? Ah, well: then I know they're preserving—I'm sure they are pickling at home! —*J. W. Foley.*

No. K-1

Price $8.50

Practical Kits For Home Carpentry

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER TRADE ST. LOUIS U.S.A. MARK

One reason why things are so often at sixes and sevens around the house is the lack of the right tool, or the right tool gone wrong from being allowed to knock about. A handy man with a Keen Kutter hammer, or saw or plane can keep things shipshape at no expense. This handy

KEEN KUTTER Tool Cabinet

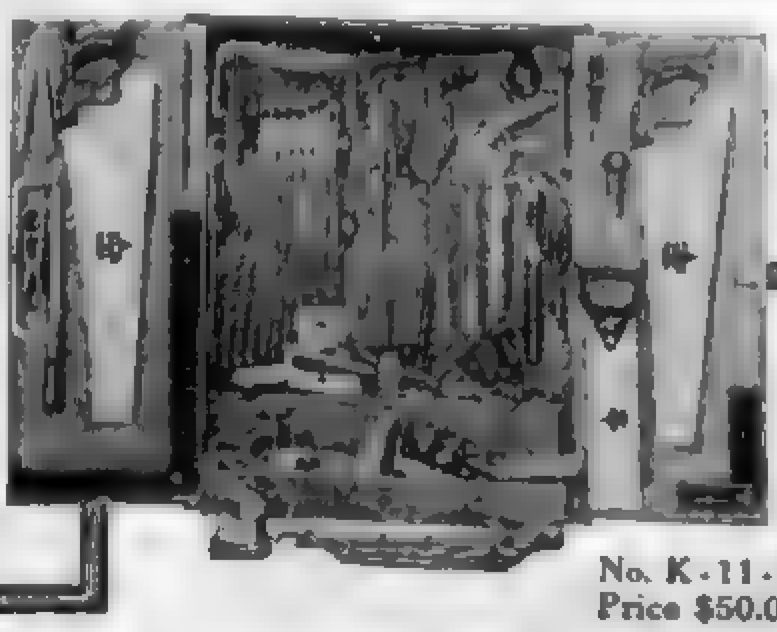
is full of handy Keen Kutter Tools. Each one the most perfect tool of its kind. Each carefully tested and selected because it is useful. Such a cabinet will prove practical in any home. The man who is an adept and comes to know Keen Kutter quality will come to want a complete set of Keen Kutter Tools. We make Keen Kutter Cabinets containing every sort of useful tool.

The only complete set of tools made and sold under one name and trade mark. $8.50 to $125.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten." —E. C. SIMMONS, Trademark Registered.

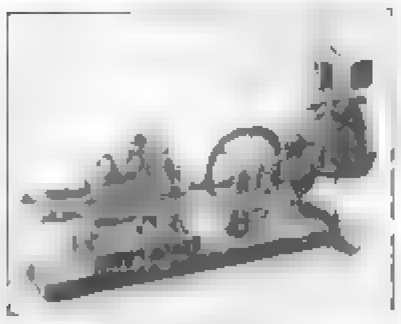
SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.)
St. Louis and
New York,
U. S. A.

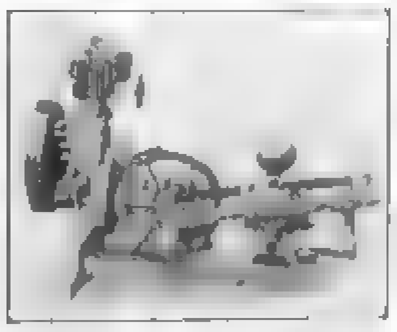


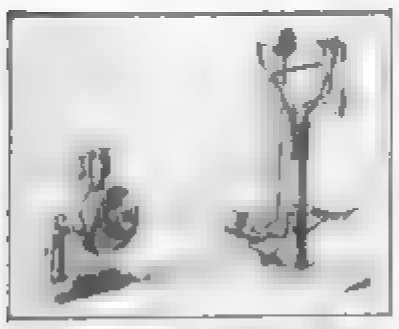
No. K-11-C
Price $50.00

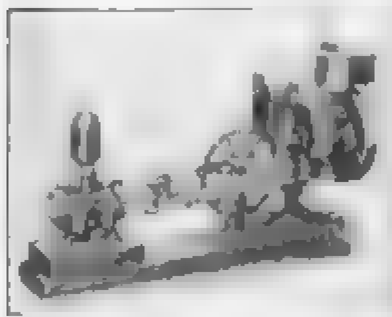
Works 10 Hours for 15 Cents!

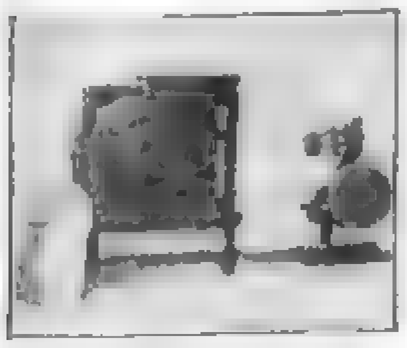
Greatest General Utility Engine on Earth!


Running Tank Pump

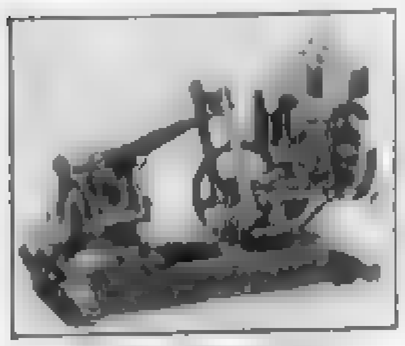

Running Pressure System


At Work in Machine Shop


Running Volume Force Pump


Running Fanning Mill

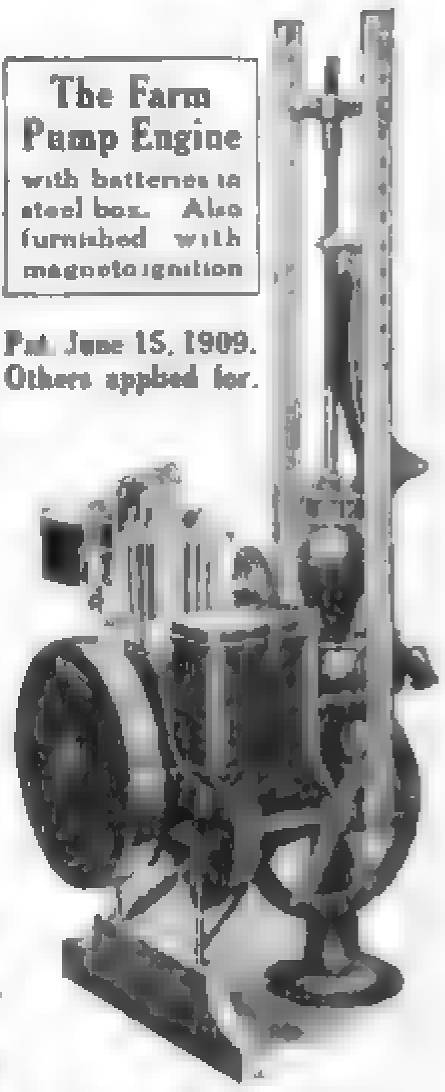
Running Spraying Outfit


Running Ditch Pump

Just one year ago the little Farm Pump Engine was launched on the market from the great engine works of Fuller & Johnson. It offered emancipation to the countless Slaves of the Pump. It was, in brief, the first practical solution of the Water Problem on the farms, in suburbs, towns and villages beyond reach of public water supply systems.

This powerful Pumping and General Utility Engine has scored a tremendous success. It has crowded ten years of achievement into the past twelve months. The scope of its uses has rapidly widened until, in addition to pumping, it is equally famed as the Greatest General Utility Engine on earth. The success of the Farm Pump Engine has far surpassed expectations. It has broken all records in sales. It fairly leaped to fame.

The great demand for the engine has sprung from a thousand directions. It has come from all over America in overwhelming volume. Canada calls for hundreds. One concern in South Africa has ordered by cable, at different times, over four carloads of Farm Pump Engines. We ship them to all parts of Mexico, to Alaska and our Island possessions. Cuba is a steady customer. Australia, India, China and other far-off lands are sending for engines. Our engines were running in Labrador last Winter when the thermometer read "40 below." They simply **refuse** to freeze! They are running in the Tropics. They are pumping in Panama. They **cannot freeze or overheat!**


The Farm Pump Engine

with batteries in steel box. Also furnished with magneto ignition

Pat. June 15, 1909. Others applied for.

Engine With Pumping Gearing

Gives Guaranteed Water Supply!

The owner of a Farm Pump Engine has a guaranteed Water Supply. Fresh water in abundance for stock, or household use, for sprinkling lawns, watering gardens, washing wagons, buggies, automobiles, and even for irrigation.

The engine runs any standard Domestic Water Pressure System. It will pump the water and pipe it wherever to use, around feed lot, or will fill elevated reservoirs or tanks with a big reserve supply.

You can start it, leave it, forget it and you'll find it pumping when you get back if there's gasoline in the tank!

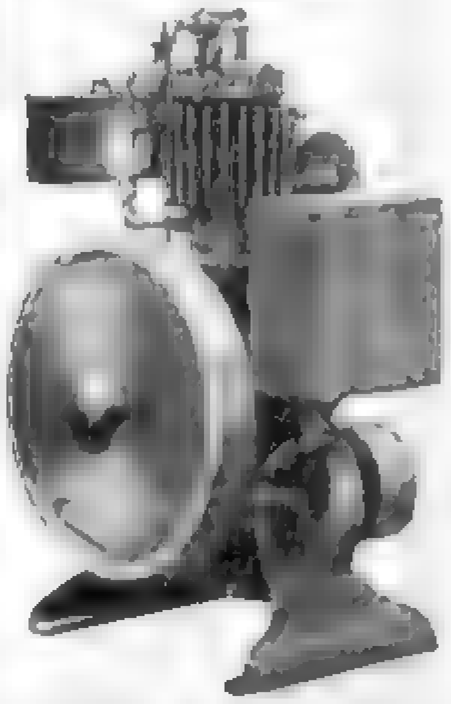
A Complete Portable POWER PLANT

Runs Hand-Power and Foot-Power Machines

As a General Utility Engine it has scores of important uses. Supplies portable power in simplest form for running light machines. It operates any machine built to run by hand-power or foot-power. Runs jig saws, scroll saws, lathes, washers, churns, cream separators, feed cutters, milking machines, fanning mills, private electric lighting plants, polishing wheels, spray pumps, bilge pumps, pressure systems irrigation outfits, etc., etc. The ideal engine for a little Workshop.

It is unquestionably the most convenient form of Portable Power in the World

Fuller & Johnson Farm Pump Engine


Engine Without Pumping Gearing

Unparalleled Pumping Service

The engine enters a field which for ages belonged to Windmills. It is fast supplanting these unsatisfactory makeshifts, which are useless on calm days, **dangerous** in high winds and **always** "out of order" when the need for water is greatest.

The engine fits any standard force pump and works on any well. Attaches to pump by four simple bolts. Needs no special platform—no pump jacks, no belts, no arms, no anchor posts, tank or tower! No "extras" to buy—everything comes in the packing box in which engine is delivered.

The engine costs less than a windmill.

The Engine as a Fire-Fighter!

The Farm Pump Engine is an Insurance Policy and Fire Department combined. Always ready for instant use in any emergency. By attaching a piece of ordinary pipe for extra air chamber it will throw water over any ordinary building. Throws a stream of water as high as a house or 60 feet on the level.

A notable instance of its **emergency value** occurred recently when the engine saved the [illegible] Mr. W. K. [illegible], of San Francisco, from destruction by fire.

To Dealers:

We must have more dealers at once to handle our rapidly expanding trade. Write for Dealers' Proposition.

Absolutely Unique in Design

The engine is of the vertical type, air cooled, **without fans or cooling attachments!** Self-oiling. Starts instantly. Important working parts enclosed in dust-proof crank case. Lifts half a ton each stroke. Makes 31 to 35 strokes per minute.

The engine is so quiet and clean that a man in Morgan Park, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, has it running in his **kitchen**, pumping water from a well in the basement!

It is as high grade in materials and workmanship as the best automobile engines. **Runs 10 hours on 15 cents' worth of gasoline!**

A Word About Its Builders

This invention, great as it is, is but one of the big achievements that have brought to Fuller & Johnson an international reputation as designers and builders of engines.

Our famous high-powered Double-Efficiency Engines revolutionized the design and construction of Water Cooled Engines, increasing the efficiency of this type to the highest point ever known.

The Farm Pump Engine is as far in advance of all small air-cooled engines as our Double-Efficiency Engines are in the lead of the big power-producers.

Ask for Our Free Engine Books

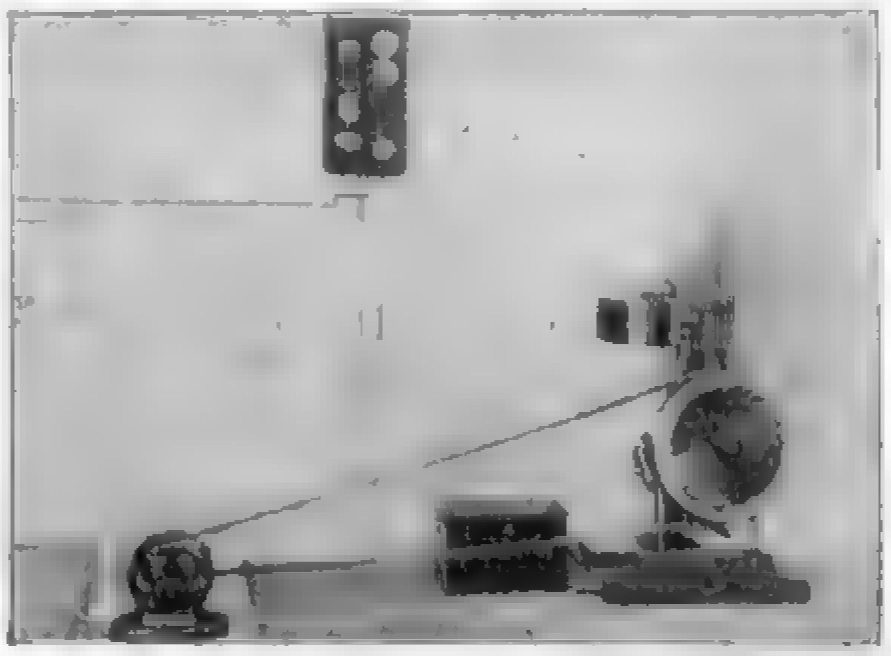
Home owners in Suburbs or Country, Ranchmen, Fruit Growers, Dairymen, Truck Gardeners, Shop Owners, Engineers on Public Works requiring Pumping Service, and all who seek the solution of the problem of Water Supply should write for Farm Pump Engine Books and Bulletins.

Be sure to state, as fully as possible, your special requirements. We issue special Bulletins on Irrigation, Spray Outfits, Pressure Systems and Diaphragm Ditch Pump Outfits.

If interested in larger engines, ask for Catalog of Fuller & Johnson Double-Efficiency Engines. (152)

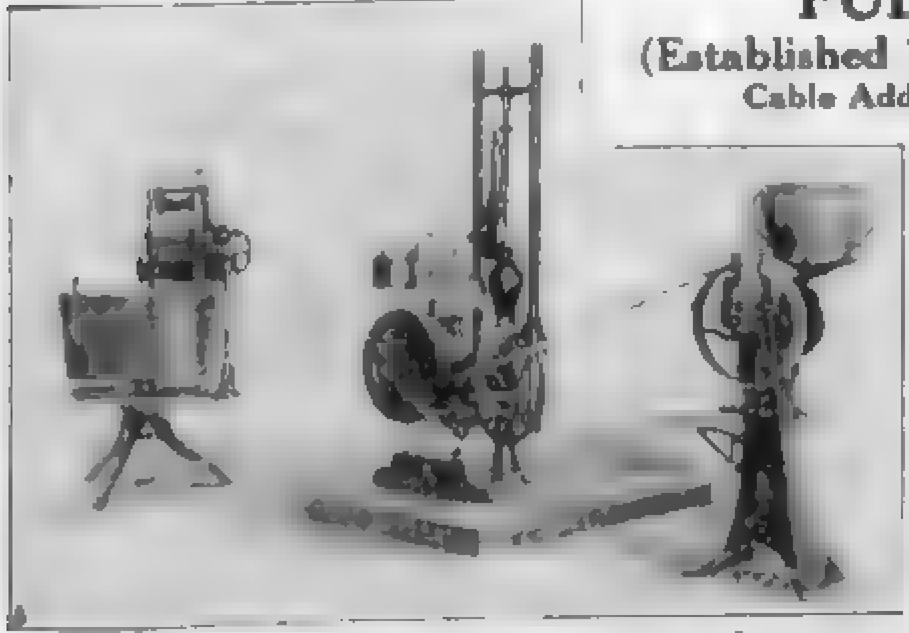
The Farm Pump Engine Without Pumping Gearing

The Farm Pump Engine without gears forms a compact and complete unit for light power purposes exclusive of pumping. Has no equal for strength and durability. Equipped with special pulley. Price the same as regular Farm Pump Engine.


Engine Operating Private Electric Lighting Plant

FULLER & JOHNSON MFG. CO.

(Established 1840) 10 Sanborn Street, Madison, Wis., U. S. A.
Cable Address, "Fullerjohn"—Lieber's Code, or A. B. C—5th Edition


Engine Pumping and Running Washer and Cream Separator

Engine Used for Sprinkling Public Parks and Golf Grounds

Clip Out—Mail NOW for FREE ENGINE BOOKS

FULLER & JOHNSON MFG. CO.
10 Sanborn Street, Madison, Wis., U. S. A.
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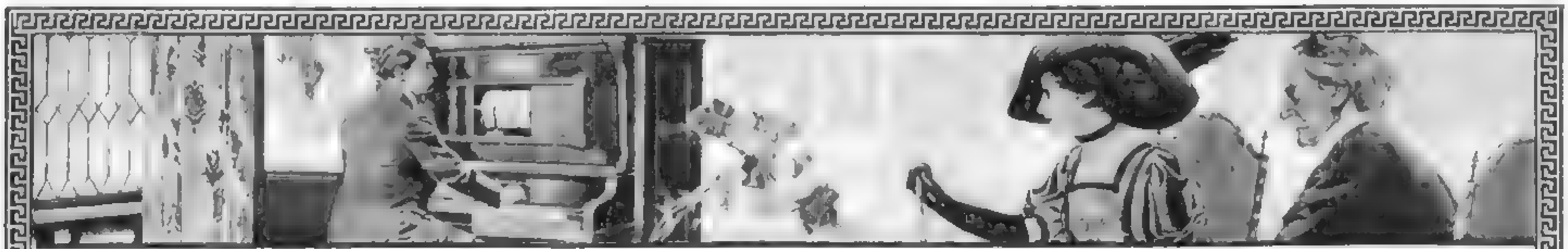
Please send me the books checked below

☐ Farm Pump Engine Catalog
High-Powered Engine Catalog

Name

Street or R. F. D. Route

Town State



A Business Talk About the Pianola Piano by a Business Man

This advertisement is, in substance, what a well-known New York business man said, who called recently at Aeolian Hall.

"I HAVE come to see about making an exchange of my ——— player-piano for a Pianola Piano. It isn't pleasant to own up to an error in business judgment, and yet that is just what my errand here represents. It came about this way:

"In my line of manufacturing, there are half a dozen different brands on the market, all good, all selling well and hardly any difference between them. I thought it was probably very much the same way with player-pianos, and so when I found I could buy another make for one hundred dollars less than the Pianola Piano, I figured that as so much clear saving.

"My business training is all in the direction of buying in the cheapest market. Every hundred dollars saved I am accustomed to figure as one hundred dollars made.

"Yes, I was familiar with the Aeolian Company's statements as to the superiority of the Pianola Piano, its exclusive features, and so forth, but I discounted them as the natural enthusiasm of a manufacturer for his own goods.

"It wasn't till I had owned the other instrument for some three months that I began to realize there was something more than claims in your statements.

"After I had mastered the working of my instrument I found myself continually balked in trying to obtain certain effects which my ear told me were desirable.

"In the first place, I wasn't enough of a musician to know how to produce these effects, and then again, I found the instrument wasn't capable of them even if I had known how to secure them. For instance, I had heard Victor Herbert's band play his Badinage, with great effect due to sudden pauses, alternated with unexpected bursts of speed, pleasing accents, etc. Now my playing of that composition was a very different matter.

"One day I heard a friend of mine play the "Badinage" on his Pianola Piano as I knew it ought to be played. I saw how the *Metrostyle* guided him in expression, how the *Themodist* brought out the melody, and when I tried it myself I was amazed to see how much more responsive the action of the Pianola Piano is to that of my instrument.

"These little things that I supposed originally were non-essentials make all the difference in the world in the satisfaction and pleasure obtained from the playing.

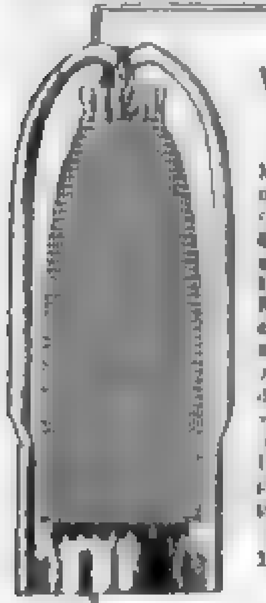
"I have come to depend so much upon music for my home entertainment that I now feel I must have the advantage of the best device of its kind.

"So that one hundred dollars wasn't saved after all, and I hope you will not make me lose too much on the exchange.

"There is nothing at all the matter with my instrument, except that as I have become educated in this means of producing music, I find I am not going to be satisfied with any instrument but the best there is."

If you want the Pianola Piano's efficiency, you must have the Pianola Piano itself—not an imitation.
The Pianola Piano, $550 and upwards. Send for Illustrated Catalogue A, and name of nearest agent.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN THE WORLD **Aeolian Hall, 362 Fifth Avenue, New York**



The Harris Wood Fibre Mantle

Only Wood Fibre and Guaranteed Mantles Made

Money [illegible] For [illegible] gasoline vapor, high or low pressure.

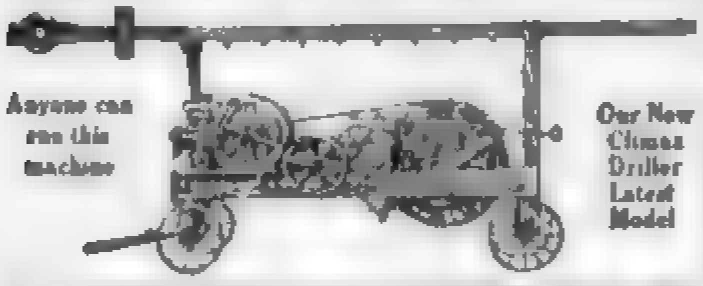
Guaranteed to outlast three ordinary made cotton mantles and give one-third More Light JAR PROOF, SHRINK PROOF and will increase in candle power while burning. Our mantles Have No Equal At Any Price.

[illegible] per boxes post paid. No kerosene.

The Harris Wood Fibre Mantle Co., 1360 West Third Street Cleveland, O

[illegible]

$50 to $75 Per Day Profits

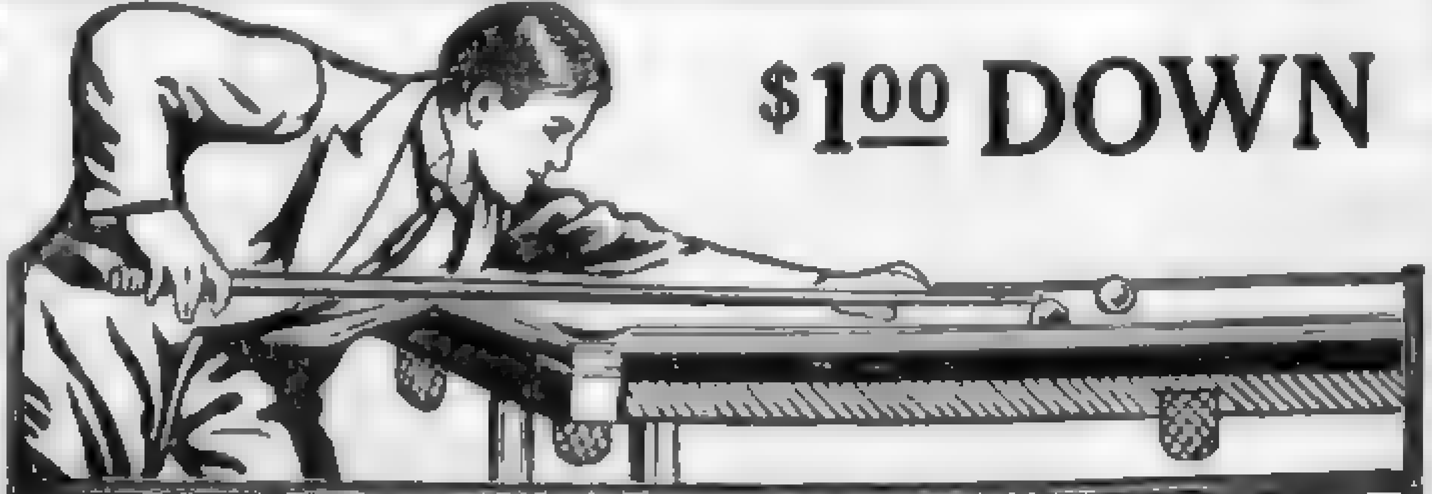

Anyone can run this machine
Our New Climax Driller Latest Model

The well drilling business offers great possibilities for big quick money making. Two South Dakota men made over $100,000 in ten years drilling wells. H. A. Price, of Buffalo, Minn., **earned $717 in 75 hours** with one machine

Waterloo Well Drilling Outfits

have been standard for over 41 years. Every town, home, farm and ranch must have its own water supply. Many farmers [illegible] months ahead. Write [illegible] page free [illegible] book [illegible]

THE ARMSTRONG-QUAM MFG. CO.
1526 Chestnut St. (Established 1867) Waterloo, Iowa



$1.00 DOWN

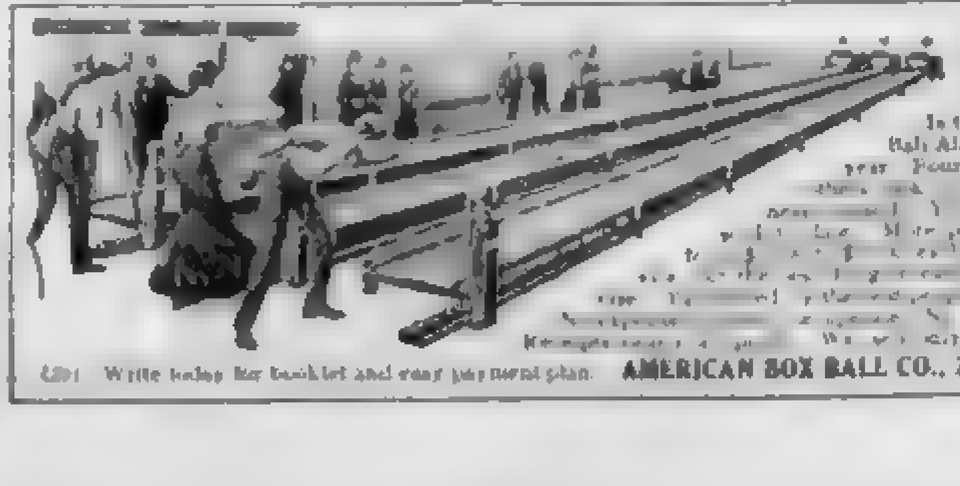
BURROWES BILLIARD & POOL TABLE

$1 Down puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, &c., free.

BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.
NO RED TAPE. On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week.
If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalog

THE E. T. BURROWES CO. 803 CENTER STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE.



$513 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an Investment of $150

Is the result from operating one American Box Ball Alley. Two others made over $[illegible] first year. Four others over $[illegible] [illegible]

Write today for booklet and easy payment plan. AMERICAN BOX BALL CO., 254 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Indiana

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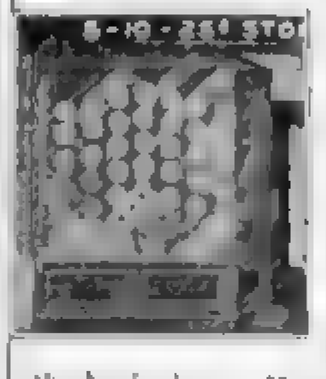
An Opening for a Retail Store



If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc. in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

Edw. B. Moon, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

Peckham's Make
Willow Ostrich Plumes

From Your Old Feathers
Write for Prices

Send us your [illegible] feathers [illegible] References: [illegible] Central National Bank. [illegible] Write for prices.

Peckham's, 664 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

A JOB AS KING

(Continued from Page 18)

a lot of grafters as ever went into the tropics, and I'm not forgetting that Pizarro and a few of those old-timers must have been a pretty rusty-looking lot, to get away from whom a man would willingly have walked the plank.

The spokesman was the timber man, who had forgotten that I had called him down once before.

"See here, boss," he began.

"Your Majesty, to you," I interrupted.

"Now don't go to handin' me any of that bunk," he threatened.

I pressed the bell on my desk. The gold-lace flunky came in.

"Bring me from the archives a copy of Mr. Billings' timber concession. Number twenty-four, I think. I'm very much afraid it will be annulled at the next cabinet meeting."

Say! It took Billings' nerve away and threw such a heavy damper over the others that a locomotive couldn't have pulled their breath for them. I was some riled.

"You fellows," I remarked, settling back into my chair and facing them, "are about the rummiest lot of asses I ever met. It pleases me to sit here and look at you and laugh. You knew I was from the West and thought you could use me. You thought you'd put in a sucker to pull your dirty irons out of the fire. Well, I've changed my mind about San Bingador. I've decided to stay. I don't know anything about the frills of ruling, but just the same I'm king. If any of you try to stir up another revolution I'll have you with your backs against a stone wall and a firing squad at attention in less than ten minutes after I get wise to the game. The army sticks by me, and the joke of it is that you fellows have paid for it so far, and are going to keep on paying for it."

I looked from one to the other and gave my words time to soak in.

"Gentlemen," I went on, reaching over and picking up my penciled sheets, "I've figured out what it costs to run this Government. If you fellows want protection I'll give it to you; but you are the ones who must pay for it. The total taxes that can be squeezed out of the people without making them kick like a steer that is being branded for the tenth time is about a hundred and fifty dollars a day. It costs about three hundred more a day to be on the safe side, and there are, so far, about thirty concessions out. You fellows wouldn't have been called on if you hadn't got a notion that you were running everything in the country. I'm going to give you a chance to pay three hundred dollars a day to this Government, ten dollars average, or else I'll tax it out of you as sure as you stick in San Bingador. That goes!"

They squirmed and protested and wriggled and argued, but I sat as firm as a pack burro whose load has grown too heavy and who refuses to budge.

"Think of it," I said at last; "I'll give you a week to decide. It means that your concessions stick and that this country will be so well satisfied that nobody could get up an insurrection any more than you can, and you couldn't stir up as much row as a country Fourth of July celebration back home where the chief amusement is the greased pig. Good day!"

They were the most subdued adventurers that ever filed out of a Government building. I stood at the window and watched them going away, with their hats pulled down over their eyes and all shaking their fists and doubtless saying things that their mothers never taught them. I knew that I was playing a lone hand, but thought I held the cards. If I could make good on that I needed but one more success to make me feel a real king, and that was Maria. Somehow I didn't seem to get ahead with her as well as I did with other affairs. She couldn't be bluffed. She was the only thing that kept me from feeling like old Alexander must have felt—a sort of world-conqueror with undisputed possession of the championship belt and all comers met and whipped regardless of weight or color. I could see that I was a pretty smart sort of a person.

Oddly enough, everything seemed to happen to me in couples. It was on the day when the concession men decided that I had the best of it and agreed to stand the three hundred a day, under signed contracts, to avoid taking part in politics, that I came to a finish with Maria. It had been one of those made-to-order days, followed by a made-to-order evening, and she had come to her seat on the balcony to watch the crowds and hear the band. Somehow I noticed that she was different from usual, as if the whole business had got on her nerves. She was sort of quiet.

"Maria," I said, leaning over toward her chair, "when will your messenger find your uncle? Has he taken to the brush and gone so deep, like a dog with a can tied to his wagging apparatus, that he can't be dug out? I'm in earnest about this whole affair. It has got to a place now where something is going to be done."

She leaned with her white elbows on the stone rail of the balcony for a minute or so and then turned toward me.

"I believe you are in earnest," she said. "I have learned something that—well, never mind! Is it certain that my uncle would be safe if you were to see him?"

"I give my word," I answered. "No matter what he says or thinks, he is safe unless he tries to get up another insurrection. I want to see him. You know why."

She looked down over the balcony for a moment and twisted her hands together, and then back at the cabinet officers on the next balcony, and again at me.

"My uncle," she said softly, "is where I could bring him before you in five minutes and has been for some time."

I leaned back so quickly that I almost tipped my chair over.

"Go on," I exclaimed; "you don't mean it! Where is he?"

"Playing the kettle drums down there in the band," she answered.

I thought for a full three seconds, that swam around like three hours, that some one would have to throw water on my head to bring me to; then I slumped back in my seat and gasped.

"Yes," she added, half laughing and half serious; "a beard is a wonderful disguise when people have never seen a man with one. His followers are very faithful."

I didn't feel half as smart as I had earlier in the day. I began to put two and two together. That was why the band had come in so willingly and why the insurrectos had returned to the bosoms of their families! All the difference was, after all, that I had brought the insurrection to town and given it a bully good time. I was the boy who was digging up the money to pay it and keep it fat and sassy; to buy it gold lace and give it a chance to talk with the people. My self-esteem ran down to something below zero, as fast as would a thermometer dropped into an ice factory. I was the ice factory and Maria knew it.

"Don't feel badly," she said, laying her hand on mine where it clutched the marble railing. "I'm going to tell you a secret. It was all my fault."

"Yes? About the band?"

"No, everything. I'll tell you all about it."

She laughed as if it were all a joke to make me realize how big a fool I was, and then, sitting there and speaking softly, with the music from the band over in the plaza forgotten by both of us, explained that particular revolution whose drift had washed me up to the throne.

"The last Government was the worst that ever was. I thought it ought to be put out. I induced my uncle to start an insurrection and he spent every dollar he had or could get, because he believed in himself and that the insurrection was right. When the Government beat him and he was driven with his army back into the hills I began to entertain the Americans who wanted concessions down here, and who were tired of not quite ever knowing what they would have to pay. I made them believe they were the ones really back of getting a proper heir to the throne from his exile. They bungled it at the last minute, when it got away from them, and put you in. At first I thought I should have to get up an insurrection against you—and then somehow I couldn't."

I would have grabbed her hand and interrupted her right there if she hadn't restrained me, as if I were traveling too fast.

"Uncle found out, after he came to town with his drums, that you were stronger than any of us had believed. You see you pay spot cash, and that goes a long way down in this country where, until you came, most of the money has been what you call

This is the Handle That is Changing the Umbrella Habits of the Nation

Any invention that induces several million people to do an old thing in a new way is apt to be pretty valuable, isn't it?

If, in addition, it builds, in ten years, four factories, each twice as large as the one which preceded it; and the last the largest in the world making high grade umbrellas — it must possess merit you ought to know about.

Manufacturers of the old style umbrella will tell you that they are annoyed by dealers; and dealers selling only the old style, that they are pestered to death by customers asking about

Hull Umbrellas

With Detachable and Interchangeable Handles

Some ten thousand other dealers are no longer being bothered by the Hull demands. They are supplying it, as fast as we can supply them.

And you know what you are buying, when you buy a "Hull"—because the name "Hull" on the button means as much as "Sterling" on silver. This Hull button means, moreover, that the Hull Detachable and Interchangeable device is guaranteed; that it is the only Detachable and Interchangeable device made in an umbrella factory; that the Hull handle, therefore, will fit any one of ten thousand or more Hull bases.

The Hull button means longer life and better service, too, no matter what price you pay.

It is made with wide gores and has a finer, wider spread than most umbrellas.

We can and will change your old style umbrella handle into a Hull detachable free of charge.

Write and we [illegible] Fill out the [illegible] dealer's name and you will get your booklet and this information by return mail.

Hull Bros. Umbrella Co.
Toledo Ohio

SMITH, GRAY & CO., Four Stores, Exclusive Distributors for Greater New York

Korrect Shape Shoes
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
For Men

Style Number 23

We own our tanneries. We tan Oak Sole leather for our exclusive use, and use it in every pair of shoes we manufacture. Instead of opening the fibres, as in ordinary sole leather, and filling the leather with substances which are detrimental to its wear and cause it to easily absorb moisture, **we knit the fibres more closely,** emit foreign matter, and make our Oak Sole leather practically moisture and wear proof.

GUARANTEED. If the "Burrojaps" upper breaks through before the first sole is worn through, we will replace with a new pair FREE.

THE STYLE will please the most exacting taste of young or old

THE FIT. Perfect conformity with every curve and joint—Absolute comfort.

Prices $4, $4.50, $5

If your dealer hasn't them, send us his name and we will mail you our FREE illustrated catalogue in colors, from which you can order direct.

BURT & PACKARD CO., Makers, 51 Field St., Brockton, Mass. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

conversation money. You were the first man who seemed really to understand how properly to hold up your fellow-countrymen. You put the Government into better standing in a month than it had ever been in since Columbus found it. Uncle's job of beating the drums began to look like a permanent thing. When he talked insurrection his followers brushed pieces of lint off their new uniforms and wandered away from him to play those new slot machines or to bet on the next bullfight. Was it your revered George Washington, or Shakspere, who said, 'It's the dough that talks'?"

I couldn't answer. I hadn't recovered my self-esteem as yet.

"Then I began to have a few personal reasons," she continued more slowly and as if trying to keep from admitting something, "for rather wanting you to succeed. That was why, when Mr. Perkins and your other benevolent compatriots came out to my house last night, tearing their hair and calling you names, I advised them to pay the three hundred a day and have peace. I had come to that conclusion before they came, because Señor Sancho Murietta Castilo y Garcia, whom I induced to pose as a barber but who really is the finest lawyer in San Bingador, always kept me well informed as to what you were doing. Oh, he was far more valuable to me than the man you appointed as majordomo of the palace. Indeed he was!"

She leaned far back in her chair and laughed, soft, tantalizing and unaffected. I couldn't see where the laugh came in just at that time. I was on the other side of the wicket with all bets canceled and a bad taste in my mouth that extended clear up around my ears.

"Well, now you have done all this to me, what next?" I growled.

Her reply was the first aid to the injured.

"I should suggest," she said, looking down at her fingertips, "that you—must you make me say it?—send for—for Uncle!"

"On the level?" I asked, stooping toward her and feeling my heart hop around like a dancing mouse in a wicker cage.

As she didn't answer, I took the situation in hand and hurried back to where Sancho, dim behind the portières, was hanging around as if waiting to give either good advice or a bad shave.

"Here, Shanks—beg pardon, Señor—will you have the bounty and goodness to go down to the band in the plaza, which seems to have landed on some new and better piece, and bring the kettle drummer up here? Tell him his niece asks it and that it is by order of the king, and that he is safe."

"Does his Majesty desire the man to bring his drums so that he may hear him play?" Shanks inquired as imperturbably as ever, seeming to think that I hankered after music.

"No, just the man," I replied absently, and then walked back out to the balcony, feeling like the parrot in the old story who, after the explosion, wanted to know what would happen next.

Martinez was shown into my private room and I had Maria brought in, after which I stood Shanks on guard outside and bolted the door. It was awkward. The old fellow looked as if kettle drumming hadn't agreed with him very well. His beard was white and his eyes looked like something cornered and about to jump. I don't think he loved me so that it could be noticed, just at that time.

"Señor Martinez," I said without any palavering, "I've sent for you for two reasons. One, and the most important, is that I want permission to make love to your niece and ward, the Señorita Maria. Hold on now! Go slowly! The second is that I don't care to be a king any longer and want to abdicate in your favor. I want to set the stakes and fix the wires for you so I can step out. All you've got to do is to make good on all I've promised the concessioners. I'm sick of the job, and somehow I've just learned, this evening, that I'm not half as much of a king as I thought I was anyway."

He looked puzzled for an instant, as if he had been brought against a lunatic, and showed signs of jumping to the window and yelling for help. Then he got himself in hand and stared at Maria, then back at me.

"Does his Majesty know the attitude of my niece?" he asked, and I liked him for that—putting Maria's wishes ahead of his chance to take the throne.

"That," I answered, "is for her to say."

She flushed so red that I knew without word of mouth, so walked across the room and, in that good old American way, took her in my arms.

"I do know her attitude," I said to the señor, looking across her shoulder, and he had to smile and give in.

"It is easier," he said with dignity after what seemed a long time, "to give my assent to your paying court to my niece than for me to consent to accept even an honor for which I have fought. I must know what promises you have made before I could accept such a grave responsibility, for I am of the country and would do nothing for its discredit."

I knew right then that he would make a better king than I had been, and was absurdly pleased. I walked across to my desk and picked up the unmailed letter to Dick telling him that I could never return to the Five Points, tore it in pieces and threw them into the waste-basket. I knew that Martinez couldn't help agreeing to all that I had done, inasmuch as I had but robbed those who came to rob, and had rendered the country sound thereby.

"Nor could I expect such a man as you blindly to accept anything," I retorted. "If you had not believed in me you would not have given such consent as you gave for my attitude toward Maria. Besides, you have time to familiarize yourself with what I have done. It will take about a month to get the change ready. It takes at least that long to get people used to an idea so they won't upset everything by balking at the last minute. Also it gives Maria and me time to arrange for leaving."

She looked up at me with a big question in her eyes.

"Yes," I said, answering it; "there's a fine little cabin by a mine out in Arizona that needs us and, as far as I'm concerned, it beats kinging. You're too dangerous a character to be left in this country. You might upset the Government. Will you go?"

The only state money I ever used, out of all I collected while in San Bingador, and this is the gospel truth, was that which I accepted from the state treasury to pay for the special steamer that took my wife and me to New Orleans. I resisted all temptations at parting save one, and that was when, as the steamer left the wharf and I took a last look at Perkins and Billings and the other concessioners grouped together and thanking Heaven that I was going, I deftly put my thumb to my nose and wiggled my fingers in that sign which is common to all languages when a man has the last and best laugh of them all.

The Professor in Print

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to College Professors apparently is not flourishing. Broadly speaking, the only use the reporter has for learning is still to heave a half brick against the venerable cranium which contains it. For example, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, one of our foremost educators, recently lectured in the West. Returning from the lectures, he affirms, a Boston reporter called upon him with a bundle of press clippings "which utterly falsified what I said and put sentiments in my mouth that are abhorrent to me. I told the reporter," the doctor continues, "that I would not be interviewed, but would be grateful if he would correct these fabrications. What was my surprise ——"

But you can guess the rest. The reporter not only quoted him as reaffirming the sentiments which he had repudiated, but added some others. "In the article," Doctor Hall complains, "there is almost nothing that resembles anything I ever said or thought, and the whole tenor is repugnant to my opinions."

Formerly there existed a hope of persuading reporters to treat college professors with kindness; but that hope has been regretfully abandoned. Even as a tin can, a string and a confiding dog with a long, waving tail create a temptation which unregenerate juvenile nature cannot resist, so the college professor presents a temptation to which unregenerate reportorial nature helplessly succumbs. It's too bad; and in despair of reforming the reporter, appeal must be made to the professor. He should avoid putting irresistible temptation in the reporter's way by avoiding interviews.

Meanwhile, readers who see silly sentiments attributed to a professor should remember the chances are the professor never said them.

Scene on Riverside Drive, New York

Where Children Are Fed with Oatmeal

Among the homes of the educated—on the boulevards, in the higher-class sections and university districts—an actual canvass shows that seven in eight regularly serve oatmeal.

Among the homes of the ignorant—in the tenement districts—not one home in twelve serves oats.

The use of oatmeal depends on knowledge, not money. Quaker Oats—the finest of all—costs but one-half cent per dish.

It is where people know best what brains and bodies require that one finds the oatmeal homes.

Some Statistics

Here are some facts which we have discovered by an actual canvass, employing 130 men.

Four-fifths of all the college students came from oatmeal homes. So did two-thirds of the teachers of children.

Most of the leaders in every walk of life had oatmeal as a childhood food. President Taft is among them.

But only one in thirteen of the inmates of poorhouses was brought up on oatmeal. Only two per cent of the prisoners in four great penitentiaries came from oatmeal homes.

Among physicians, 8 in 10 regularly serve oatmeal. Among college professors, 48 in 50 eat it. The finest hotels serve one pound of oatmeal daily to each 18 guests, on the average.

But, in the lowliest vocations—where brains count least—the oatmeal users are exceedingly rare.

It is everywhere apparent that the use of oatmeal is everywhere in direct proportion to the average intelligence.

The Premier Food

A great English educator says that 90% of a child's fitness is fixed before it enters a school. And that fitness depends largely on food.

Oats are the greatest of all foods, especially for the years of growth.

They are richer than all other cereals in proteid, the body-builder—in organic phosphorus, the brain-builder—in lecithin, the builder of nerves.

No other food is so well-balanced as oats—so fitted for creating both brain and brawn.

The use of oatmeal is almost universal among those who know these facts.

Quaker Oats

The Utmost in Oatmeal

The oats used in Quaker Oats are selected by 62 separate siftings. We pick out only the richest, plumpest grains, and get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

From these we create, by a perfect process, the finest oat food in existence. It is the kind that children love—the delicious kind which you will always want when you compare it with common oatmeal.

Quaker Oats, because of its lusciousness, has become the leading oat food the world over.

Regular size package, 10c

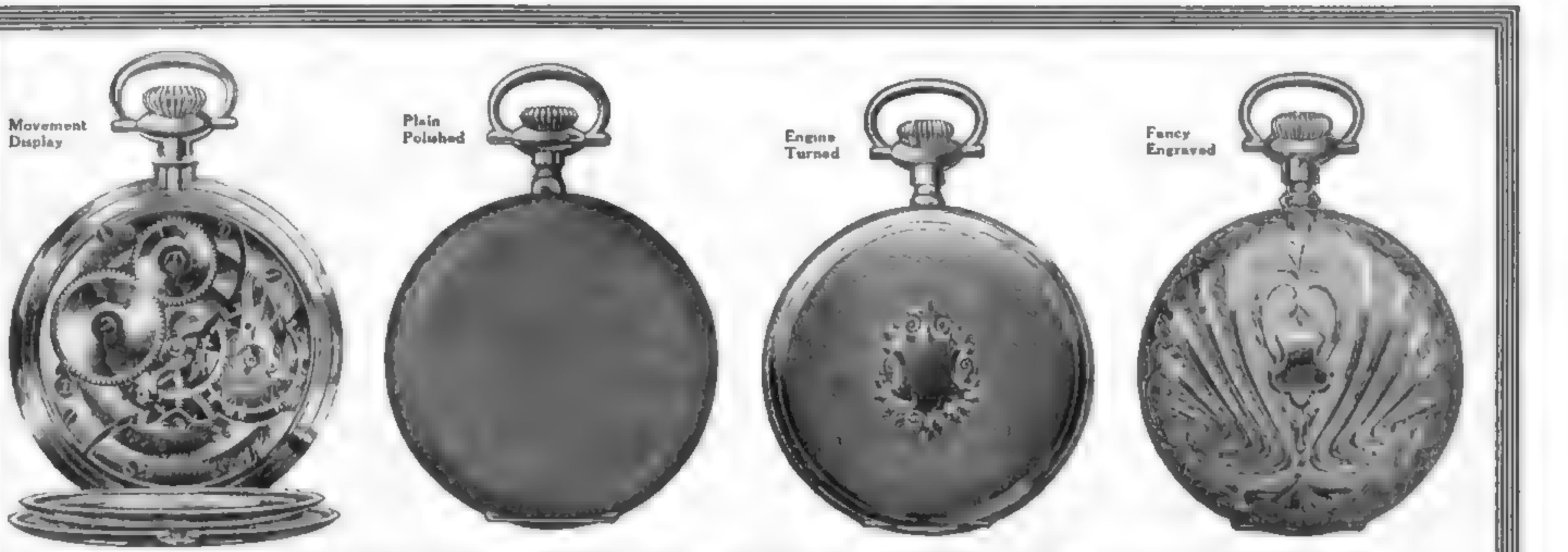
Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.

The Quaker Oats Company
(74) CHICAGO

Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package

Scene on Lake Shore Drive, Chicago



16-Size, 17-Jewel, Single Roller, Hunting Case HOWARD—adjusted to three positions, temperature and isochronism—cased and timed in its case at the factory. This is the HOWARD Watch at $37.50 which the E. Howard Watch Works stopped making on June 15th

A Word to Howard Owners

On the Investment Value of Their Watches

YOU bought a HOWARD because you believed it to be the finest practical timepiece in the world, and the best watch you could buy for the money. Your investment ought to look better to you today than it did when you made it. It's the first time, as far as we know, that a man has been able to buy a watch on a rising market.

The name HOWARD on a watch means more today than it did then, because it is confined to a more limited range of watches, representing the finer and more expensive movements.

October a year ago a man could buy a HOWARD for as little as $35. So many wanted to get into the HOWARD class with a $35 investment that the factory had too much to do.

HOWARD horologists are men of a life-time's training.

HOWARD watch-making cannot be hurried. The $35 watch was withdrawn. The Howard Watch Works stopped making it.

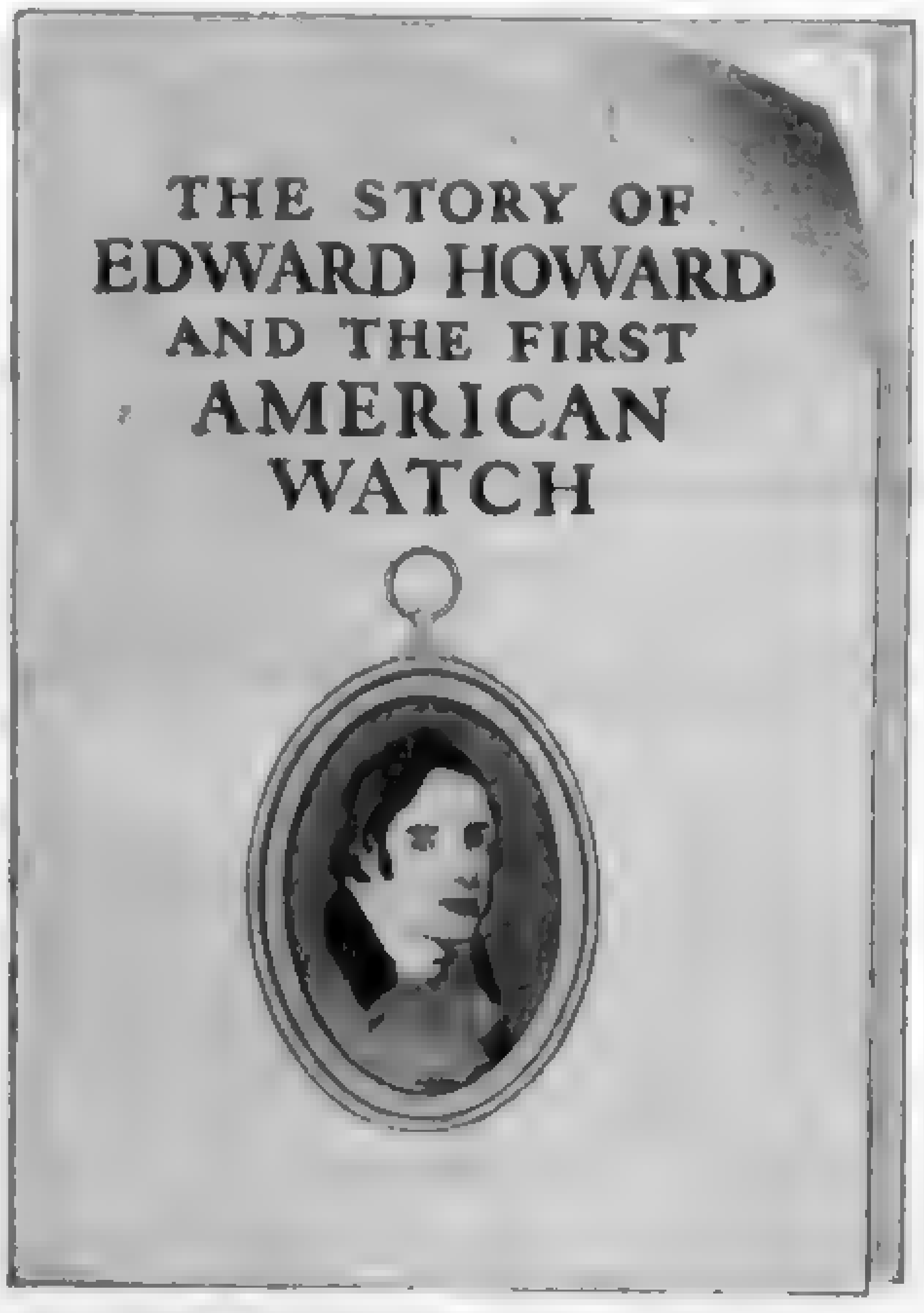
Now we see these conditions repeated with the HOWARD at $37.50.

The production of this watch ceased on June 15th. There will never be another one made.

There are none to be had except the limited stock now in the dealers' hands.

A considerable number of men between now and January first will secure for themselves one of these HOWARDS at $37.50.

Perhaps your own jeweler may have one or two of them in stock. We have no means of knowing.



Every man and every boy who reads *The Saturday Evening Post* should send at once for "The Story of Edward Howard and the First American Watch"—one of the most inspiring achievements in American invention—as dramatic as the story of the Electric Telegraph. This chapter of American history has never been told before. Send your name on a post-card *today*. The book is free!

What we do know is that enterprising jewelers took steps immediately to get hold of some.

The HOWARD dealer that you know may have acted quickly, or he may have waited and been disappointed.

If you have a friend who wants a HOWARD it might be well to tell him to look for one of the $37.50 watches.

We say this to you as a HOWARD owner. It is nothing to us because the watches are out of our hands.

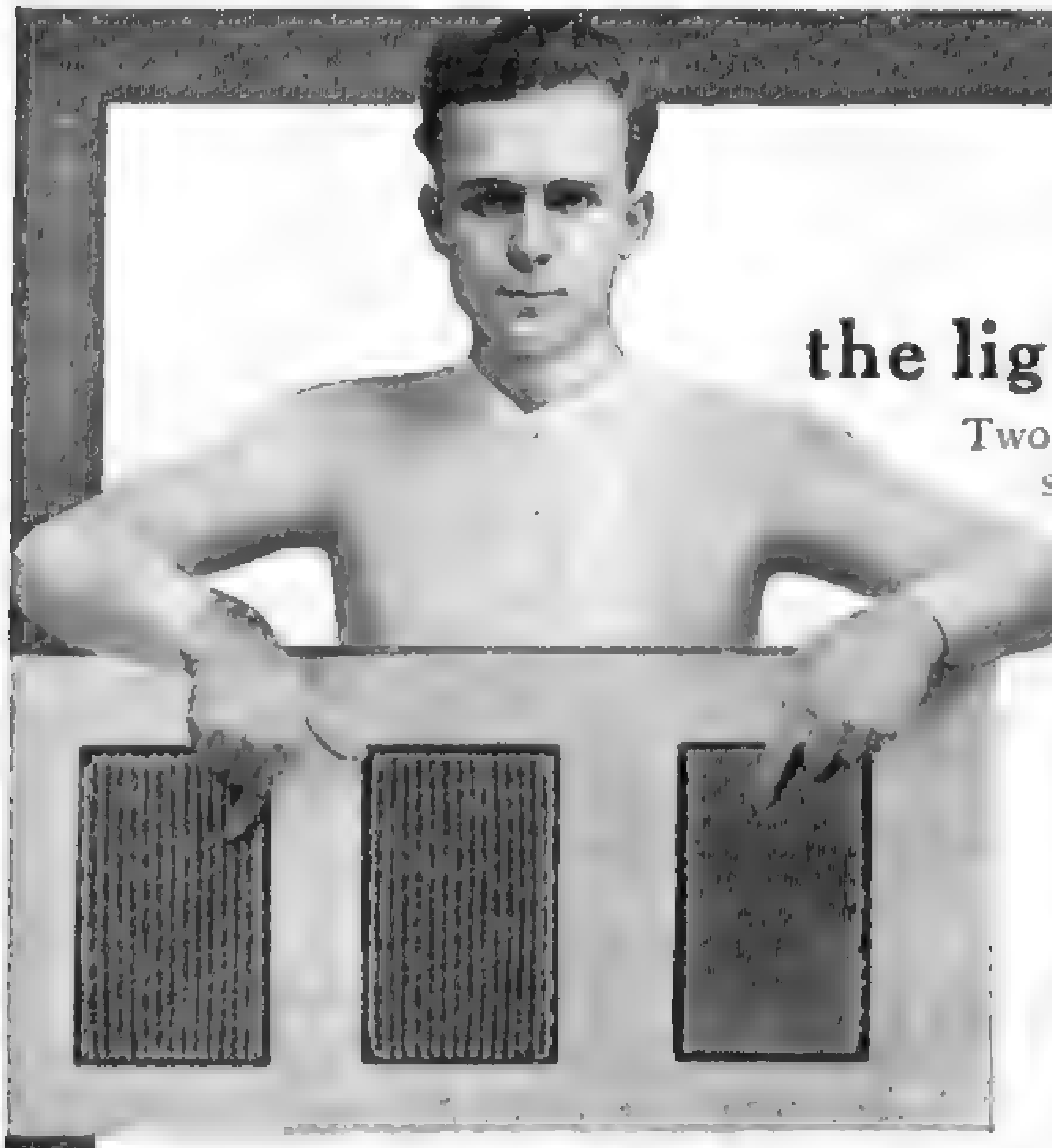
But what we do want to emphasize is this—don't blame the jeweler if he has none of the $37.50 HOWARDS in stock. There were not enough for everybody and, if he delayed, someone else got his share.

Tell your friend this much for us—he is just as safe in buying a HOWARD watch of any grade and price above $37.50 as you were when you bought yours. He will never see the day when he will regret his investment.

The HOWARD public is growing faster than the production of the HOWARD watch.

The price of each HOWARD is fixed at the factory and printed on a ticket with the number of the watch. This ticket accompanies the watch. No jeweler can charge more and no one can sell the watch for less.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS
BOSTON, MASS.



Interlock

the lightest-for-warmth underwear

Two thin garments interlocked into one—and the smoothest, softest, lightest-for-warmth underwear you have ever worn.

Interlock underwear is so fine and even and smooth you would hardly guess by its looks that it is a ribbed garment. Its texture is so soothing and sympathetic to the feel that you are instantly charmed with its softness, and when once inside the garment you are captured with its buoyant lightness. And the two interlocked gauze-like fabrics make this one light garment just as warm as heavy saggy underwear—without its bulky burden!

You needn't shiver all winter in ordinary light-weight garments and imagine you are comfortable, simply because you dread stuffy old-fashioned underwear. Get the scientific Interlock garments and you'll have all the freedom that light-weight gives—with added protection, ample warmth, and increased comfort.

Interlock keeps its shape because it is knit so firm and close; and for the same reason it has genuine elasticity—not only the stretch, but the "spring back" that you don't find in ordinary garments.

The machine that knits Interlock underwear is a wonder. It makes the garment 33⅓ per cent stronger than garments knit of the same single yarn on any other machine. Government testing-machines prove it

That means Interlock has longer life and is easier on your pocket-book than any ordinary underwear

Keen, far-sighted manufacturers saw the advantage of garments knit on this machine as quickly as you will see it yourself. Leading mills of the country have already been licensed under Interlock patents to knit by this advanced method. And now you can get Interlock underwear at dealers everywhere.

$1 a garment and up

For men and boys. Two weights corresponding in warmth to medium and heavy weights of ordinary underwear. Separate garments and union suits for men $1 a garment and up. Separate garments for boys 50c and up. Also infants' shirts, pants, and sleeping garments in soft cotton, merino, wool and silk 50c to $1.50

Ask your dealer for Interlock underwear. Look for the name INTERLOCK on the garment-label or the metal lock attached. If your dealer hasn't Interlock underwear write us his name and address and we'll see that you get it. Write us for sample of fabric and illustrated booklet.

General Knit Fabric Company, Utica, N.Y.

"**These two gauzy ribbed fabrics** knit inseparably together make this smooth, warm Interlock underwear.

To show how these fabrics would look if knit separately it was necessary to pull out the stitches on one side of a piece of Interlock underwear.

If you do that with ordinary underwear it will leave a hole, but with Interlock it leaves this other complete fabric just like the one you take away."

Short Cuts and Money-Making Methods

This Book Will Show You How to Get More Business

And Cut the Cost of the Business You Already Have

You Can Have a Copy Free if you will give us the information we ask. *"Short Cuts and Money-Making Methods"* is a complete work, compiled from actual methods hammered out through years of experience by 512 managers and officials in [illegible] distinct lines of business. The purpose of this 128 page book is to teach the simplest and best ways of handling lists of names.

Its Contents It tells how to compile a live mailing list. It shows how to keep that list up-to-date every day. It shows how to follow up a list. It tells how to minimize the expense of the routine and detail work of maintaining lists of names in the advertising, auditing, shipping, payroll and general departments of every business. **It gives the latest and best solution of the whole list problem.**

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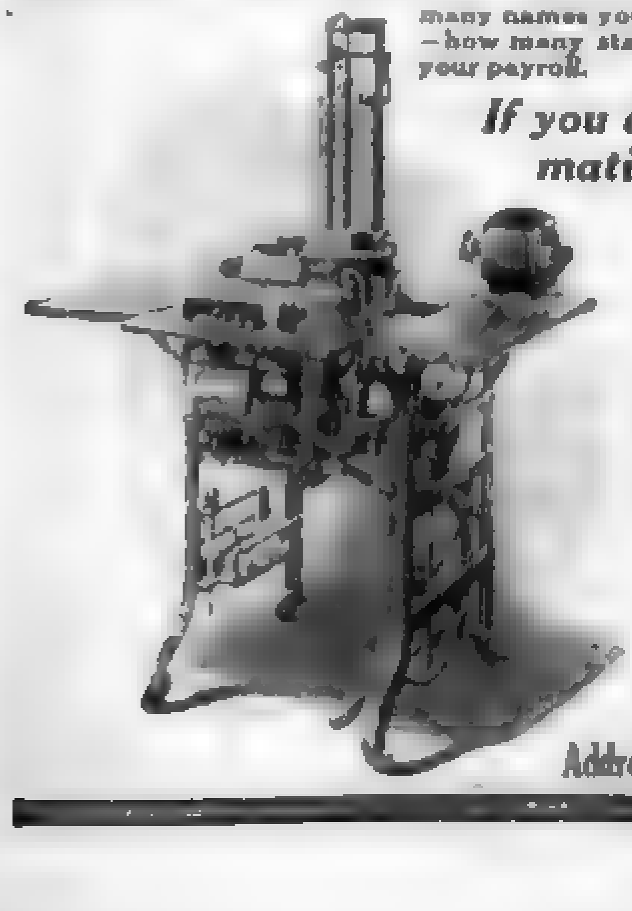

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To the man who uses or can use a list of names, this book will prove invaluable, because, in addition to other information, it describes the manifold and profitable uses of the

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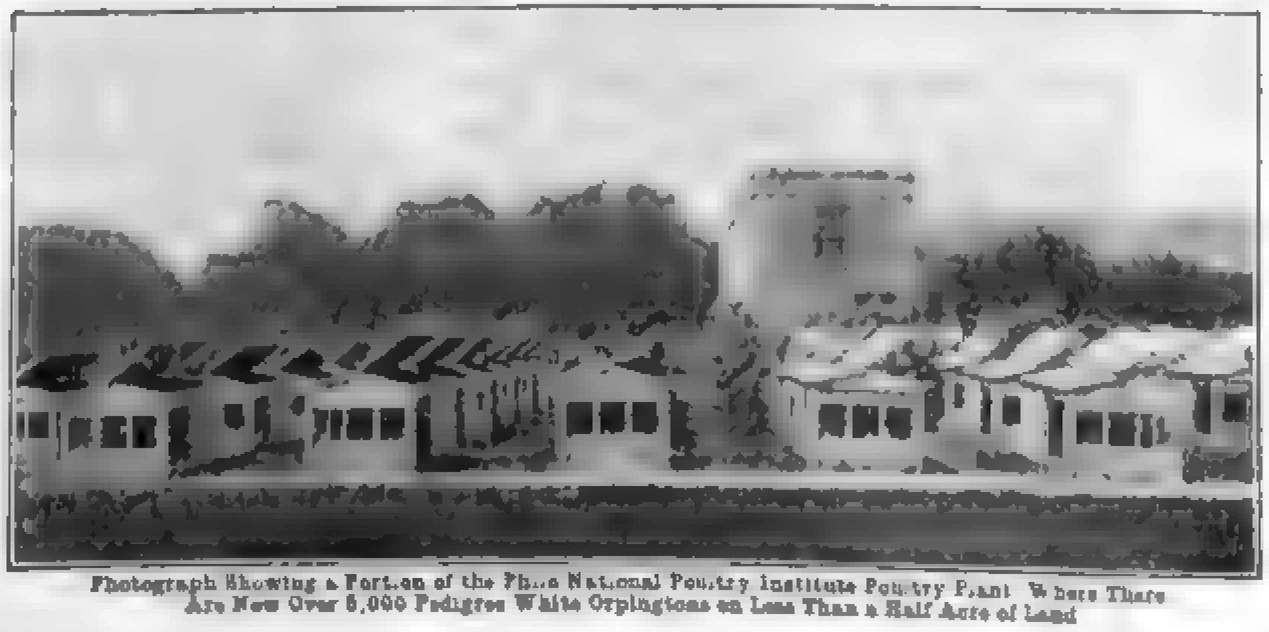
A Living from Poultry



Photograph Showing a Portion of the Philo National Poultry Institute Poultry Plant Where There Are Now Over 6,000 Pedigree White Orpingtons on Less Than a Half Acre of Land

$1,500.00 from 60 hens in ten months on a city lot forty ft. square

To the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a $1,500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden, 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it can be accomplished by THE PHILO SYSTEM.

The Philo System is Unlike All Other Ways of Keeping Poultry

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

The New System Covers All Branches of the Work Necessary for Success

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

Two-Pound Broilers in Eight Weeks

are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here 3 cents a pound above the highest market price.

Our Six-months-old Pullets Are Laying at the Rate of 24 Eggs Each per Month

in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book, THE PHILO SYSTEM OF POULTRY KEEPING, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, with simple [illegible] illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

Don't Let the Chicks Die in the Shell

One of the secrets of [illegible] the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and [illegible] which enabled them to [illegible] cents a dozen.

Chicken Feed At 15 Cents a Bushel

[illegible] egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

Our New Brooder Saves Two Cents on Each Chicken

[illegible] They can easily be made in an hour [illegible]

Special Offer: *Send $1.00 for one year's subscription to the Poultry Review, a monthly magazine devoted to progressive methods of poultry keeping, and we will include, without charge, a copy of the latest revised edition of the Philo System Book.*

E. R. PHILO, Publisher, 2563 Lake St., Elmira, N.Y.

SALT MACKEREL

FAMILIES who are fond of OCEAN FISH can be supplied DIRECT from GLOUCESTER, getting better and later caught fish than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell ONLY to the CONSUMER DIRECT, never through grocers or markets. We have done a mail order fish business since 1885, sending goods right to our customers' homes by PREPAID EXPRESS; always guaranteeing complete satisfaction or money refunded. We want to deal with YOU on the same terms, no matter how small your requirements.

Our SALT MACKEREL are fat, tender, juicy fish, finer than you have ever enjoyed for your winter breakfast.

SALT CODFISH as we prepare it is an appetizing, delicious fish. You will like it.

Our CANNED FISH being steam cooked is absolutely fresh and natural, and includes the best of everything packed here or abroad.

FRESH LOBSTERS, in parchment lined cans, go through no process except boiling. Packed solid in whole pieces as soon as taken from the water, they retain their crispness and natural flavor.

CRABMEAT, SHRIMP, CLAMS, SALMON, TUNNY, SARDINES and dozens of other dainty and substantial products should always be in your storeroom for the preparation at a moment's notice of scores of appetizing, healthful dishes.

Send for our descriptive price list today and you can be enjoying them on your table within a week.

FRANK E. DAVIS FISH COMPANY
83 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

BUSTER BROWN'S

GUARANTEED
STOCKINGS
FOR MEN
WOMEN
AND CHILDREN
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DARN!
Why Darn?

If you buy Buster Brown's Guaranteed Hosiery for the whole family there'll be NO DARNING TO DO.

Silk Lisle Half Hose for MEN, black, tan, navy, gray, wine, purple and heliotrope.
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25c. a Pair, Four Pairs to the Box, $1.00
LADIES' silk lisle gauze, black or tan, Three Pairs to the Box, ... $1.00

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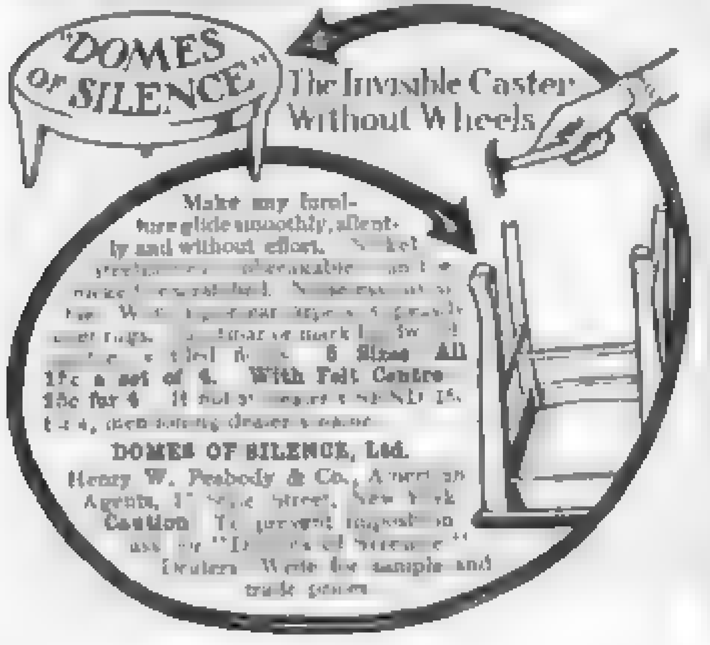
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Make any furniture glide smoothly, silently and without effort. [illegible] 6 Sizes. All 15c a set of 4. With Felt Centre 25c for 4. [illegible]

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Henry W. Peabody & Co., American Agents, [illegible] Street, New York
Caution [illegible]
Dealers Write for sample and trade prices.

THE RETAIL RECONSTRUCTION

(Concluded from Page 9)

department store, however, has "turnover" sufficient to put expert buyers and managers in each department, and pits one against another to obtain the best results.

When a merchant in the Middle West opened up in a small way some years ago he got the benefit of this competitive system by making everybody in the store responsible for a given group of goods. Each of his three clerks was assigned stock to be studied, and was expected to give suggestions as to purchases, cutting prices, displaying his goods in the windows, and so forth. Even Tillie, the cashier, was held responsible for telephone trade, and made a point of holding customers by the intelligence with which she comprehended their requirements and the promptness with which telephone orders were delivered. Salary increases and promotion were governed by the actual showing each employee was able to make in his assigned section. That plan has worked so well that the business is now incorporated, some of the original employees own stock, and the company operates three branch stores besides the original establishment.

The Prophecies of a Pessimist

When he views his business chiefly from the standpoint of close buying for low prices, as many retailers do, the individual merchant is shut up in rather a curious box. The jobbers from whom he purchases goods make their selections from samples left by different manufacturers and importers. These samples are laid side by side, and salesmen are not allowed to be present. The selection is made on value. The department-store buyer, whom the individual merchant often regards as his chief competitor, makes selections in the same way. The consumer, too, makes his selections on much the same scheme, shopping about, looking in windows, comparing big merchants with little ones, and often making his selections on the sidewalk, where no salesman can get at him.

The individual merchant is pitted against the three. He has not enough purchasing power to impose conditions. He operates in a commercial world where the big units are constantly growing bigger. Obviously, to hold his own, he must put less reliance upon jockeying for low prices and more upon taste and knowledge of customers.

The first department-store advertising expert in this country was a man of much insight and shrewdness, about whom many stories are still current. At one time, for example, the store he worked for had a lot of neckties that had not sold well. He promised to clear them off if permitted to tell the truth about them, and they were put in a window with a sign reading, "Not as good as they look—twenty-five cents." In one day they were all gone. After long study of department-store organization this expert maintained that the large retail establishment, selling through an army of clerks, must always be at a disadvantage with the individual retailer, because its business is done at second hand. Wherever the little local shopman could catch his customer he could beat the great store by his intimate personal service. The little merchant's disadvantage was that he couldn't catch customers. People who never knew what was going on beyond their neighborhood might let him attend to their pin-and-needle wants, but the big store, through its immense stocks and advertising, would have superior drawing power.

That opinion was written more than twenty years ago, however, and in the interim the individual retailer has more than held his own. He has gone ahead and is multiplying. The big stores have developed public taste and created a demand for the intimate service of the mercantile specialist. Instead of finding it difficult to catch customers, people are disposed to seek out the individual merchant who understands his business and understands his customers. Instead of selling pins and needles to the frugal stay-at-homes of his neighborhood, he is opening up in the side streets downtown and doing business with the big stores' most discriminating customers.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by James H. Collins on Retailing. The third will appear in an early issue.

Young Men of Good Taste

It's absurd for you to dress in clothes which are merely a reproduction, in smaller sizes, of those worn by your elders.

And you should be equally as careful about going to the other extreme.

You want clothes which will harmonize with your own aggressive, virile personality—which will *individualize you.*

And you will find such clothes in

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Campus Togs
for Young Men

They possess all the style, fit and workmanship that the most expert designing and tailoring can give. In addition, they have those "little touches" of advance fashion that make them distinctive. *Individuality* is their dominating note.

And these pleasing qualities which you admire when you buy a Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" suit or overcoat are *there to stay.*

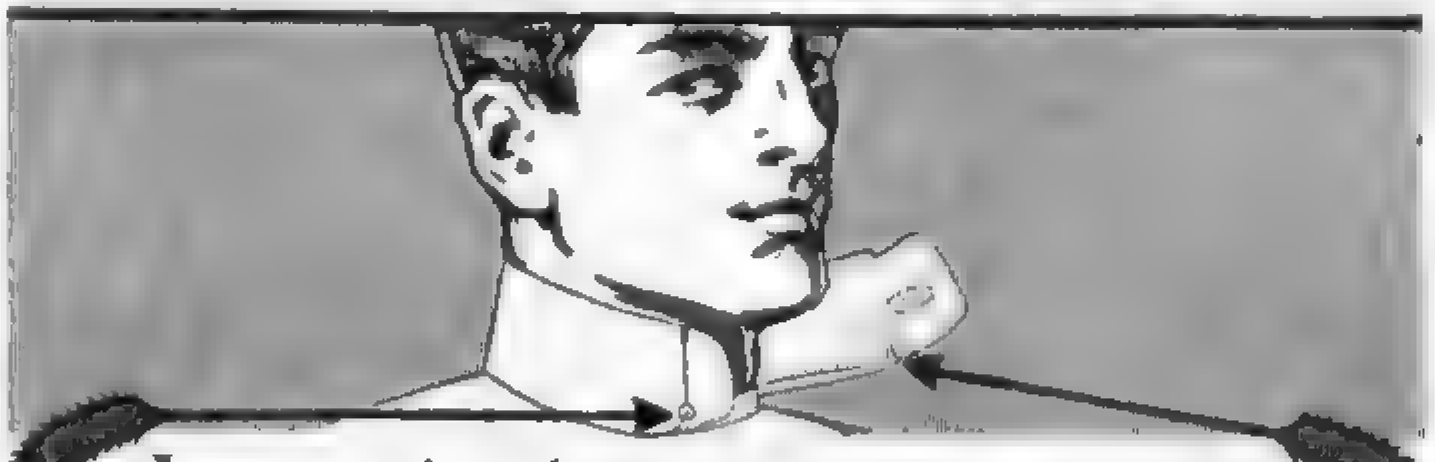
Made permanent by our *exclusive* "Pre-Shrinking" process, applied before the cloth is cut, which removes *every bit* of shrink tendency and prevents wrinkled coat fronts, puckered pockets—all the defects common to ordinary garments after the first rainy day wear.

There is a clothier near you who has a Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Campus Tog suit or overcoat in just the style, fit and material that is most becoming to you. Call and let him show you.

And ask about our ironclad guaranty of LASTING STYLE and SHAPE PERMANENCE.

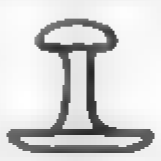
Our attractive style book illustrating Fashion's decrees for Fall and Winter wear for young men will interest you. The clothier has it or we will send it free, for the asking.

CHICAGO Chas. Kaufman & Bros. NEW YORK

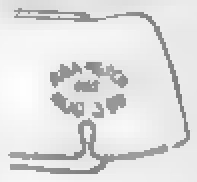


Learn this little kink and your collar troubles are over

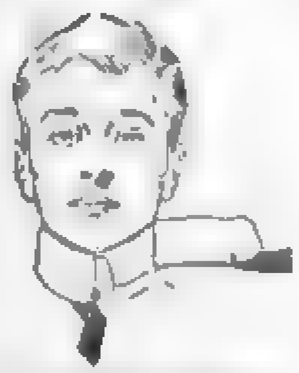
Once you learn the simple Notch way you'll never bother with buttonholes. Wear a flat-head button like this



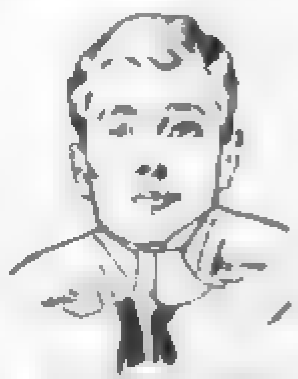
—and get a Notch collar with an end that looks like this



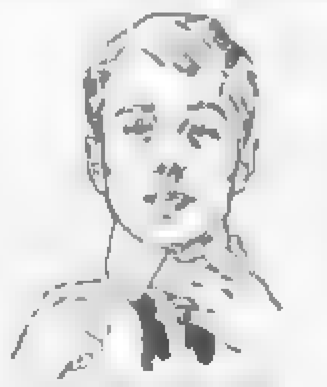
Then cut out the illustrations below and put them on your dresser where you can see them when you do this:



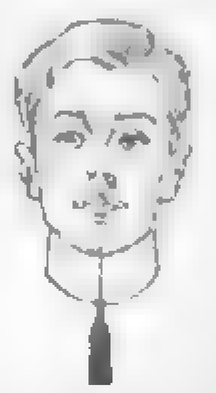
Put the outer fold under head of button.



Press button out with finger, bring notched end over and notch it on.



Then raise outer fold, bend long end of band inward and shove it under.



And you get this.

It is easy to put on, but even easier to take off. The buttonhole that rips out has been eliminated. It is the only close-fitting collar that stays closed, and it has ample tie space. To take it off, just put finger under long end and flip it off.

It is made in all the most fashionable models in the famous

ARROW COLLARS

BELMONT
CHESTER
CLIFTON
BEDFORD
CONCORD

At your dealer's—15c., 2 for 25c. In Canada, 20c., 3 for 50c. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

A New Face To Shave

International Harvester Co. of America, Inc.
BALTIMORE, MD.,
August 20, 1910.
LUXURY SALES CO.,
Troy, New York.

Gentlemen: I take [illegible]

During the last few years I have spent over $25.00 on different [illegible] both Safety and Regular styles, but have never [illegible]

My face [illegible]

The [illegible] revelation [illegible] shaving is a delight [illegible]

Yours very truly,
S. T. GRIFFITH
Traffic Manager.

150 Soft Rubber FINGERS
Handy Hang-up Handle

THE LUXURY Lather Brush

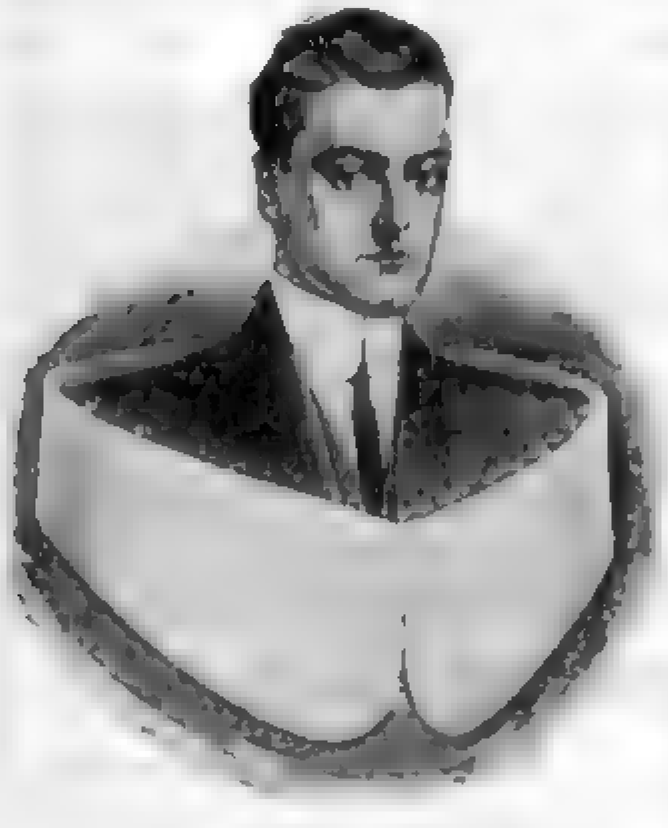
Mr. Griffith is right. You don't need a new razor; *you need a new face.* The gentle but invigorating massage of the Luxury quickly develops a firm, healthy skin, proof against shaving irritation. At the same time softens the beard better than the hand, and without muss.

Book *"Well Lathered is Half Shaved"* **Free**

If your dealer hasn't the Luxury send $3.00 for one. Test it a month, then if it hasn't given you a "new face"—one that you wouldn't be without—return it and get your money back.

A cent a shave a year pays for a Luxury.

LUXURY SALES CO., 232 River St., Troy, N. Y.



"CHEVY CHASE"

2¼ in. Front 1½ in. Back

A NEW CLOSE FRONT COLLAR—cut on different lines—and more comfortable than the fold collar you have been wearing. It is a

Corliss-Coon Hand Made Collar

2 for 25c

In Canada 20c; 3 for 50c

Send for Style Book, showing all the new and popular styles of Corliss-Coon Hand-Made Collars.

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. V., Troy, N.Y.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

I TEACH BY MAIL

[illegible]

F. W. TAMBLYN, 417 Meyer Building, Kansas City, Missouri.

REFLECTIONS OF A NEAR-PHYSICIAN

(Concluded from Page 7)

hacked torso of a man; upon the floor was a broken bottle. Sells was duly impressed. He paid over his seventy-five dollars and was enrolled as a student in the Northern Illinois Medical University.

Long before he was graduated he knew that it was all a fake. But what was he to do? He had already spent his money. His fellow-students also knew, but they were in the same boat.

Six months after graduation Sells was starving in Chicago. He had found no opening in his native town, where there were already too many physicians, and in Chicago he could not even get a beginning. His money was gone. His clothes were falling to pieces. Finally he was expelled from his lodging-house and spent six nights sleeping on park benches.

On the seventh day he saw a sign that read "Boy Wanted—Dr. Alexander Perrin, Second Floor." He applied for the job.

"But," remonstrated Doctor Perrin, "I want a boy. It's only a four-dollar job."

"Doctor," replied Sells, as he strove to conceal a rent in his trousers, "I am a graduate M.D., and a four-dollar job looks all right to me."

Sells was engaged. He found that Doctor Perrin, whose usual name was Samuel Smith, was a bachelor, drunk most of the time, who was becoming well-to-do because he was willing to do anything that people were willing to pay for.

The Quack and His Panacea

Soon Sells was Smith's first assistant. At first the young man was squeamish. "Doctor," he said, "I like this job all right, but I sometimes wish I were sure I were helping the people."

"Helping!" laughed Smith. "Come here, my boy." He took the young man to the window. "Do you see those people crowding out there on the street? They are a nearsighted, stoopshouldered, anemic, astigmatic, overfed, undersized, lopsided lot. They are all engrossed in their own health. Each has a little secret grievance—a nose too short or too long, a flapping ear, freckles, obesity. They all love to take medicine. They all believe in panaceas. Tell them they are sick and you'll make a million. You must warn them against quacks, but be sure to be a quack yourself."

"Be a quack!" gasped Sells.

"Save the name," replied the older man. "The word quack means a thousand dollars a week to me. The greater the opprobrium attached to a business the more money in it, because opprobrium decreases competition. If you want a genteel trade be a bank clerk—or a physician.

"Give them what they want," he went on, "and they'll pay for it, and perhaps get well on it. Mix sodium chloride and water and call it an elixir, and they'll pour gold into your pocket. What's the difference between Perrin's Painless Palliative and whisky? Answer, sixty-five cents a quart. I give them whisky without the sense of guilt."

Sells pointed to the glass of whisky that the older man was drinking. "Doctor," he said, "you don't take your own medicine."

"No," laughed Smith; "I take my poison straight."

"Well," Sells went on, "Smith died of drink, and I am—Perrin's Painless Palliative. I know it's poison and I make sixty-five cents on every quart."

"Well, Doctor," I said, "we've all got to live."

"Don't," he said. "You know that's a lie. I had a friend, Doctor Schliemann—a bacteriologist. He and Stewart discovered the origin of one of those tropical diseases—I don't know which; we never learned about that sort of thing at the Northern Illinois. Somebody had to be bitten by the mosquito. Stewart was married. Schliemann volunteered—and died. So we—don't all have to live."

He walked up and down the narrow deck excitedly. "I guess you think I am a murderer," he said at last. "I suppose I am. The magazine fellows have exposed me over and over again, so that I am used to it and don't answer back. But take this from me: If the public did not want me to poison them why couldn't they have left me in peace in my job?"

Amatite ROOFING

Buy It—and You'll Never Need Roof Paint

When a man is under the necessity of using a lot of roofing, he is pretty sure to study the subject with great care.

That is why Amatite is so often used on the big ready roofing contracts.

A man who has only a few hundred feet of roof will often be careless in his choice of roofing, but when it comes to thousands of square feet (as above) Amatite is sure to be used.

The following is a typical instance:

Waterbury, Conn.,
Barrett Manufacturing Company.

Dear Sirs:—We wish to inform you that the "Amatite" Roofing which we have used on our office, store house, lumber shed and barn has given most satisfactory service.

The area that these roofs cover is about 15,000 square feet. The roofing is unusually attractive in appearance, and in our judgment is the most durable and satisfactory made. The fact that it requires no painting appeals to us very strongly, and this feature makes it by far the cheapest ready roofing on the market.

CITY LUMBER & COAL COMPANY.
[Signed] F. B. Boardman, Treasurer

The economy of Amatite is not only in its durability and its price, but also in the fact that *it requires no painting.*

You may be sure it would cost something to paint their big roofs if they used a roofing that needed painting. All that is saved with Amatite.

A sample of Amatite will be sent you for inspection free if you will send name to the nearest Barrett office at once.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia St. Louis Cleveland
Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburg New Orleans Kansas City
Canadian Offices: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver
Halifax, N. S. St. John, N. B.

TRADE B MARK

TRADE MARK "Porosknit" REG US PAT OFF

The Boy Who Knows would not wear any other kind. Write for the "Porosknit" Booklet and find out why.

Shirts and Drawers Per Garment

For Men	For Boys
50c	25c
Union Suits $1.00	Union Suits 50c

We guarantee all goods on which above label appears.

Chalmers Knitting Company
Amsterdam, N. Y.

"The Standard for 27 Years"

Handles Heat Like A Clock Tells Time

There is no need of having trouble at any time in the heating of your home if you will install a

Minneapolis Heat Regulator

WITH TIME ATTACHMENT

Measures the temperature [illegible] degree and keeps [illegible] regulating the dampers. [illegible] comfort and saves fuel. [illegible] Detachable Clock and Eight Day Alarm Set. Makes the winding as easy as winding a watch. [illegible] eight days. [illegible] under a positive guarantee of satisfaction. [illegible]

WM. R. SWEATT, Sec'y
General Offices
700 Palace Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

6% $100. DEPOSITS

20 Years in Business

Investing Depositors' money to earn 6% and 5% [illegible] First Mortgages [illegible]

our plan [illegible] GEORGIA STATE SAVINGS ASS'N
175 York Street Savannah, Ga.

5% SMALLER SUMS

ELECTRICITY

BOYS! You should have a copy of our 112 page Catalog, [illegible] Voltamp [illegible] Greatest line of Miniature Railways [illegible] stamps or coin, which will be refunded on first order of $1 or over. (No postals answered.)

Voltamp Electric Mfg. Co., Post Bldg., Balto., Md.

SALESMEN WANTED

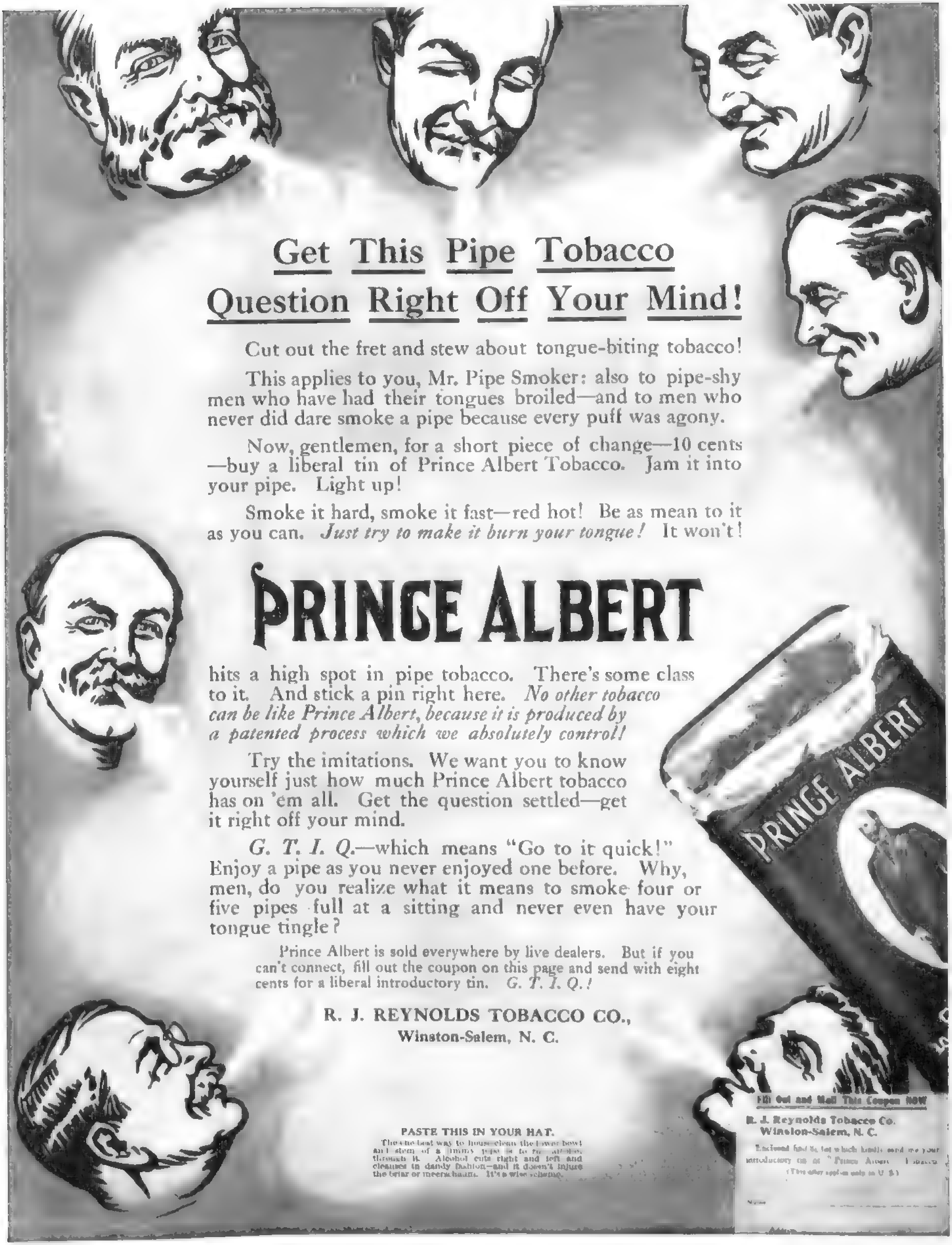
We want a few strong, ambitious, determined salesmen to sell Fredrickson Art Calendars for Advertising [illegible] Write us

THE FREDERICKSON CO., Art Publishers
302 First National Bank Bldg Chicago, Ill.

WANTED: Addresses of policy holders in Preferred Accident Insurance Co. of New York. Matter important and of mutual interest. Please send names of other members also. CLARA H. TELLER, Widow of Lynn R. Teller, 361 Field Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

AGENTS ARE MAKING MONEY selling the Brandt Automatic Razor Stropper. It sharpens any razor in the world. Every man who [illegible] at $2. [illegible]

Brandt Cutlery Co., 84 W B'way New York



Get This Pipe Tobacco Question Right Off Your Mind!

Cut out the fret and stew about tongue-biting tobacco!

This applies to you, Mr. Pipe Smoker: also to pipe-shy men who have had their tongues broiled—and to men who never did dare smoke a pipe because every puff was agony.

Now, gentlemen, for a short piece of change—10 cents—buy a liberal tin of Prince Albert Tobacco. Jam it into your pipe. Light up!

Smoke it hard, smoke it fast—red hot! Be as mean to it as you can. *Just try to make it burn your tongue!* It won't!

PRINCE ALBERT

hits a high spot in pipe tobacco. There's some class to it. And stick a pin right here. *No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert, because it is produced by a patented process which we absolutely control!*

Try the imitations. We want you to know yourself just how much Prince Albert tobacco has on 'em all. Get the question settled—get it right off your mind.

G. T. I. Q.—which means "Go to it quick!" Enjoy a pipe as you never enjoyed one before. Why, men, do you realize what it means to smoke four or five pipes full at a sitting and never even have your tongue tingle?

Prince Albert is sold everywhere by live dealers. But if you can't connect, fill out the coupon on this page and send with eight cents for a liberal introductory tin. *G. T. I. Q.!*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

PASTE THIS IN YOUR HAT.

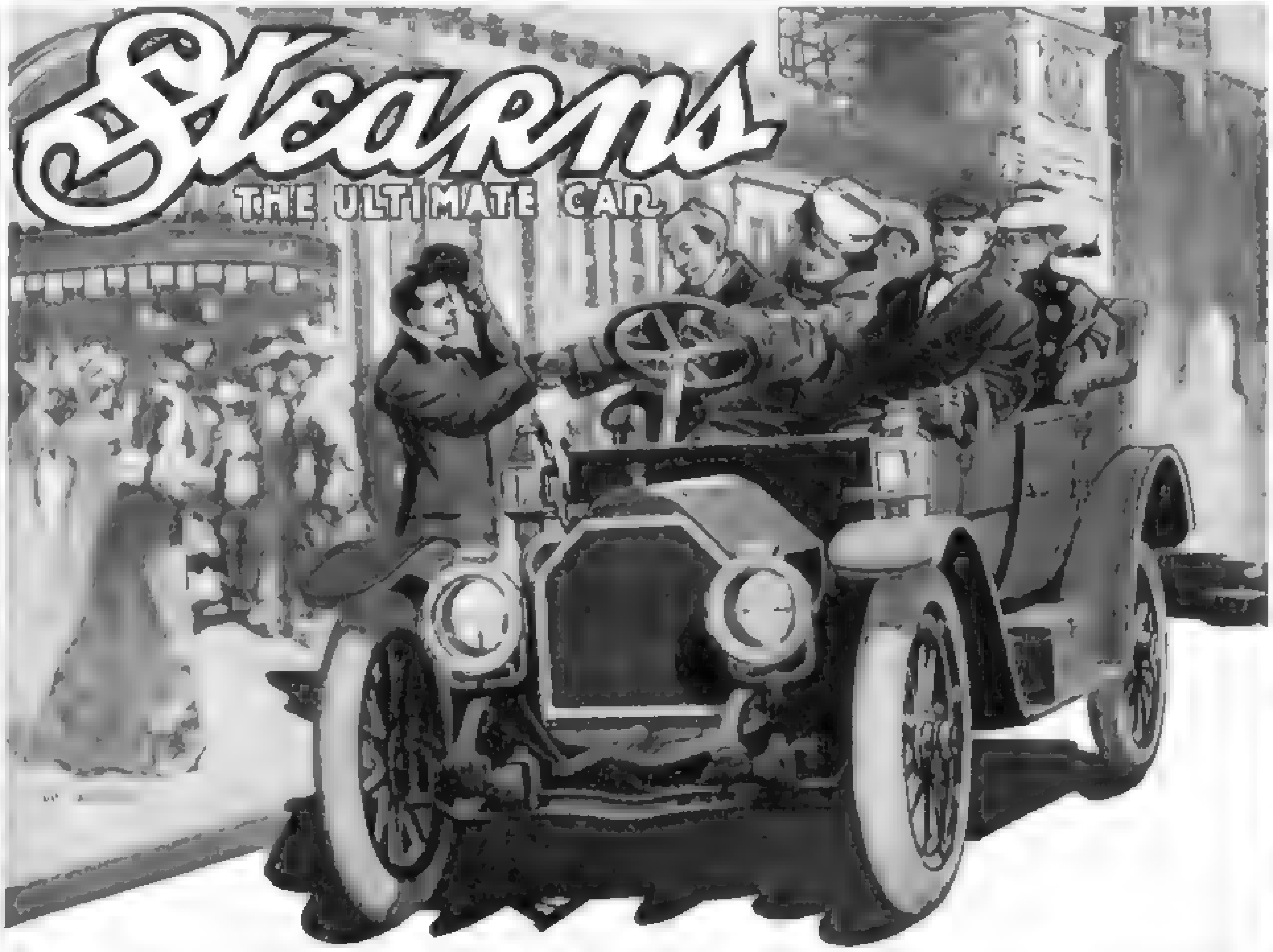
The one best way to house-clean the lower bowl and stem of a jimmy pipe is to run alcohol through it. Alcohol cuts right and left and cleanses in dandy fashion—and it doesn't injure the briar or meerschaum. It's a wise scheme.

Fill Out and Mail This Coupon NOW

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Enclosed find 8c for which kindly send me your introductory tin of "Prince Albert" Tobacco.
(This offer applies only in U. S.)

Name



Fourteen Years of Unbroken Success

For fourteen years Stearns motor cars have been before the American public, and those fourteen years have been one long record of splendid success.

The Stearns today represents the highest type of automobile construction. The fourteen years of study, design and experience back of the Stearns, have taught us what is right and what is wrong, and the purchaser receives the benefit of that teaching.

Experience has taught us that it is possible to build cars good for five and six years continuous use under all conditions of service. It has taught us the great need for sturdiness and power, for a high standard of efficiency, for ability to meet every possible emergency. It has taught us that a motor car must possess all these qualities, yet combine them with silence, ease of operation and comfort.

It has taught us how to produce such a car—a car that offers every desirable quality, yet eliminates those unworthy features so common to motor car construction. It has taught us how to offer the public an automobile more nearly approaching the ideal than any yet produced.

We have told the story of Stearns success in the current catalog—it is mailed to any address upon request.

30-60 h. p. touring car - $4,600.00 - - 15-30 h. p. touring car - $3,200.00
(Vestibule or open touring body optional)

30-60 H. P.
Model
Shaft or
Chain Drive

The F. B. Stearns Company
(Licensed under Selden Patent)
CLEVELAND, OHIO

15-30 H. P.
Model
Shaft Drive

Pacific Coast Distributing Office,
1651 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco

World's 24-hour race record—1253 miles—held by 30-60 h. p. Stearns

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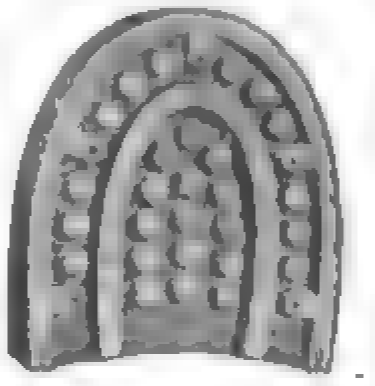
A Dog's Foot

Has a number of raised cushions which prevent slipping and take up the concussion over hard surfaces.

Bailey's "Won't Slip" Rubber Heels



Embody this principle and ***insure*** ease and safety with every step. The tread, constructed with flexible "U" shaped ribs, together with flat-ended rubber studs, makes these heels positively ***non-slipping*** on ice or other slippery surfaces.

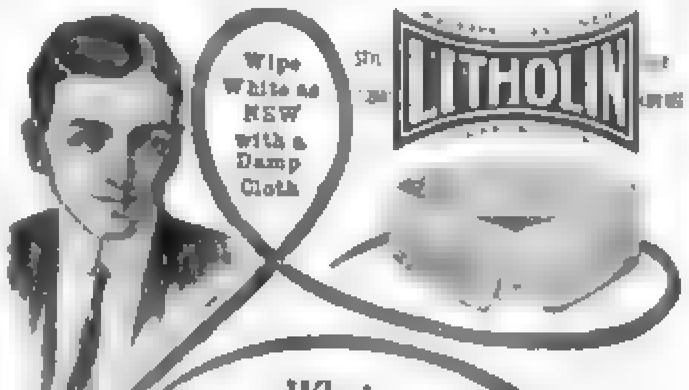
Mailed upon receipt of price
35 Cents Per Pair
For Men or Women

When ordering send a correct outline drawing of the bottom of the heel of your boot.

Dealers, write for prices

¶ Bailey's Rubber Heels were invented by Mr C. J. Bailey, the inventor and patentee of Bailey's Rubber Brushes, "Won't Slip" Crutch Tips and "Won't Slip" Tires.

C. J. BAILEY & CO.,
22 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.


Wipe White as NEW with a Damp Cloth
LITHOLIN

What Wears out the Collar?

The weekly soaking, soaping, boiling, rubbing, [illegible] ironing [illegible] for one day's use. Cut this out, with the worry and expense.

Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs

make you independent, and you can bank what you save. [illegible] neat and stylish always, for LITHOLIN goods [illegible] the [illegible]. The style you have always worn, only waterproofed. Book of styles free on request.

Collars 25c Cuffs 50c

Avoid substitutes and imitations

If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, how many, with remittance, and we will mail, post paid.

The Fiberloid Company
7 Waverly Place
New York

Parents, by all means, give this magazine to your boys! It will keep them from vile trash, inspire them to be manly, educate their hands and develop their minds.

The American Boy

[illegible] Practical articles by experts on carpentry, [illegible] photography, Stamps [illegible] Outdoor games and sports [illegible]

A WHOLE YEAR FOR $1.00.
10 cents [illegible]

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY
109 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich

COMMON SENSE IN CHESS

By EMANUEL LASKER

Invaluable to those desiring to become proficient in the game. Gives openings and methods of play. 180 pages, fully illustrated; cloth bound book, by mail, postpaid, $1.00.

J. S. OGILVIE PUB. CO., 66 Rose Street, New York

Imported German **Canaries** From the very best breeders in Germany and every one a gem; guaranteed songsters; price only $3. Catalog free. Complete Bird Book 25 cents; live arrival guaranteed. **$3.00 each**

Iowa Bird Co. Dept. D. Des Moines, Ia.

W. L. DOUGLAS HAND-SEWED PROCESS SHOES

MEN'S $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00
WOMEN'S $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4.
BOYS' $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00

THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS

They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are positively the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom — value guaranteed.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE! If your dealer cannot supply you write for Mail Order Catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 179 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

Are You a Mason? [illegible] Write for illustrated catalog. RALPH S. COLE, Attleboro, Mass.

REPLENISH YOUR POCKET-BOOK

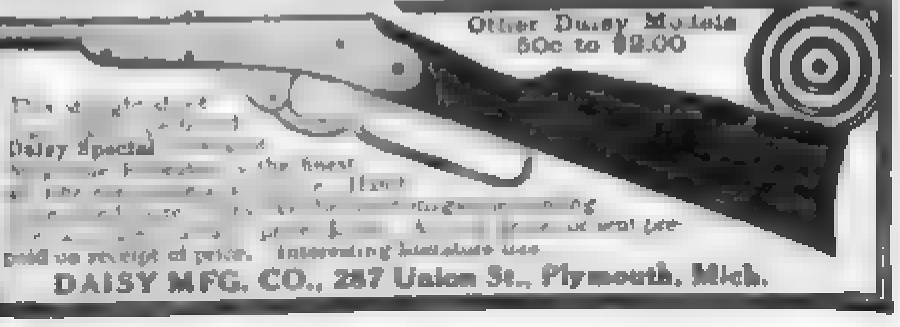
HUNDREDS of young people will earn handsome salaries this month, and the next, and the next by sending new subscription orders for the new twice-a-month LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and the popular SATURDAY EVENING POST, and by looking after the renewals.

Even though you can devote only a part of your time to this work we will pay you liberally for it.

Circulation Department
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

PATENTS: For facts about Prize and Reward offers and Inventions that will bring from $5000 to **10 Million Dollars**; and for books of Intense Interest to Inventors, send 8c postage to Pubs. Patent Sense, Dept. 35 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

DAISY Air Rifle



Other Daisy Models 50c to $2.00

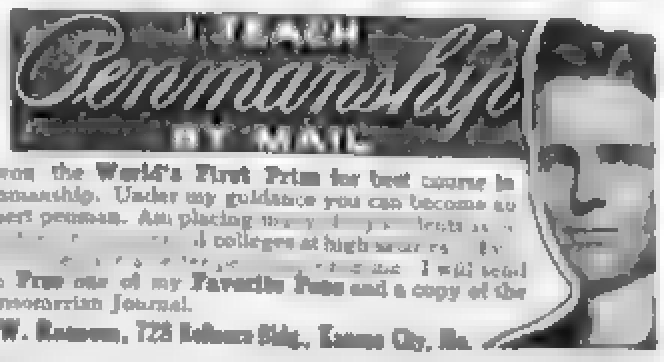
[illegible] Daisy Special [illegible] the finest [illegible] paid on receipt of price. Interesting literature free.

DAISY MFG. CO., 287 Union St., Plymouth, Mich.

Safety Razor Blades 2½c EA.
RESHARPENED
"Good as New—Many Say Better"

by the exclusive Keenedge electric process. 30c doz. Send blades to us. No need to send money. [illegible] Send address for [illegible] mailing wrapper.

KEENEDGE CO.
608 Keenedge Building, Chicago, Ill.


I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL

I won the **World's First Prize** for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance you can become an expert penman. Am placing many [illegible] colleges at high salaries. [illegible] I will send you **Free** one of my **Favorite Pens** and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.

C. W. Ransom, 728 Reliance Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

SPEND YOUR WINTER AT

TUCSON, ARIZONA!

World famous climate and Ideal Tourist Resort. [illegible] population over 20,000. Commercial and mining center. On main line of Southern Pacific Railroad. Hunting, Automobiling, Golf, Tennis, Baseball and Horseback Riding popular winter pastimes. Get a stop over.

Write Chamber of Commerce for
Free Illustrated Booklet!

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for name in strap

The Varsity Dull Blucher

A REGULAR "RAH! RAH!"

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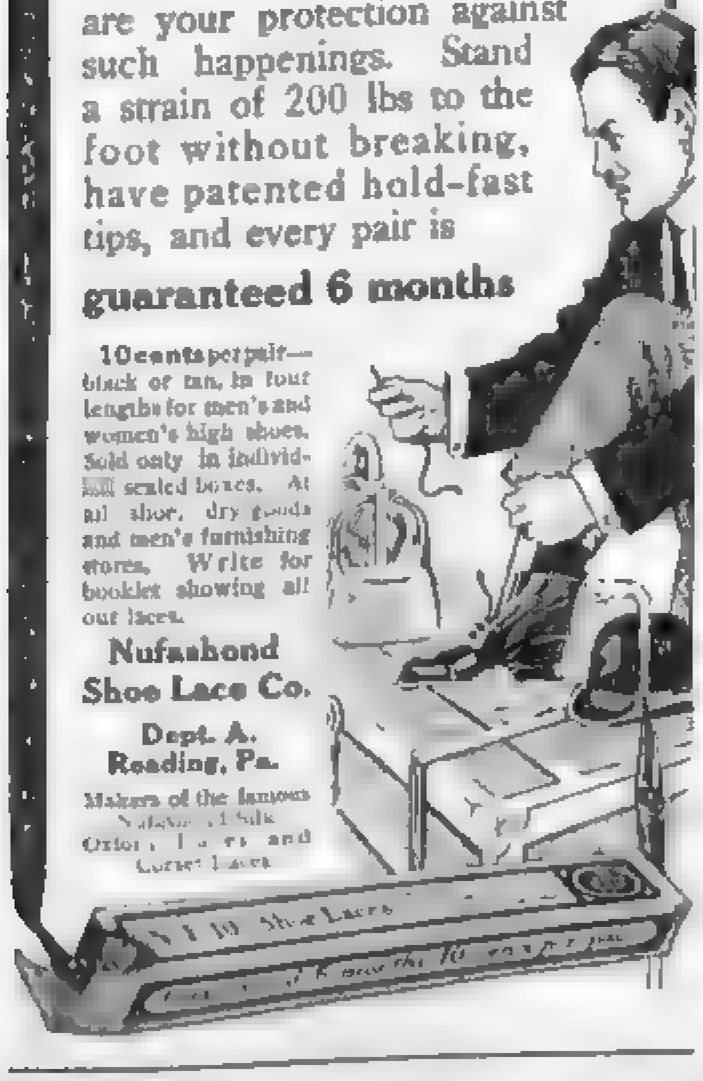

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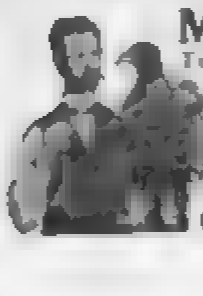

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SYMPATHY

(Continued from Page 5)

partner shouldn't give a bail bond without the other partner's consent."

Abe rocked to and fro in his chair.

"After all these years a feller should do a thing like that to me!" he moaned.

Linkheimer smiled with satisfaction, and he was about to instance a striking and wholly imaginary case of one partner ruining another by giving a bail bond, when the door leading to the cutting room in the rear opened and Morris Perlmutter appeared. As his eyes rested on Linkheimer they blazed with anger, and for once Morris seemed to possess a certain dignity.

"Out," he commanded; "out from *mein* store, you dawg, you!"

As he rushed on the startled button dealer Abe grabbed his coattails and pulled him back.

"Say, what are we here, Mawruss," he cried, "a theayter?"

"Let him alone, Abe," Linkheimer counseled in a rather shaky voice. "I'm pretty nearly twenty years older than he is, but I guess I could cope with him."

"You wouldn't cope with nobody around here," Abe replied. "If youse two want to cope you should go out on the sidewalk."

"Never mind," Morris broke in, his valor now quite evaporated; "I'll fix him yet."

"Another thing, Mawruss," Abe interrupted; "why don't you come in the front way like a man."

"I come in which way I please, Abe," Morris rejoined. "And furthermore, Abe, when I got with me a poor skeleton of a feller like Nathan Schenkmann, Abe, I don't take him up the front elevator. I would be ashamed for our competitors that they should think we let our workpeople starve. The feller actually fainted on me as we was coming up the freight elevator."

"As you was coming up the freight elevator?" Abe repeated. "Do you mean to tell me you got the nerve to actually bring this feller into *mein* place yet?"

"Do I got to get your permission, Abe, I should bring who I want to into my own place?" Morris rejoined.

"Then all I got to say is you should take him right out again," Abe said. "I wouldn't have no *ganévim* in my place. Once and for all, Mawruss, I am telling you I wouldn't stand for your nonsense. You are giving our stock as a bail for this feller, and if he runs away on us the sheriff comes in and ——"

"Who says I give our stock as a bail for this feller?" Morris demanded. "I got a surety company bond, Abe, because Feldman says I shouldn't go on no bail bonds, and I give the surety company my personal check for a thousand dollars which they will return when the case is over. That's what I done it to keep this here Schenkmann out of jail, Abe, and if it would be necessary to get this here Linkheimer into jail, Abe, I would give another check for a thousand dollars for keeps."

Abe grew somewhat abashed at this disclosure. He looked at Linkheimer and then at Morris, but before he could think of something to say the elevator door opened and Jake stepped out. It was perhaps the first time in all their acquaintance with Jake that Abe and Morris had seen him with his face washed. Moreover, a clean collar served further to conceal his identity, and at first Abe did not recognize his former shipping clerk.

"Hallo, Mr. Potash!" Jake said.

"I'll be with you in one moment, Mister—er," Abe began. "Just take a —— Why, that's Jake, ain't it?"

Here he saw a chance for a conversational diversion and he jumped excitedly to his feet.

"What's the matter, Jake?" he asked. "You want your old job back?"

"It don't go so quick as all that, Mr. Potash," Jake answered. "I got a good business, Mr. Potash. I carry a fine line of cigars, candy and stationery, and already I got an offer of twenty-five dollars more as I paid for the business. But I wouldn't take it. Why should I? I took in a lot money yesterday, and only this morning, Mr. Potash, a feller comes in my place and —— Why, there's the feller now!"

"Feller! What d'ye mean—feller?" Abe cried indignantly. "That ain't no feller. That's Mr. Max Linkheimer."

"Sure, I know!" Jake explained. "He's the feller I mean. Half an hour ago I was

I'm an "ad" writer. In other words, I write the stuff that sells the goods. I'm a smoker too—"from my youth up" and like most "pipe dreamers" I've switched a hundred times from one tobacco to another till I'm a walking cyclopedia on "whiffs and flavors."

But a good one has been put over on me—and it's opened *my eyes*, by jingo. Here's the spiel. The boss slipped me a can of Twin Oaks smoking mixture and said: "Here, try this, and then write an 'ad' that will sell it." I did, and honestly, fellows, I'm just crazy about it. Write an ad? Well, I should say so. It's the coolest, sweetest, smoothest—oh, hang it, I could exhaust a dictionary of superlatives—but what's the use? You've read that kind of stuff hundreds of times.

I'm just going to tell you how it struck *me* and you'll believe *me*, if words can half convey the truth. First I looked at the can in amazement. What! A *blend* for 10 cents? Impossible. You've got to "show me." I held the can in one hand—pressed gently with my thumb and the lid flew open. There before my very nose *was* a *blended* mixture of five of the very choicest tobaccos of the earth, Turkish, Virginia, Perique, Latakia and Burley, and in a generous tin to the tune of ten cents. My first pipeful decided me—Yep, for the first time a *real blend* at a reasonable price. Now you fellows who thought you couldn't afford a blend just stop at the nearest tobacco store and see what 10 cents will buy. It's called Twin Oaks—been out less than a year—but it's skinning the life out of every other kind. Why, darn it all, there's nothing to it—a tobacco that burns fine, draws easy—cool smoke and no "bite." What more *could* you want? Take it from me it's the greatest ever. I've done with switching—I'm stuck on Twin Oaks You simply can't go wrong if you get a can today. *Do it.*

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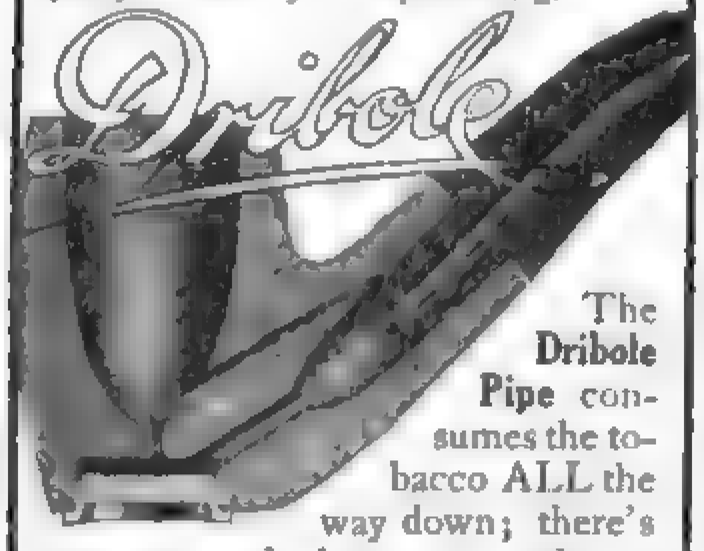

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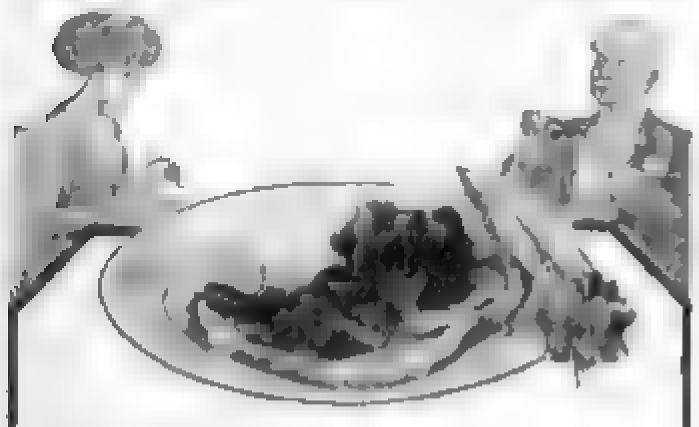

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in his place, and they says there he comes up here. You was in *mein* store this morning, Mr. Linkheimer, ain't that right, and you bought from me a package of all-tobacco cigarettes?"

"*Nu, nu*, Jake," Morris broke in. "Make an end. You are interrupting us here."

Jake drew back his coat and clumsily unfastened a large safety pin which sealed the opening of his upper right-hand waistcoat pocket. Then he dug down with his thumb and finger and produced a small yellow wad about the size of a postage stamp. This he proceeded to unfold until it took on the appearance of a hundred-dollar bill.

"He gives me this here," Jake announced, "and I give him the change for a ten-dollar bill. So this here is a hundred-dollar bill, ain't it, and it don't belong to me, which I come downtown I should give it him back again. What isn't mine I don't want at all."

This was perhaps the longest speech that Jake had ever made, and he paused to lick his dry lips for the peroration.

"And so," he concluded, handing the bill to Linkheimer, "here it is, and—and nine dollars and ninety cents, please."

Linkheimer grabbed the bill automatically and gazed at the figures on it with bulging eyes.

"Why," Abe gasped, "why, Linkheimer, you had four one-hundred-dollar bills and a ten-dollar bill in the safe this morning. Ain't it?"

Linkheimer nodded. Once more he broke into a copious perspiration, as he handed a ten-dollar bill to Jake.

"And so," Abe went on, "and so you must of took a hundred-dollar bill out of the safe last night, instead of a ten-dollar bill. Ain't it?"

Linkheimer nodded again.

"And so you made a mistake, ain't it?" Abe cried. "And this here feller Schenkmann didn't took no money out of the safe at all. Ain't it?

For the third time Linkheimer nodded, and Abe turned to his partner.

"What d'ye think of that feller?" he said, nodding his head in Linkheimer's direction.

Morris shrugged, and Abe plunged his hands into his trousers pockets and glared at Linkheimer.

"So, Linkheimer," he concluded, "you made a sucker out of yourself and out of me too! Ain't it?"

"I'm sorry, Abe," Linkheimer muttered, as he folded away the hundred-dollar bill in his wallet.

"I bet yer he's sorry," Morris interrupted. "I would be sorry too if I would got a lawsuit on my hands like he's got it."

"What d'ye mean?" Linkheimer cried. "I ain't got no lawsuit on my hands."

"Not yet," Morris said significantly, "but when Feldman hears of this you would quick get a summons for a couple of thousand dollars damages which you done this young feller Schenkmann by making him false arrested."

"It ain't no more than you deserve, Linkheimer," Abe added. "You're lucky I don't sue you for trying to make trouble between me and my partner yet."

For one brief moment Linkheimer regarded Abe sorrowfully. There were few occasions to which Linkheimer could not do justice with a cut-and-dried sentiment or a well-worn aphorism, and he was about to expatiate on ingratitude in business when Abe forestalled him.

"Another thing I wanted to say to you, Linkheimer," Abe said; "you shouldn't wait until the first of the month to send us a statement. Mail it tonight yet, because we give you notice we close your account right here and now."

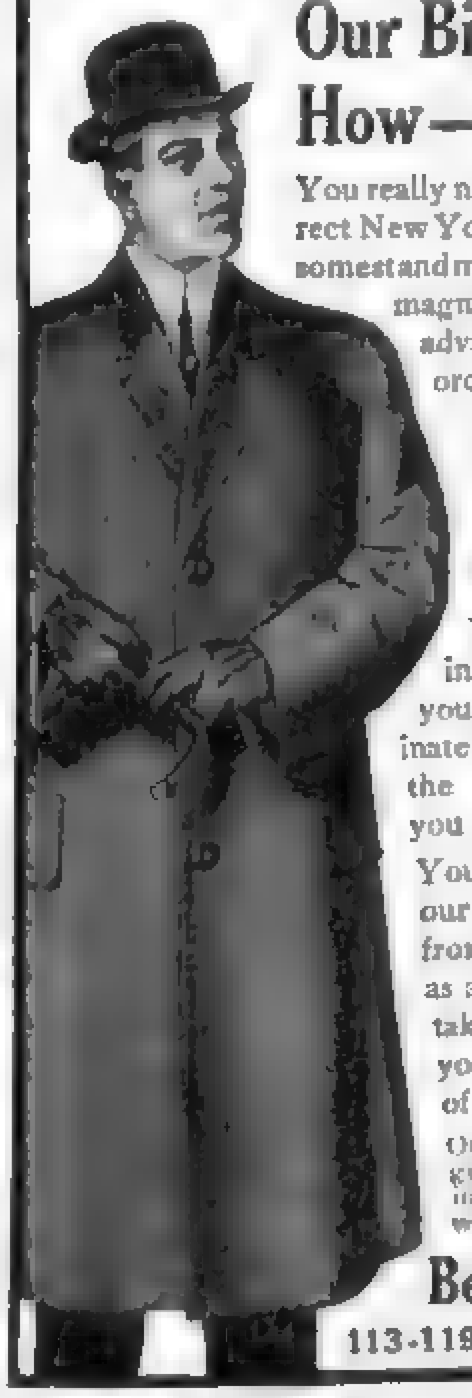
. . . .

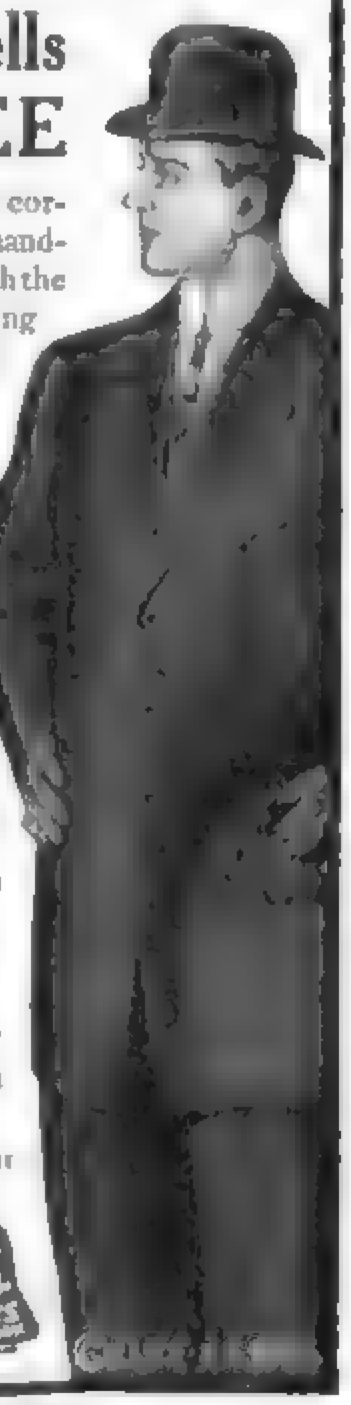
One week later Abe and Morris watched Nathan Schenkmann driving nails into the top of a packing case with a force and precision of which Jake had been wholly incapable; for seven days of better housing and better feeding had done wonders for Nathan.

"Yes, Abe," Morris said as they turned away; "I think we made a find in that boy, and we also done a charity too. Some people's got an idee, Abe, that business is always business; but with me I think differencely. You could never make no big success in business unless you got a little sympathy for a feller oncet in a while. Ain't it?"

Abe nodded.

"I give you right, Mawruss," he said.





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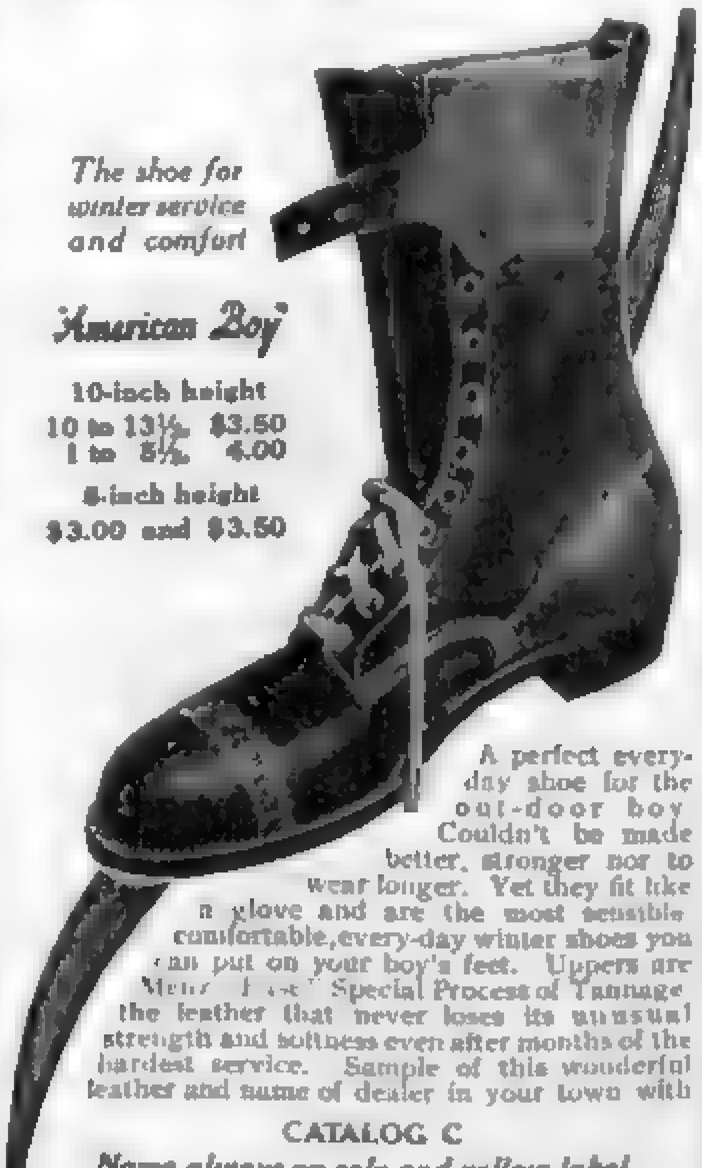

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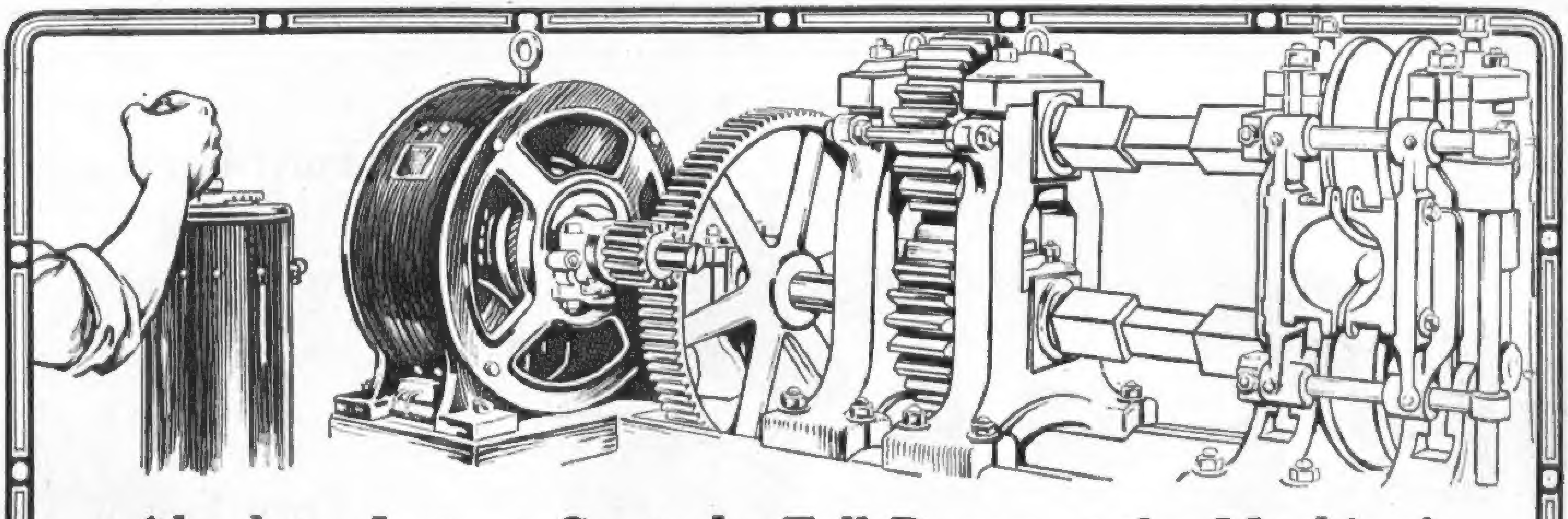

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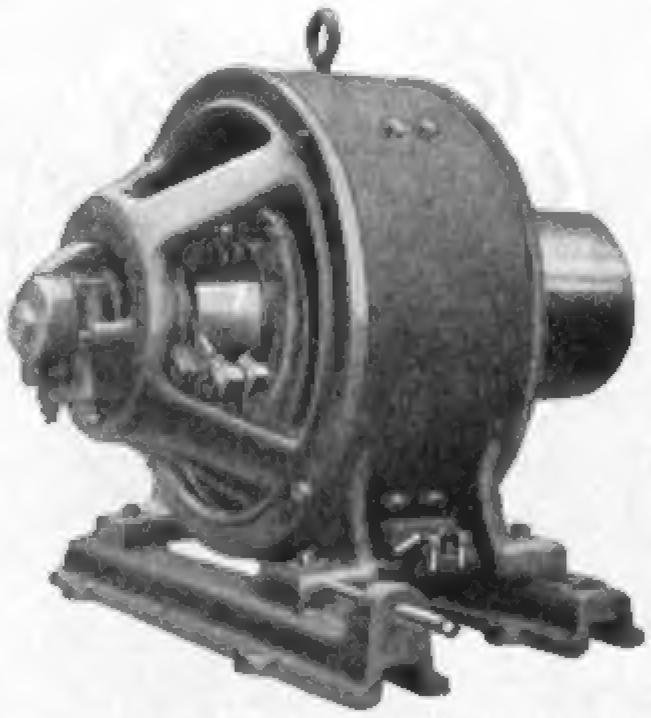

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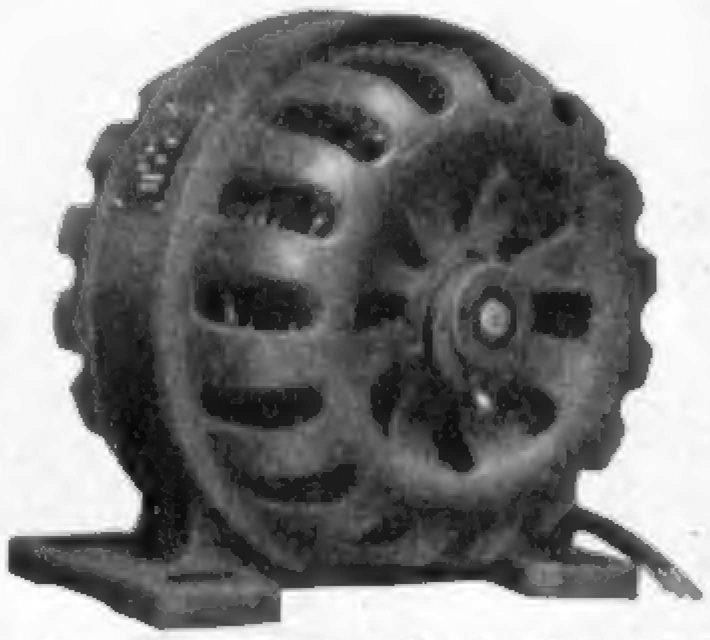

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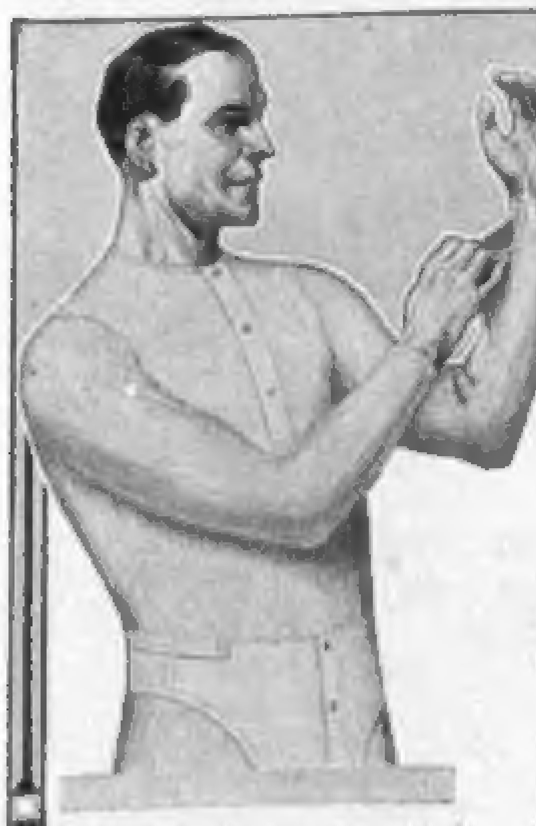

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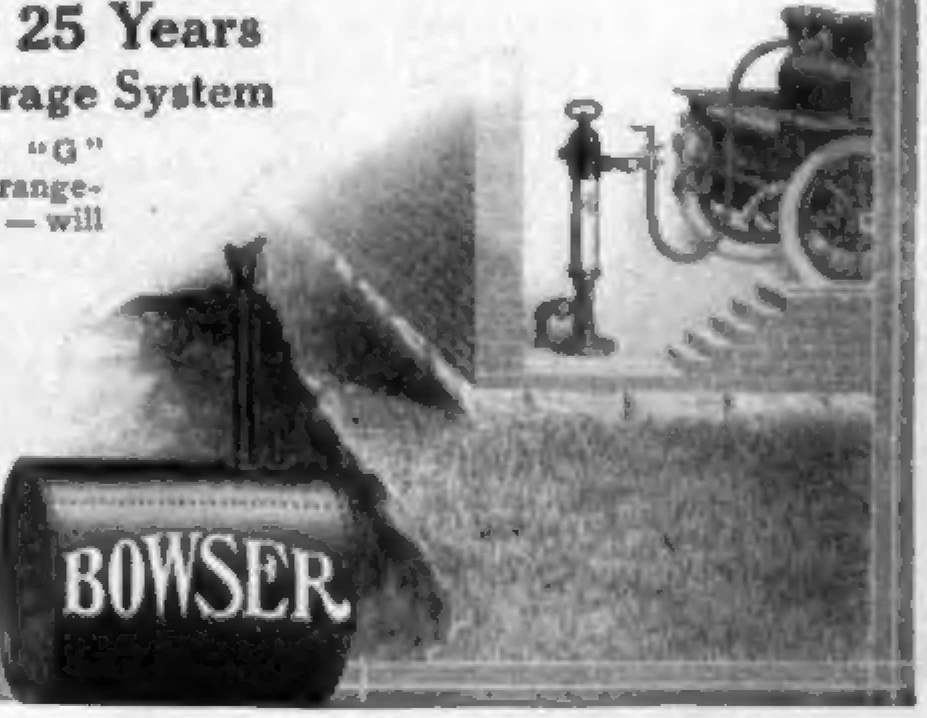

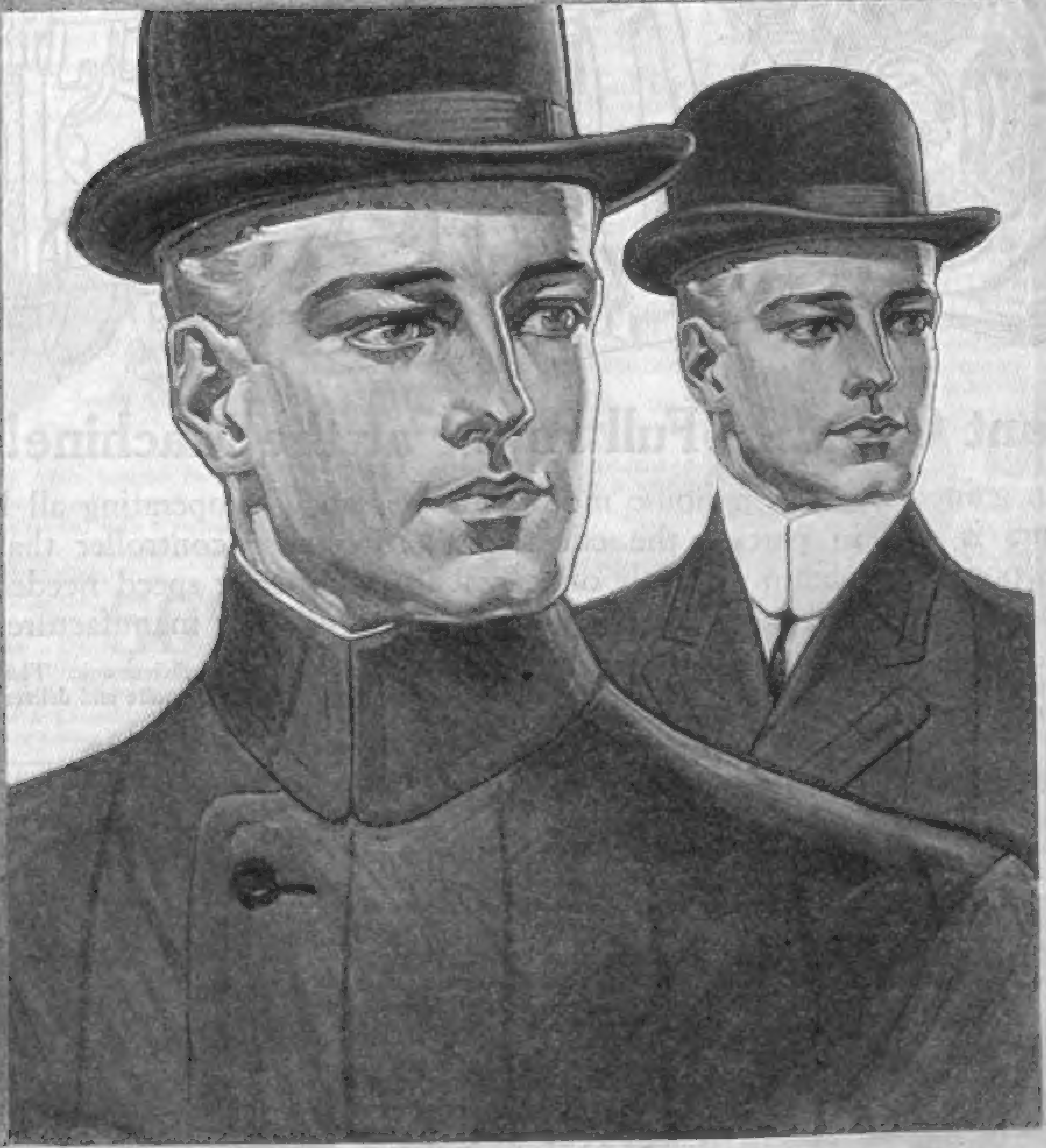

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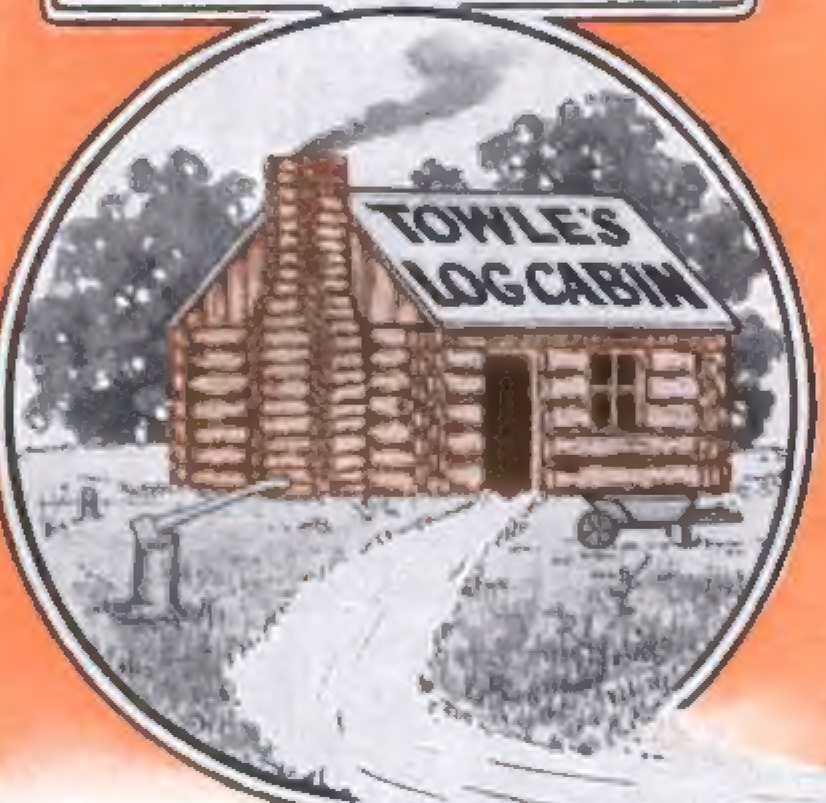

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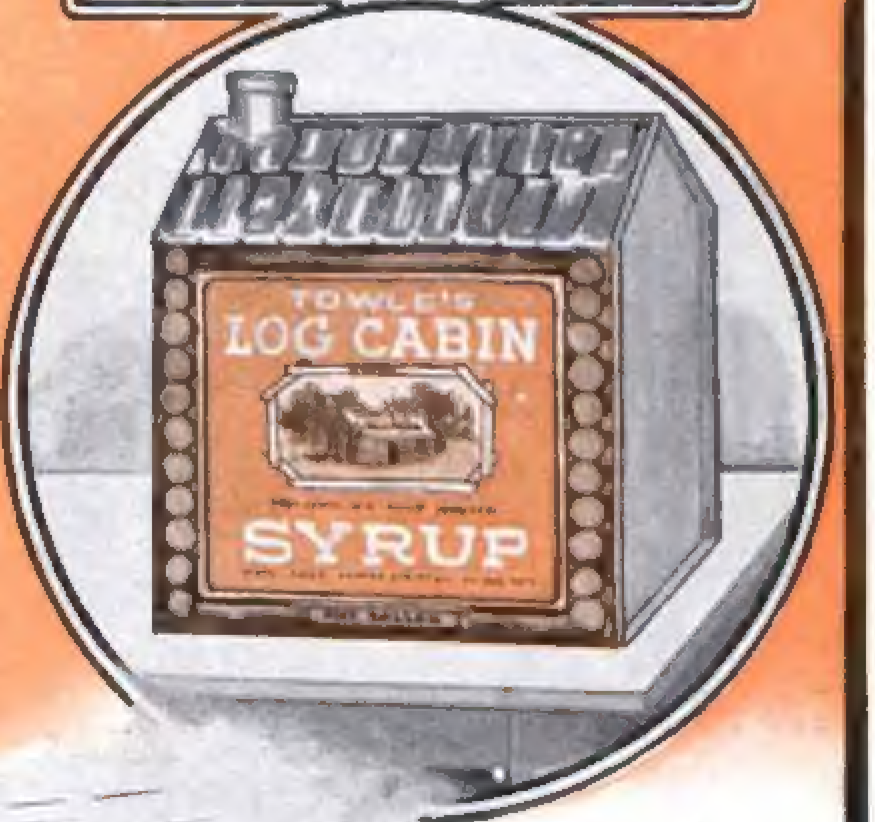

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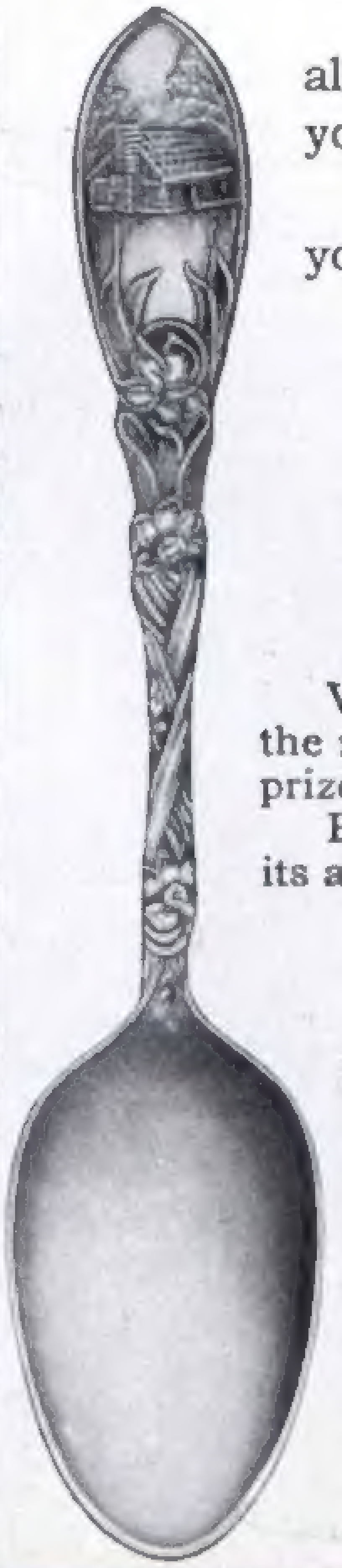
It is the same today as it was when Mr. P. J. Towle (The Pioneer of Absolutely Pure and Full Measure Maple Syrup) discovered, that in addition to the Towle Process, a small amount of Cane Sugar Syrup blended with the Maple Syrup, greatly improved and balanced the color as well as the flavor, making it soft, mellow, deliciously sweet, still retaining that delicate Maple Character.



It matters not where you purchase Towle's Log Cabin Syrup, from the dealer you have always traded with or at a store where you are a stranger. The Log Cabin Can insures you uniform quality, uniform purity and uniform full measure.

We are so positive that Towle's Log Cabin Syrup will suit **you** and **your family** that if your grocer does not sell Towle's it will pay you to go to one who does.

Towle's Log Cabin

The Pioneer Maple Syrup

Full Measure—Full Quality—Full Flavor

We have an attractive book "From Camp to Table" which tells of the many ways Towle's Log Cabin can be used and gives thirty-three prize recipes.

Every housewife should have a copy of this interesting book. By its aid you can delight the family with many new delicacies.

Send for It. It's Free

To every reader of this advertisement who sends us 10 cents in coin or in 2 cent U. S. stamps, we will mail, postpaid, an always useful article—a beautiful, full size, long wearing, silver-plated teaspoon, as illustrated—no advertising on it.

A Souvenir of Towle's Log Cabin

There is a coupon on every can of Log Cabin Syrup, which enables you to secure more of these spoons. Address

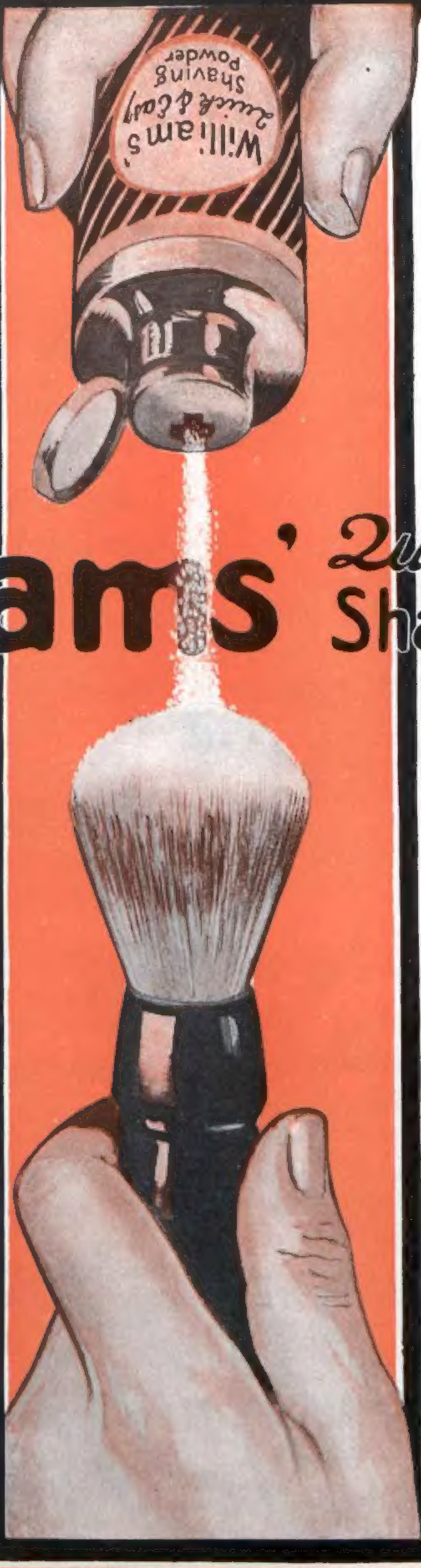
The Towle Maple Products Co.
St. Paul, Minn., U. S. A.
Refineries and Offices:
St. Johnsbury, Vt.
In the Virgin Maple Sugar Forests.
St. Paul, Minn.
In the center of North America.
San Francisco, Cal.
Pacific Coast Headquarters.

Gee, Mother! but this is good Syrup"

All the qualities which have made Williams' Shaving Soap famous —the quick, abundant lather, the thorough softening, soothing, antiseptic properties—are found in

When shaken on the wet brush, a rich, creamy lather is quickly produced and you are ready to shave. The hinged-top can in which it comes is a great convenience.

Williams' *Quick & Easy* Shaving Powder

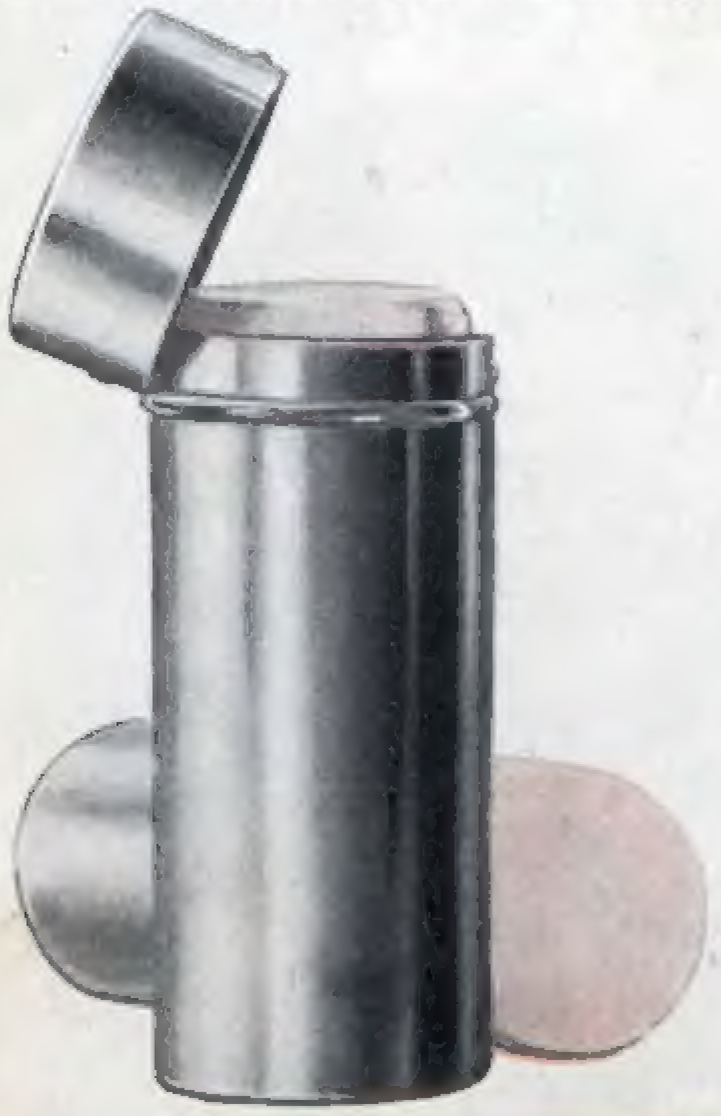


Williams' Shaving Stick is a world product—sold all over the world—bought all over the world by discriminating men. Its superior merit and the peculiar softening, soothing quality of its lather have won universal appreciation for

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

Both Williams' Shaving Stick and Williams' Shaving Powder are put up in the Williams' famous Hinged-Cover Box. A sample of either mailed on receipt of 4 cents in stamps.



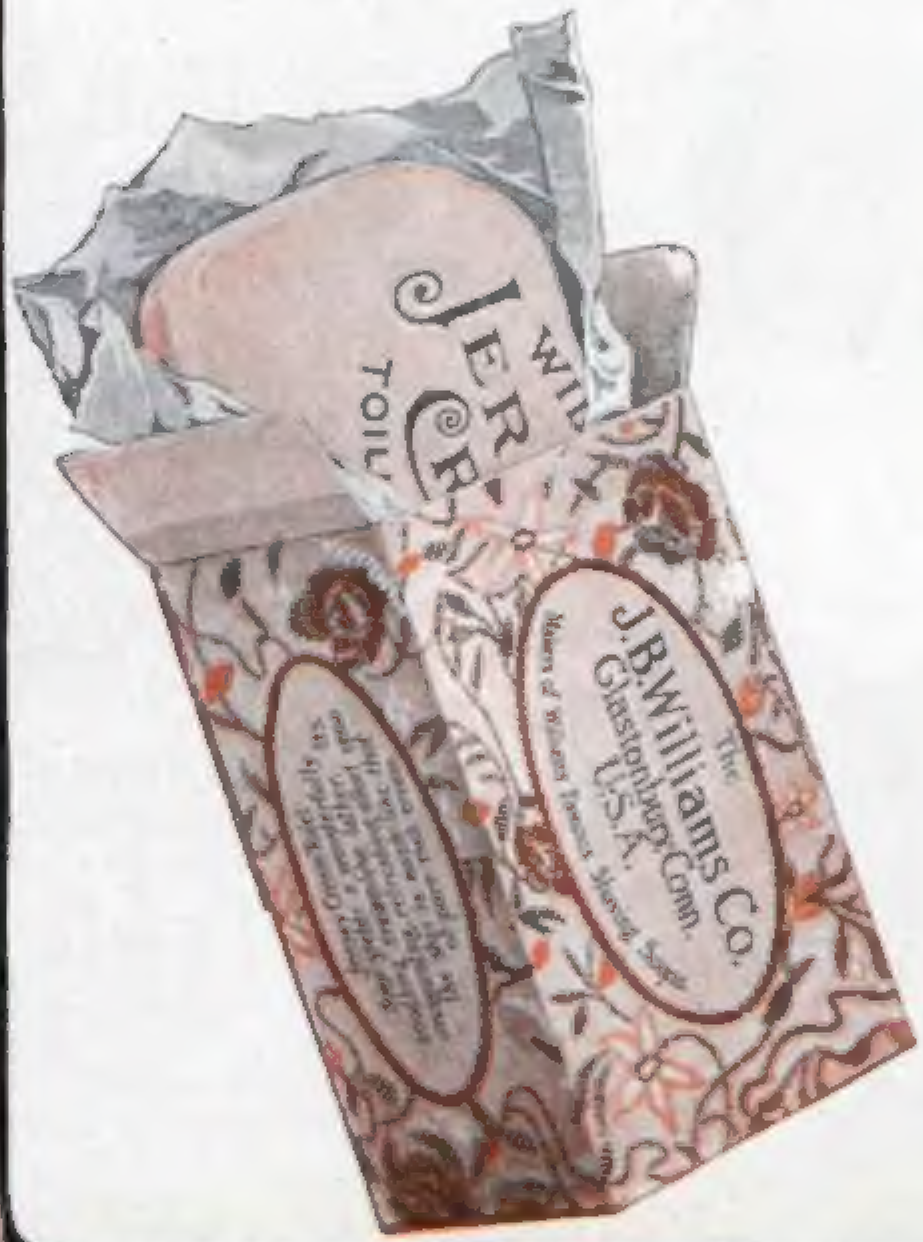
A soap that really cleanses and at the same time keeps the skin smooth and healthful is rare—so rare that you can't fail to appreciate

Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

which is the favorite in thousands of homes because it has these two most essential qualities.

Ask your dealer for Williams' Talcum Powder (two odors, Violet and Carnation) and for Williams' Toilet Soaps, Jersey Cream, Violet, Lilac, Heliotrope, Carnation, etc.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.


The
J.B.Williams Co.
Glastonbury, Conn.
U.S.A.